A blind's love

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Preface

This plot and its characters are inspired by the Mughal Empire. The most famous characters of the Mughal Empire – Akbar, Mariam-uz-Zamani, Anarkali, Jahangir, Murad Mirza, Daniyal Mirza, Shah Begum, Mirza Raja Man Singh I, Jagat Gosain, Sahib Jamal, Nur Jahan, Khusrau Mirza, Shah Jahan, Parviz Mirza, Shahryar Mirza, Mirza Aziz Koka, daughter of Mirza Aziz Koka, Mirza Ghiyas Beg, Asaf Khan, Mumtaz Mahal, Kandahari Begum, Izz-un-Nissa, Ladli Begum, Abul Fazl, Guru Arjan, Mahabhat Khan, Sher Afgan Khan and Bir Singh Dev – are the sources of inspiration. However, the story has no connection with the Mughal Empire. Different character names are used. Nowhere in the story are the dates mentioned. The story is set between 1952 and 2016.

Foreword

The seven deadly sins are pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth. One must admit that no one has successfully conquered the feeling of romance – lust, but conquering the other six is quite easy.

Aadil’s family and the magical necklace

Aadil had a very big construction company at the age of twenty-four. For that, he required only four years. He completed his civil engineering degree with distinction at the age of twenty in 1952, after which he and his five friends started that company. His friends just worked at his company, but they weren't partners. His interest in construction began at the age of five. At that age, whenever he was taken to a beach, he would spend many hours building sandcastles. He wouldn't build the same hill-like structures but would instead build castle-like, God-like and animal-like structures, and it would look more realistic. Many would be astonished and shower him with praise, seeing such talent and patience in him at that very young age. On his way back from school and during holidays, if any building was constructed in the city, he would go to its construction site and learn different processes of construction – mixing of sand, crushed stones, cement, and lime; laying foundations; using threads to place the bricks in the proper alignment; and using steel bars to provide reinforcement. The time he spent on the construction site was more than the time he spent at home. He would speak to the construction site workers and engineers present there to gain construction knowledge. He would often think about when he would finish his engineering studies and start constructing buildings. Once he completed his studies, he got five thousand rupees from his father as an investment for the company he was about to start. As his father had witnessed his enthusiasm and talent in construction work many times, he gave him the money. His business rose to the top of the state within the first year of its establishment. His company was started with just six engineers and grew to a hundred within its first year. By the end of the next year, he had constructed more than a hundred buildings. He worked for his company day and night. He slept only for three hours a day. His relatives, friends, and friends of his father were deeply immersed in wonder and joy, seeing his tremendous growth.

They delighted in seeing the Himalayan growth of his company. There was no growth his company hadn't witnessed, no praise it hadn't received, no success it hadn't achieved and no envy it hadn't stirred among its rivals. There were no speeches that hadn't been spoken by those who built the building through his company – unequalled architectural plans, building quality, the time his company took to complete the construction, the punctuality of his company's staff, and their gentle and respectful approach. He didn't advertise his company even once. By the end of the next year, he had built many magnificent buildings. Most importantly, all government buildings – railway stations, bus stands – are built by his company. His rivals couldn't compete with him. By the end of the fourth year, his company had become renowned across the country. He had started branches in many cities throughout the country. He didn't want to expand his company into foreign nations. He was approached by some foreign customers requesting him to expand his company into their country to construct a building in their place, witnessing the peerless architecture, but he refused such requests. Within four years, there were more than ten thousand employees in his company. Many predicted that he had a greater chance of becoming the world's richest man, seeing his company's growth. The main reason for the growth was that he constructed high-quality buildings at fair prices. His rivals' companies couldn't construct such buildings at that price or quality and couldn't match the architecture. That was the important reason his company could get all the government contracts. He built a grand house in Delhi for himself and his wife. He appointed more than a hundred servants to do household work. He and his wife led a prosperous life. They lived like the king and queen of the world's most powerful empire.

When Aadil completed his studies in 1952, his father started searching for a suitable bride for him. Aadil was searching for his first customer and some daily wage workers for his company. He was managing many hardships at that time. Most importantly, he struggled to find trustworthy people for his company. Although he didn't have a job and hadn't gained much money from his company, a wealthy man had agreed to give his daughter in marriage to Aadil. The bride's name was Mardhiah. Not only was she wealthy,

but she also possessed a good education, treated everyone with kindness, knew how to behave in any situation and was also loquacious. Aadil's father was pleased to have found a good bride for his son. Aadil was just twenty years old. He tried telling his father that he would marry after his company reached a high position in a few years. But his father said the marriage should never be postponed, for any reason. The marriage date was fixed. Aadil's father was far less affluent than the bride's father. Therefore, he told the bride's father not to hold the wedding grandly but to keep it simple. The bride's father agreed, thinking that it was enough that his daughter had got a groom like Aadil. At the wedding, all of Aadil's relatives remarked that he must have been gifted to marry such a beautiful girl from a well-to-do family. All of Mardhiah's relatives remarked that she should be greatly blessed to get a groom like Aadil, who was a hard worker and a good-natured person. All who came for the wedding wished them cordially that they should live happily for many years. The bride's side relatives gave very expensive gifts. The bride's father thought that Aadil or his father might think less of them seeing those gifts, but they didn't have such thoughts. Aadil was only thinking about how he would bring his company to success throughout his wedding. Mardhiah greatly expected Aadil to admire her beauty, but he didn't spare her a single glance.

Aadil's father-in-law had a guest house in Missouri, and he had made all the arrangements for Aadil and his daughter's first night to take place there. Because the wedding was conducted so simply, he wished for their first night to be celebrated with grand arrangements and ensure that night would become an unforgettable one for them. Aadil's father agreed to that. Once the wedding was over, the couple had their lunch. Afterwards, they were invited to step into a flower-decorated new car. Once the couple got inside the car, Mardhiah's father told Aadil about the arrangements he had made and sent them off. During their long travel, Mardhiah expected that Aadil would say something to her, but he was only thinking about how he could take his company to the next level. She longed to speak to him. "What have you been thinking about for a long time?" she asked. For which he said that he was thinking about his newly started company in an unenthusiastic tone. She

thought it would be nice if he spoke with a little smile, and also thought that he was focused on his goal even at that time. They were silent until they reached the guest house. They started from the wedding hall at 2 PM, and it took around six hours to reach the guest house. A delicious dinner was ready for them. The house was very large, and it had a compound wall. There were more than thirty servants. As the couple entered the house, the servants invited them to dinner. All services were rendered to them with due respect. Aadil was found to be absorbed in the thoughts of his company. Mardhiah could understand his silence. Even though she was happy that her husband was an ambitious man, she worried a little that he didn't turn his attention towards her. Until he succeeded in life and reached a good position, even comfort would feel like suffering to him. Foods from various cuisines were included in the dinner – rice, noodles, many gravies, all kinds of meats, vegetables, sweets, fruits, juices, ice creams and many kinds of alcoholic drinks. All foods were prepared by a talented chef. There were four servants around their dining table just to serve them the food. Since Aadil didn't eat much, Mardhiah also didn't eat properly. The only thing that she needed at that time was her husband's love. Once the dinner was over, all the servants went out of the guest house, leaving the couple alone. Before leaving, they told them to ring the bell at the entrance if they needed anything. Aadil stood at the entrance for some time, and he noticed the bell that the servants referred to. That looked like a small church bell. He smiled softly, looking at it. Servants even went out of the compound wall. Aadil wondered why his father-in-law had made many arrangements just for celebrating their first night. He entered the house. In the hall, his wife was sitting on the sofa with her hands tied and shivering from the cold. At that time, the temperature seemed to be only around five degrees Celsius. He was able to tolerate the cold but only to some extent. He didn't show that he was feeling cold. Although they were wearing hooded and padded jackets, puffer gloves, and winter boots, it was difficult for them to endure that cold. He remembered the fireplace that he saw through the window while they were having dinner and decided to take her there. He went near her and asked her to rise. Thinking she was going to receive the first kiss from her husband, she rose bashfully. Once again, she got disappointed. Without telling her

anything and holding one of her hands, he walked her towards the fireplace, like walking a three-year-old to play school. He ignited the woods. After a prolonged silence, he spoke to her. He spoke about his company and his passion for construction. Then he spoke about his early life. She too spoke a lot about her. They talked for a long time without realising it. As time passed, the cold kept increasing. Her teeth began to chatter mildly, and she even found it difficult to speak. He asked her to remove her gloves. She wondered why he asked to remove those when the cold was at its peak. Thinking that she mustn't disobey her husband's words, she took it off. He asked her to hold her palms near the fire for a few seconds and then place them on her face. Even the little affection shown by him towards her gave her great happiness. She held her palms near the fire. Once they were warm enough, instead of placing them on her face, she placed them on his face. Thinking that even her husband was experiencing freezing, chilly weather, she thought to warm him first. Both felt the love that they carried towards each other. He joined his lips with hers, and that warmed her. For a few minutes, they warmed their bodies through kissing. Then he carried her to the bedroom. That night had become a more memorable night in their lives.

The couple were distressed that, even after six years of marriage, they still had no children. They got treatment from many doctors, but it didn't help. Aadil worried that, although he was the world's richest man, he didn't have an heir to inherit his wealth. The couple desired to have a child, put it on their lap and play with it, listen to its babble, buy all kinds of toys and dresses, and raise it with the best care possible. Since medicine didn't help, they believed in prayers. They prayed a lot with lots of offerings. Nothing helped them. Aadil always had faith in astrology. Therefore, he met a priest. He told him that they had no children and that he was prepared to do whatever expiation was required for it. The priest collected Aadil's horoscope and saw it for a few minutes. Then he said that there was a major dosha in the horoscope and that it should be rectified immediately. Aadil asked him how to fix it. The priest said, "You must provide one meal a day for at least a hundred poor people. If you continue that for a month, your dosha will be removed. Once it gets removed, you will have three sons."

"From tomorrow, I will provide a meal for more than a hundred people daily. Not only for a month, but I will do that for my lifetime. I'm happy that I met you." From the next day, only after providing a meal for more poor people did he take his food for that day. He continued that for the next thirty days. Before the end of the thirtieth day, his wife was found to be pregnant. Aadil and Mardhiah were in immense joy.

Aadil wanted to express his gratitude to the priest. He went to his place. Already, there were many people waiting to see the priest. After waiting for some time, he got the chance to meet him. He was given only ten minutes. He told the good news that his wife was pregnant. He found that the priest's condition was very poor. That priest must be over eighty years old. Aadil wanted to take him to the hospital, but he refused. The priest told him that he was nearing his death. He liked Aadil very much. Telling him that he was preserving a powerful necklace for many years and wishing to give it to a person like him, he gave it to him. The priest said, "There are many people in this world who are willing to help others. God gives more wealth only to those who wish to alleviate the sufferings of others." Then he began to cough severely. He kept coughing. Aadil asked his driver to bring a doctor immediately. Before he could say anything about the power of the necklace, he died. It was like Aadil went there just to get that necklace from the priest. Aadil was greatly distressed that he couldn't save the priest who had done him good. After some time, Aadil left that place. While returning from the priest's place, Aadil saw the necklace that the priest had given him. It had many oval and pear-shaped opal, turquoise, green, and blue-coloured gemstones all over, which were closely placed in a layered and clustered pattern. That necklace seemed to contain almost a hundred stones. He thought his pregnant wife would be happy if the necklace were given to her. Anyways, he wanted to wear it once, and so he wore it. Once he wore it, all the gemstones in that necklace began to emit a radiant glow. He was amazed and a little frightened when he beheld that miracle. It didn't look like an ordinary necklace. First, he wanted to know about the power of the necklace. He decided not to speak about the necklace to anyone until he knew it. He hid that necklace inside his shirt so that it wouldn't be visible from the outside. He thought he could buy some

other jewellery for his wife. He asked his driver to stop the car near a jewellery shop. He kept observing whether any changes were happening around him because he was wearing that necklace. His driver stopped the car near a jewellery shop. Aadil went to the shop and bought four good and expensive bangles. He came back to his car. He kept those bangles inside his suitcase. He then told his driver to proceed to the post office, their intended destination. He wanted to post a letter to his friend. He was taken to the post office. He took his suitcase and went inside. The crowd was larger than usual inside the post office. Aadil's suitcase had a number lock. He set the numbers, opened it and took out the post, which he wanted to send. He went to a counter, gave that letter to the counterperson and gave the amount for sending it. All the time, he was pondering the power of the necklace which he had worn. He collected the receipt for sending the letter and came out to his car. When he opened the door of his car, the driver noticed that he wasn't carrying his suitcase. The driver told him that he had forgotten his suitcase and left it inside the post office. Aadil always looked after his belongings safely. He would be careful in every matter. The driver wondered how he had forgotten to carry his suitcase. Aadil had never done that before. Aadil, thinking about the new bangles which he bought, got gripped by fear. He lamented inwardly, "I have kept those bangles inside that suitcase. There were many people around me. Surely someone would've noticed the bangles when I opened my suitcase. Wait! My suitcase has a number lock. But one can notice the number when I am setting it. Definitely someone would've stolen those bangles by now," while entering the post office. He had left the suitcase near the counter, and he found it. He took it and opened it after correctly setting the numbers. The bangles were stolen, as he believed. He was startled. He enquired about it from many people there. Whoever he enquired of gave the same reply that they hadn't noticed anyone opening that suitcase and taking out the bangles. He returned to his car, worrying that he had lost the bangles which he had bought for his loving wife. After knowing the reason for his worry, the driver said, "One who wants to steal wouldn't take the risk of opening the suitcase in front of many people and taking out the valuables; instead, he would take the suitcase itself, careful not to stir any doubts in others. Moreover, your suitcase has a number lock. How did a theft like this take place

in a crowded area?" What the driver said seemed very right to Aadil. Then he reached the nearby police station and filed a complaint for the theft. Then he went back home. His wife was waiting near the entrance to receive him lovingly. When Aadil stepped out of his car and reached near her, she hugged him tightly. Although her pregnancy had only just begun, he said playfully, "Our child needs some space." They both laughed. That laughter removed from his mind the worry of losing the bangles. As soon as he entered, he felt like taking a bath. Only when he removed his clothes inside the bathroom did he remember the necklace that he was wearing and that was still glowing. He didn't want to take it off. After bathing, when he was about to step out of the bathroom, he stepped on a patch of some soap lather, slipped, fell backwards and landed on his backside, but it didn't cause much pain. He slowly raised back up, washed away that soap lather and went out. He had a separate room in his house to do his office work. He called it 'office room'. He went there and sat in the chair. While he was viewing some documents, he heard the sound of water droplets dripping somewhere. He wondered where it was coming from. Then he thought that the sound was coming from the bathroom where he bathed, which was near his 'office room'. Thinking that he had left the tap slightly open, he went inside the bathroom and found water was dripping from the tap. He closed the tap properly. While returning, he saw the spot where he slipped, and he was startled, remembering that when he fell some time before, the water wasn't dripping. He didn't open the tap after his fall, and no one else entered that bathroom after that. He wondered what this mystery was. With those thoughts, he went back to the 'office room'. He thought that all those strange things were happening after he wore the necklace. Still, he was able to hear the sound of water dripping. He opened the windows in that room and looked outside. Water was leaking from the tap in the garden. He asked a servant to close that tap. Then he reflected on the words that the priest uttered when he received that necklace from him. He thought, "Why, at that time, completely unrelated, did he say that there were many people in the world who are inclined to help?" He put everything – the theft of bangles, the unclosed tap in the bathroom and the priest's word – together and thought about it. He then understood the power of the necklace. He found that whatever he believed was

happening in reality. He thought that the priest would've said that to make him believe that there are many good people in the world. He removed the necklace immediately, kept it in a locker and thought he should never wear it again.

After eight months, they had a son. Mardhiah couldn't feed her child. Her body had an issue with lactation. They appointed a wet nurse for their son. She had a one-month-old son named Qutaibah. Whenever she fed her child, she would feed Mardhiah's child also. Aadil named his son Jahandar. The meaning of that name is 'possessor of the world'. The couple celebrated their son's birth more grandly. Next year, they had another son. They named him Murdif. In the next two years, they had another son. They named him Dalal.

Birth of Nurani

Four years passed. Mirsab incurred a heavy loss in the share market. He was forced into a situation where he had to sell even the few possessions he had. However, that loss couldn't be made up. He didn't have a single rupee on him. There were no means for him, not even for a meal. He had been working as an auditor in a company. He stole the money from the company's funds that had been entrusted to him. Somehow, he made up for the loss in the share market. He thought that he must escape to another city before the company found out about his theft and caught him. He thought of going to Delhi. He believed he could easily get an auditor job there. Delhi was two hundred and forty kilometres away from the place where he stayed. Since he had no money in hand, he thought he could somehow reach there by asking for a lift from vehicles passing on the road. He had three sons and a daughter. His wife, Asmara, was in her full term at that time. All they had were their clothes. Carrying those with them, they began walking towards Delhi early in the morning. Mirsab's wife walked with him with great difficulty. They went to the highway. They asked many passing vehicles for a lift. Thinking about how a lift could be offered to the entire family, no one gave them a lift. After a short while, a truck came that way. Seeing Mirsab wave his hand, the truck's driver stopped his vehicle. He agreed to take them on board. As the truck was not heading to Delhi, they had to get out halfway. The six felt somewhat relieved that they had managed to find a way to get halfway. After reaching a place where the truck had to take a different road, they got out of the truck. They still had to cover one hundred and thirty-nine kilometres to reach Delhi. The midday sun was also beating down on them. Asmara couldn't walk properly. She struggled to take even a single step. Mirsab asked her to walk somehow. Her amniotic sac broke, and the water flowed out. She suffered from labour pain. There was nothing but trees in that place. They lamented not knowing who to call for help or what to do. They looked for a vehicle that could at least take her to the nearby hospital. The hospital was far off from where they were. Asking his wife to somehow try to hold the baby in, Mirsab was

trying to stop a vehicle. His children pleaded with many people on the road for help. But no one was ready to help them. Asmara, thinking she could no longer hold her baby, sat on the side of the road. Then she leaned back. Mirsab or his children didn't know what to do. Asmara called her husband and asked him to pull out the baby. Her husband doubted whether he could do that. She told him to do that task confidently and delicately, like plucking a flower. She told him to pull the baby the way one plucks a flower – holding it gently so it doesn't get crushed, yet pulling it just enough for it to come away from the plant. Asmara removed her undergarments. Mirsab was ready to pull the baby, which was coming out of the womb, into the outside world. Within a few seconds, he noticed the baby's head. He decided to wait until the whole head came out. Asmara tried pushing the baby by herself as far as possible. In a single breath, she gradually pushed it out little by little. She didn't inhale. The baby's whole head was out. Mirsab carefully held onto the baby's shoulder. Asmara still didn't inhale. Her husband pulled out the baby. He tore the umbilical cord with his fingernails. That was a baby girl, and she looked so beautiful. Asmara put her lower garments back on. Her breasts lactated to satisfy her baby's hunger. When she was about to feed her baby, her husband stopped her. He said that was not required. She couldn't understand it. He told her that they could leave the baby by the roadside. Her heart, behind her lactating breasts, throbbed with pain. He told her it would be difficult to take care of that child while they were moving to another city for sustenance. A few drops of milk trickled from her breasts, while many drops of tears flowed from her eyes. She was distressed, thinking that he was asking her to abandon her child even before the blood on it had dried. The burden she felt in her heart at that moment was far greater than the weight she had carried in her womb over the past nine months. After speaking with her for some time, he somehow convinced her. They left the child by the roadside and proceeded towards Delhi on foot. They walked without stopping for an hour in the scorching sun. Asmara couldn't forget her child's cherubic face. A couple was driving along that highway. The husband spotted the baby when his car was just thirty metres from the spot where the baby had been left. Startled, he stopped his car suddenly. He stepped out. Scolding the child's parent in his mind, "How the baby had been abandoned

by the roadside by its merciless parents, without a trace of conscience!" he went near the baby. His wife followed him. Another shock awaited that couple. Near the baby, which was crying out with hunger, a four-foot-long, coiled, venomous snake was found. The snake had a pebbled appearance as it was covered with textured, yellowish-green scales. Its eyes were vivid red, with dark pupils which looked intense. It was also flicking its long, purplish-pink, forked tongue out and sensing its surroundings. The man neither drove away the snake nor tried to lift the crying baby. Thinking that the snake might bite the child if he did anything, he decided to wait until the snake moved away from that place by itself. He couldn't bear to see the child crying bitterly. He prayed to God with eyes brimming with tears. After fifteen minutes, that snake moved away. Immediately, that man lifted the baby, which still had the umbilical cord on its belly. He gave that child to his wife, who was standing nearby. Both got inside the car. That man's wife used her hair clip to clamp the umbilical cord. She used a towel to rub the blood and sand off the baby's body. She used another towel to wrap it. As they went, they kept looking for a shop on the way. They thought that if they could find any shop, they could buy milk powder and satisfy the child's hunger. For this reason, the man drove the car at high speed. Mirsab and his family walked on, still unable to get a lift. Their eyes caught sight of that couple's car. They asked for a lift. Although it was important to appease the hunger of the baby, the man couldn't bring himself to drive on without stopping the car. He stopped his car. He agreed to take all six of them. Those six seemed exhausted as they walked in the hot sun without food or water. Mirsab, his wife and his eldest son sat in the back seat, while the other three sat on their laps. Since they were utterly weary, they failed to identify the crying baby as they got inside the car. As soon as they all got inside, the vehicle moved off with nine people, including the baby. That child kept on crying. Not aware that the crying baby was hers, Asmara, hearing its cry, worried that she had abandoned her newborn baby. Mirsab told the man that they were travelling to Delhi and asked how far he could take them along. The man replied that he too was travelling to Delhi. Except for Asmara, the other five felt relieved. Their hunger, thirst, tiredness and expectation of sustenance didn't allow them to develop sympathy for the crying baby. Nevertheless,

Asmara's mind was full of the sight of her baby. Nothing in this world equals a mother's love. Mirsab asked the man, "Is your baby a newborn? Why is it crying continuously?"

"It is not our baby. Some heartless sinners left it by the roadside as though offering it as a feast for animals." After knowing that the child was hers, Asmara said, "We are those sinners. It's our baby." Then she spoke to her child, "I don't wish to give you into anyone else's hands. Come to your mother." Mirsab was seized with great anger towards his wife, but he couldn't show it outwardly. The man stopped the car unexpectedly for the third time. Except the child and its mother all stepped out. After a long time crying with hunger, the child received its mother's milk. The man asked Mirsab, "How did you get the mind to do this?"

"My life's circumstances are the reason. I haven't got any cash on me. We ourselves have no means for our next meal. In this situation, how can we take care of a newborn baby?"

"Whatever you may say, I cannot bring myself to accept it. You shouldn't have done this. Why did you decide to travel to another place when your wife was in her full term? How did you end up in a state of having absolutely no money? Why didn't you look for jobs in the place where you were staying? Don't you have any acquaintances to offer help?" Mirsab was staying in a rented house. There were still three months' rent arrears owed for that house. However, he said that he had owned a house where he had stayed, that he had been wealthy and that he had been forced to sell everything due to the losses he had incurred in the share market, which had left his family on the streets. He said further, "It's my bad luck that someone stole money from the company where I worked as an auditor during my loss. My employer accused me of having taken the money to recover my loss. He threatened to lodge a police complaint against me if I didn't pay up. If I get stuck at the police station, I won't be able to protect my family. So, without telling anyone, I immediately left from there." The man felt pity for Mirsab. Since Mirsab mentioned he worked as an auditor, the man asked, "Are you searching for an auditor job? My employer is searching for an auditor. I will take you to him. If he finds you suitable, he will hire you immediately. Your family can stay in my

house for some days." Mirsab thanked him many times. He told him his entire family was saved by him. While they were speaking, Asmara fondly cuddled her baby and kissed it many times. She was filled with profound joy, thinking that her child had come back to her despite being abandoned. To her heart's fill and her child's stomach's fill, she fed her child. Like a small stream flowing continuously in a rivulet, tears flowed from her eyes. The man didn't mention the snake which he found near the child to Mirsab. He said, "Have faith in God. God will surely protect you."

"True. If we hadn't met, would you have raised my child yourself?"

"No. I would've placed the child in an orphanage."

"Even that requires a big heart. Surely God will always protect your family. Many people in this world run behind money. Money only gives suffering. A few believe that if they work tirelessly, not even resting for a minute, they will have a meaningful life. But that too would be a hollow, meaningless life. Living to serve others is the noblest life. Only people like you, who do many virtuous deeds, live with contentment." To somehow secure that auditor job and hide the fact that he had abandoned his child on the roadside, Mirsab presented himself as a good man to that person. The man asked, "What name are you going to give your baby?"

"Nurani"

The next day, Mirsab was taken to Aadil's company and was introduced to Aadil. Aadil wanted to test Mirsab's skills and knowledge in finance. He first asked him some easy questions. Mirsab easily answered those questions. Then Aadil described some difficult situations to him and asked him how he would decide on those situations. Mirsab gave the best solution to all those. Aadil perceived that Mirsab had sound judgment. Mirsab's answer itself convinced Aadil that he would manage the finance department effectively. Then Aadil asked some general questions to test his personality. He asked, "Would you befriend an ignorant man? Will you show love, affection, and mercy to him?"

"It's better to have the hostility of him than to foster friendship with him."

"Let's assume that you have some incurable disease in your body and you're suffering greatly because of that. How would you conduct life then?"

"It's better to die than live with an incurable disease."

"Seeing a man's evil deeds, many people ridicule him. Would you, too, speak disparagingly of him?"

"It's better to kill him than to speak ill of him."

"Have you ever praised someone insincerely to get something done?"

"It's better to scold someone than to offer undeserved praise." Aadil liked all his answers. Mirsab seemed very bold and confident, the kind of person Aadil was searching for. Aadil asked him to join his company. Within a few days of Mirsab joining the company, Aadil was impressed by his talent and intelligence.

Jahandar's second mother

Five years passed. Jahandar was twelve years old. While Jahandar and Qutaibah were playing, Jahandar sprained his foot. Seeing that, Qutaibah placed one of Jahandar's hands over his shoulder and led him to his mother. Qutaibah told his mother about his sprained foot and asked her to apply the ointment immediately. Both Qutaibah and his mother were distressed to see Jahandar in that state. Jahandar said that it was only a minor sprain and that it would heal on its own. However, the two of them remained sorrowful. Qutaibah's mother brought the ointment from another room and applied it to Jahandar's foot. While she was applying it, Jahandar thought that the woman who was like a mother to him was touching his foot. He said, "People as kind as you are truly uncommon nowadays. No one is willing to relieve the suffering of others. Worse, many are causing suffering to others. Without even showing the slightest hesitation, you're touching my foot. No one has ever shown me as much affection as you have. I will relieve the sufferings of all people in this world. I will punish the ones who cause suffering to others." She smiled at his childish talk and fondly pinched his cheeks with both her hands. She said, "You are my son too. If it had happened to Qutaibah, I would've done the same. Your leg pain will be better in another two days." Then Jahandar and Qutaibah took leave of her and walked to the garden. Moved by the affection those two showed him, Jahandar spoke a few words. He said, "When your mother was going through a difficult time after losing her husband, my father gave her employment as my wet nurse. That was the only help given to your mother by us. But from that day until today, your mother has done so much for me. I can never repay her for all of her love. My father often says that although your mother was poor and worked in the house of a very wealthy family, she never desired luxury. Though my parents urged your mother many times to stay in a comfortable place and become a member of our family, she refused. I've heard that your mother's

only desire is to take good care of me, and I myself have realised it many times. It makes me happy to think that I was nourished by her milk. Do you know something? Since I was born a few days after you, your mother cared for both of us as though we were twins. My father once told me that your mother used to nurse me first and satisfy my hunger, and only then would she feed you. What mother in the world could have such a heart? No one else would've done this. I have a great deal of respect for your mother. The praise 'the jewel of humankind' would only be suitable for your mother."

A few months passed. Every birthday, Jahandar would get blessings from Qutaibah's mother. For his thirteenth birthday, she met her, asked her to bless him and touched her feet with utmost respect. She blessed him and kissed the crown of his head with utmost love. He felt so much affection in that kiss. He even thought that his mother hadn't shown such affection towards him. She said, "May God bless you with many years of a happy life. Always set your mind on what is good." Believing he had stepped into the age of manhood and thinking that his mind shouldn't stray into wicked paths like the sons of many wealthy families, she said so.

Jahandar's first crush

Aadil visited a doctor for a full-body checkup. It was found in the tests that Aadil had a sugar disorder. The doctor prescribed some tablets and told him what kind of diet he should follow. He then asked him to walk for at least forty-five minutes. The next morning, Aadil went for a walk after waking up. Just walking for thirty minutes, he was out of breath. He saw his watch. He realised that he still had to walk for fifteen more minutes. He decided to walk after taking a rest for some time. There was a stone bench by the roadside. He sat on that. At that time, a girl was coming jogging on the other side of the road in the distance. That girl must be barely twenty years old. She was young and had a great body. She was wearing a solid midnight navy blue short-sleeved T-shirt, paired with matching workout pants in the same colour. Her pants were skin-tight. Her T-shirt was hugging her figure tightly. Her dress was plain without any graphics. Her dress seemed soft and sporty. She had on blush-coloured athletic sneakers which had white soles. Her sneakers gave a vibrant contrast to her blue ensemble. Since her pants flowed only up to the top of her ankle, her white ankle socks were visible. Her outfit didn't seem to have any recognisable brand logo. Her hair was black. She had pulled it back neatly into a ponytail behind her head. She had soft bangs across her forehead. It seemed to Aadil that she was sent from heaven to this earth for the sole purpose of offering intense physical gratification to men. Until that moment, Aadil had never been captivated by any woman. He, who was sitting, stood up immediately. His tiredness disappeared. He kept looking at her. Gradually, she was coming closer. As she was running a little faster, her ponytail went from one side of her head to the other side. Her graceful motion and her enchanting body frame hypnotised him. She noticed Aadil ogling her. In an instant, she found out that he was a big shot. He was wearing a grey-coloured cotton tracksuit with a Louis Vuitton logo on his chest. He had the costliest Rolex Submariner watch on his wrist, had two gold rings and a gold chain that would be about five sovereigns in weight and was wearing Reebok GL 6000 jogging shoes. Although she was not tired, she feigned fatigue and reduced

her speed to an absolute minimum. Aadil could clearly perceive that she stopped jogging only after looking at him. She looked at him. He smiled mildly and beckoned her with his finger. She crossed the road and came close to him. Without saying anything else, he directly told her of his desire to marry her. She didn't think much about it either, nor did she worry about his age. She immediately gave her consent. She felt that if she married him, she could spend her entire lifetime in opulence like someone swimming alone in a vast sea. She had no parents. She grew up in an orphanage. She had very few people in her life – only four friends. She was staying with them. He asked her name. "Anahita," she replied.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I do modelling. Until this day, I've only had small opportunities. I'm expecting a big break."

"You already got it. From now on, I am your director. Do the modelling before me." She let out a gentle chuckle and feigned shyness. He said, "I can't wait for the auspicious time to arrive. I want to make you my wife immediately."

"We can go to a register office and get married."

"That's not required. My men will take care of preparing the marriage certificate. All you have to do is sign. Let me call my driver to bring my car here. Just come along with me right away." Then he went to the nearby telephone booth. He asked his wife over the phone to send his driver to his place. While he was speaking, Anahita doubted whether she could trust him, since he had asked her to come right away. She thought that she could face any kind of situation, thinking that there was no greater difficulty than being penniless. After speaking with his wife, Aadil spoke to his assistant. He asked him to prepare the marriage certificate without even a minor delay. He came out and saw her. There was a trace of fear on her face. In the next two minutes, Aadil's car arrived there. He sat in the back seat. With hesitation and contemplation, she went to the other side of the car and opened the back door. She didn't feel like going inside. Aadil understood her thoughts. He said, "Don't be afraid. I won't touch you until our marriage certificate is

ready. If you don't trust me, you don't have to get in." Then she went inside. He took her to his home. His assistant had prepared the marriage certificate by then. He saw his assistant carrying it in his hand as Aadil stepped out. He collected it from him and signed it. Then he gave it to Anahita, who was standing nearby. She signed it. She had never expected her life to change so quickly. There were two witnesses ready. Aadil's assistant asked them to sign the marriage certificate, and they did so. They did everything in the entrance as though performing a welcoming ritual. Mardhiah was heartbroken that her husband married someone else. Aadil held Anahita by the shoulder and led her inside.

Placing his hand on her shoulder, he walked inside. Jahandar was playing with cards. Although he was sitting near the entrance, he was facing a different direction, so he didn't notice his father and Anahita entering. Lowering his hand from her shoulder to her hips, he pressed it firmly once. Only at that moment were they passing the place where Jahandar was sitting. Jahandar heard the words, "Your son might see it," spoken by Anahita in a soft voice with shyness and embarrassment. Hearing that new voice, he looked back. By then, they had passed him. All he saw was that his father was intimate with some other woman other than his mother as they entered Aadil's room. At that time, his mother went crying to another room. He couldn't bear seeing his mother cry. He thought to ask his father why he brought some other woman home. Rising angrily, he walked up to the threshold of the room. He stood facing a direction from which he couldn't see inside. He hesitated to go inside. He couldn't bring himself to ask his father for entry. Only at that moment was Aadil gripping her breasts hard after lifting her T-shirt and bra to her collarbone. Jahandar heard an intense gasping sound, almost resembling sobs. Jahandar hadn't heard such a sound before. Jahandar was unaware that people would make such sounds during sexual pleasure. Mustering up the courage, he asked his father for entry. Immediately, Anahita corrected her upper garments. Then Aadil asked his son to enter. His father and Anahita were sitting on the sofa placed in that room. Both their faces were crimson as the blood flow had increased. They appeared as though they had been caught red-handed after making a mistake. Jahandar saw Anahita's flushed and beautiful face for the first time, and just

at that sight, he got aroused – for the first time in his life. He forgot why he entered that room and kept looking at her, even though she was his father's mistress. Anahita noticed that he had fallen for her beauty. Worrying about what to tell his son, Aadil wasn't feeling comfortable facing him. To ease his embarrassment, she told him that she would introduce herself to his son and rose from her seat. She walked over to Jahandar. As she did so, Jahandar relished everything about her – her gaze, the clothes she wore, and her seductive gait. Her graceful body even made him oblivious to the fact that his father was in the room. Feigning a mother's affectionate hug, she embraced him tenderly. Then, gently stroking the back of his head, she said, "I'm your mother too. Think that, from today, you have two mothers." While she was doing it, his head was resting on her breasts, and he was savouring the softness of her breasts. He had used many of the costliest cushions in the world, but nothing had ever given him such gratification. He felt that only a woman's breasts were the greatest cushion a man could seek in this world. Within a few seconds, his face turned the same colour as her shoes, his heart pounded as though he had run at high speed for a long time, his body grew hot as if it were burning with fever, and his penis lengthened involuntarily. For the first time, his penis reached an erect state. Those feelings gave him ecstasy. As she released her embrace and drew back softly, he longed for more, and she noticed that too. All those were novel to him, and at the same time, they gave him more pleasure. He longed to embrace her again, not gently but tightly. Anahita returned and sat beside Aadil again. Aadil, who couldn't face his son, kept looking in different directions. Jahandar's mind kept asking him over and over whether there was any way to experience that same pleasure again. Then Jahandar, without saying anything, left the room unwillingly. After he left the room, Aadil asked Anahita to close the door. Anahita planned that she could gain more money from Jahandar as she closed the door. Jahandar went straight to the restroom. He removed his lower garments and saw his penis. That was still in the erect state. As he thought about Anahita over and over again, it grew stronger. He held it with his palms and stroked it. He felt more aroused. He stroked it again and again. He experienced more pleasure as he did so. He closed his eyes and thought about Anahita. As he was in the state of strong sexual excitement, his

penis throbbed slightly with small rhythmic pulses. Thinking of her, he kept rubbing his penis. Suddenly, semen was released from it. He thought, "Something white, like a gel, is coming out," and he didn't know why that was happening to him. Until then, he had used his penis only for urination. His penis pulsed as drops of semen got ejected. Until then, he hadn't heard about it. He got frightened that something had happened to his body. He didn't know who to ask or how to ask about it. He washed his penis and put his lower garments back on. His lustful feelings got ejected from his mind as he ejected the semen. At that moment, he thought about his father and his new relationship. He thought, "She looked like a young woman. Why did she choose an old man like my father? My father, unlike usual, looked very different. He would be doing something related to his company work – talking to someone over the phone, reading some documents, reading the newspaper or scolding his assistant loudly. He was sitting very close to her on the sofa. I have never even seen him this close to my mother. He is always majestic, but today he couldn't even look me in the face. I am doubtful if the person I saw today was really my father."

Mardhiah worried that Aadil had married some other woman and was living with her at home, even while Mardhiah was still living with him. Aadil asked Mardhiah to move to another room. She shifted all her things and her dresses to another room. For a while, Jahandar's mind was calm after his semen was released. But again, he began thinking of Anahita. At night, Aadil asked his assistant to buy tablets prescribed by the sexologist and wrist shackles. His assistant bought those and gave them to him. He took those tablets. Then he went to his room. He asked Anahita to remove all her clothes. She removed them. He asked her to lie on the bed. She lay on the bed. He asked her to raise her hands above her head. He spoke the way a school teacher would speak to students, in a firm voice. She did as he instructed. He took the wrist shackles and bound her hands to the wooden slatted headboard of the bed. He got on top of her and squeezed her breasts hard. When he was aroused, he spread out her legs. Like a virile ram hitting its target, he thrust into her. She cried out in pain. He sated his lust for her body. Without even hitting her, many parts of her body turned red. She didn't expect that he would have such virility. She didn't know

that he had taken some tablets.

Aadil's friends, employees, or relatives had always spoken highly of him. They would praise his architectural design skills, his dutifulness, and his untiring attitude. They would ask him how he was able to build such a big company without anyone's help. However, when he married Anahita, all their praise turned into criticism. Those who had once spoken so proudly of him now spoke of him with equal scorn. One employee gossiped with another, "Generally, rich men would marry a young woman in their old age. I didn't expect even our CEO to do such a thing. How can he, who is known for his hard work, be affected by lust? Maybe suddenly he might have thought that he had wasted his youth." His relative spoke to another, "Aadil's age is forty, and that girl's age is twenty. He married a girl half his age. All the praise he received for developing a big construction company will now vanish into thin air. All are going to speak about his recent marriage." One of the people who stayed in the same street where Aadil's house was located spoke to another, "When he has a son in the prime of his youth, why did he marry that girl and keep her in the same house? Can cotton and fire stay side by side quietly without catching fire? If he acts this way himself, how will his son act? Why not keep her in another house? He can even buy a thousand houses if he wishes. If our children witness such acts, won't their hearts be corrupted?" Anahita's only acquaintances were her four friends. Her friends grew jealous of her for the life she had attained and spoke many things about her. One said, "She has no father or mother. She learnt in a government school only. She was without the means to pursue higher studies after school. Being naturally beautiful, she decided to become a model. She could've easily obtained big opportunities if she had wished. As she had to give up her body as the price for those, she rejected them all. At that time, I used to think that she didn't know how to survive. All of her features – appearance, walk, body physique, expressions, and speech – made many men mad. Many men tried to attain her. I thought that she didn't know how to earn more money while she was still young, that she didn't know the worth of her body, and that perhaps if I had her body, I would've earned more. But only now did I realise that she knew the worth of her body. She managed to catch the richest man in the

world."

Another one said, "Her body is her biggest fortune. Without thinking that whatever she got was a gain, she waited patiently like a swan and hit the jackpot. How many more years will that old man she married live? After his death, she will sleep with many men."

Another one said, "Why did she have to wait for his death for that? Isn't it enough if she says something like yoga class, gym, Zumba, musical instrument, dance class, sport or any club?"

Another one said, "Can't we also find an old man like the one she got? Can't we hit a jackpot too? Like her, we too enhance our beauty in a way that will instantly capture men's hearts."

Within a few days, Aadil discovered what other people were saying about him. He, who had lived for many years with dignity, felt he could've lived his remaining days in the same way. He regretted having married Anahita in haste. He thought that he had become a slave to the pleasure of his senses like every other ordinary man. He rued that he shouldn't have acted that way when he had a loving wife. After marrying Anahita, he reduced his meetings with his sons. Thinking of setting right the fact that his father was avoiding him, Jahandar went to him and spoke, "Dad, don't worry about what others say. There is even a saying, 'Life starts at forty'. Marrying another woman at your age is not wrong at all. You have achieved many things in life before developing an attraction towards a woman, but others, without achieving anything in life, fall into infatuation with women and end up wasting their lives. I wish you would remain just as you were before marrying Anahita," and went away to play. Aadil didn't expect that his son would say something like that because no son in this world would say such things to his father.

Jahandar couldn't pass the nights peacefully. He often imagined how Anahita would look without any dress. He imagined having sex with her. Just as a cat silently slips into a house's kitchen unnoticed during the night to taste the leftover food stuck to the vessels, Jahandar would furtively creep near the room where Anahita stayed every night, hoping to sneak a peek at her in case the door happened to be open – but it was always closed. Whenever he had a

chance to look at her, he wouldn't miss it. Aadil would always buy her an alluring dress. Whenever he saw her, he would desire to experience her body. In Aadil's absence, he would go to her and speak with her. He always called her 'Mother'. Although he spoke with her many times, he never conveyed his desire. Although she knew his feelings, she acted like she didn't know them. She waited, thinking that one day or another he would voice his desire. One day, Aadil and Mardhiah went to another city to offer condolences for a relative's death. As usual, Jahandar arrived at home after school. As he entered, a servant maid informed him that his parent had gone to another city and would only return after 10 PM. He was extremely pleased that his relative had died. The very thought that Anahita was alone in the house made his heartbeat soar. He threw down his school bag and lunch bag and dashed to his father's room. Anahita was sitting cross-legged on the sofa, nibbling on an apple and reading a magazine. Her face had more makeup. Jahandar hadn't seen any other woman with such makeup in his lifetime. She was wearing a bright red sleeveless maxi dress featuring colourless spaghetti straps. The straps were almost invisible. The dress flowed down to her knees and was tightly fitted to her body. Thinking he should somehow have sex with her, he entered nervously. He decided to give her some reason, embrace her first, then touch her here and there, place many kisses on her, recline her on the bed, remove her dress and make her agree to have sex. Chewing the apple, she looked up at him and gestured to him with her eyebrows, raising and lowering them once as if asking what the matter was. Out of nervousness, he spoke with a shaking voice, "Mother, my class teacher scolded me for not completing my homework. I'm very sad. If I hug you, I will feel better. Shall I hug you?" She burst out laughing after hearing that. She laughed so hard her stomach ached. Her mockery boosted his confidence. "You're gorgeous. I desire to have sex with you," he said. The moment she expected had arrived. She wanted to do something for her four friends, who had taken care of her for some years, with the money she would obtain from him. She told him, "Can you bring me a diamond necklace? If you can bring it, we can have sex."

"I've no money to buy it. Ask for something else."

"I don't know how you will arrange the money. If you want your

desire to be fulfilled, you have to bring me what I ask you for." He left for his father's room, worried, thinking that although she was within his reach, he couldn't claim her. He thought seriously for some time about how he could buy her a diamond necklace. An idea struck him. He thought that by going to his father's 'office room' and if he could find any expensive item there, he could sell it to buy a diamond necklace. He went there. His lust for Anahita's body didn't allow him to waste even a single second. He searched all over the room, looking for some high-value item – a Rolex watch, gold-framed spectacles or something similar. At that time, he noticed a locker there. He couldn't open it. It required a four-digit passcode. He thought about what it could be. First, he entered his father's birth year, but it didn't open. Then he typed his mother's birth year; it didn't open. Then he tried his grandfather's and grandmother's birth years; it didn't open. He typed his birth year; it didn't open. He was deeply vexed by the thought that even though he and Anahita were alone at home and she had given her consent for sex, he couldn't touch her. He thought deeply and carefully about what those four digits could be. His mind kept telling him that he shouldn't miss that chance. Suddenly, a thought ran through his mind. He thought that since he had found the locker inside his father's 'office room', perhaps his father would've set the company's establishment year as the passcode. He typed it immediately, and it opened. He opened it thinking he could find more money inside it, but as soon as he saw a necklace inside, he felt immeasurable joy. He took it out and looked at it for a few seconds, since he had never seen such an artistic necklace in his life. Carrying it, he sprinted off to Anahita. During that time, she had just turned a few pages of the magazine. When she looked at him, he showed the necklace which he was carrying. She was astonished at how he could bring a diamond necklace within such a short span of time. She thought that he would've stolen his mother's jewellery. He neared her to put it around her neck. She asked him to place it on her hand. For a second, she looked at it with her mouth wide open, then closed her mouth, concealing her amazement. It looked exquisite, but it wasn't embedded with diamonds. With an angry face and in an angry tone, she said, "This is not a diamond necklace. Are you trying to fool me?" He stood with the loss of willpower to meet another failure. "The clock struck 7 PM. My parents would arrive in another three

hours. I have to make her agree within that time," he thought. She had grown too attached to the necklace, so she decided to keep it with herself and fulfil his desire to a small extent. She told him, "I can give you only five minutes for this necklace. I won't lie on the bed. I won't open my mouth. You shouldn't try to thrust yourself into me. I will only stand here unmoved, like a statue, without reciprocating your touch. You can do whatever you want to me within those five minutes. Your time starts...now..." She rose from the sofa. He removed the straps from her shoulders and pulled down her maxi dress in one stroke. He found her body stunning. She was wearing a light lavender two-piece lingerie set consisting of a soft strapless bra with moulded cups and matching low-rise scalloped-edge panties, both decorated with small pink heart motifs. He grabbed the plackets of his school uniform shirt and pulled it with such force that the top two buttons came off, and like pulling off a T-shirt, he yanked his shirt off. He pulled off his vest swiftly. He then lifted her hands and placed them above his shoulders. She was standing like a mannequin in a clothing store. Even she didn't raise her hands herself. With all the lust that he had restrained for the past few weeks, he embraced her tightly. She sounded, "Oops..." While embracing her, he repeatedly kissed all over her upper body – lips, cheeks, forehead, chin, nose, ears, neck, and shoulders. She neither stopped him nor acted as though she were enjoying his touch. Then he tried to give her a French kiss. She kept her lips pursed. He tried as much as possible to part her lips with his, but he couldn't. He licked her lips. He firmly pressed his lips against hers. She sounded with the closed mouth, "Hmm...hmmm...," as though she couldn't handle that pressure. Caressed both her lips at the same time with his lips, since she kept them pressed tightly together. He sucked her lower lip and upper lip separately and tried to insert his tongue inside, but she didn't allow it. He even tried to capture her lips with his fingers to part them, but she didn't allow it. As he was running short of time, he stopped trying it. Then he pulled down her bra cups and took her breasts out. He squeezed her breasts with his two hands many times to his full satisfaction, like kneading dough. "Slowly," she said in a stern tone, then pinching his areola region in a way that would cause him much pain, she said, "How do you feel when I do this to you? I feel the same. I am like a flower. Touch me the way you touch a flower." Even though he felt much

pain in the area where she had pinched, he continued caressing and kissing her body as much as possible, thinking that he only had five minutes, but this time he stroked her like stroking a flower, as she had said. A fear was instilled in him that he shouldn't get pinched by her again. For a few seconds, he tasted her breasts, but only mildly out of fear. He seemed pitiable to Anahita. He dropped to his knees. He kissed and licked her absolutely flat waist many times. He inserted his tongue inside her deep navel, which made her laugh. Then he gave a firm kiss on her genital region. Then he uncovered her vulva by pulling down her panties. Her pubic area was clean-shaven. Then hastily removed his pants and briefs. She wondered why he was removing his lower garments. He wanted to have maximum contact between their bare bodies, so he removed every dress. She thought that his semen shouldn't get on her genital region even by mistake, so she closed her vulva with her palm. Again, he tightly embraced her, but this time her hand obstructed the full experience. He tried to move her hand away, but she didn't remove it. He did everything again that he did at the start. Then she pressed her lips to his for a second and said that the time was over. She corrected her bra. Since she didn't lift her legs, they were still inside her panties and maxi dress. She pulled her panties and maxi dress back up and placed the straps on her shoulders. By that time, he had only lifted his briefs to put them on. She continued reading the magazine. His infatuation with her body had subsided a little. It would've been subdued completely if he had gotten the chance to eject his semen. Thinking of his first experience of a female body, he slowly put back on his school uniform dress. While he was about to leave the room, she told him, "Bring me a real diamond necklace." He left without replying. Still experiencing pain in his chest, he walked, gently rubbing the sore spot.

She hid that necklace so Aadil couldn't see it. Since she liked it very much, she decided to keep it for herself and not give it to her friends. The next morning, Jahandar went to his father and asked him to give him fifty rupees as pocket money daily. Aadil asked, "Why do you need that much money daily? Are you going to buy cookies for all the students in your school daily?"

"You got so much money. I'm just asking for only a little bit from it."

"What are you going to do with all that money? If you have so much money in your hand, you may go down the wrong path. Ask me whatever you want. I will buy it for you. When I was your age, my father wouldn't give me enough money to buy even a packet of cookies. I would save that little amount in a piggy bank for many days, hoping to buy something big. In the same way, I will give you a small amount."

"Your father gave you money according to his income. Aren't you the world's richest man? I am asking accordingly." Since Jahandar was born six years after their marriage, he was raised very fondly. Aadil agreed to give the money he asked for. Then Jahandar bought many things for Anahita, and he was awarded access to her body proportionately based on the value of the items. But she didn't have sex with him since that required a bigger price – a diamond necklace. One day, Aadil was at the company, and Mardhiah went to the garden to get some flowers. At that time, Jahandar went to his father's room. He embraced Anahita tightly. While he was smooching her neck, she whispered into his ear, "What will we do if your father or your mother comes to know that we are meeting like this? You're their son. They won't do anything to you, but they'll kill me. What will I do if they come to know?" With the same soft voice, he whispered, grazing her ear, "Don't worry. If they discover, I will protect you and make sure no harm comes to you. I'll even marry you. Then they can't harm you, right? I want to live with you for my entire life. Living with you is the best life I could ever have. No one can break our love. No one can ever separate us."

Aadil believed that Jahandar regarded Anahita as his mother. He wouldn't doubt them, looking at their interactions. One day, carrying a newspaper, Aadil sat on a swing in the adjacent room to his room. Only after sitting did he realise that he had forgotten his spectacles. At that time, Jahandar was passing that place. Aadil called him and asked him to take his spectacles from his room. A thousand butterflies fluttered in Jahandar's stomach at that time. Not revealing his emotion, he walked casually until he disappeared from Aadil's sight. As soon as he disappeared, he darted towards Anahita at lightning speed. She had just taken a bath. She was wearing a bathrobe and drying her hair. She looked very fresh and smelled good. He embraced her and smooched her neck, sipping the

water droplets from it. She stammered in fear, "Not now. If your father sees us, I'm finished. Let's wait until he leaves for his company."

"My father sat in the swing. He won't come here, nor will my mother enter this room. Why are you afraid? We can embrace for a little longer." Aadil asked Jahandar loudly, "Have you found my spectacles?" They both trembled. She went back inside the bathroom. Jahandar started searching for the spectacles. Aadil called out in the same raised voice, "It'll be on the bedside table." Immediately, Jahandar took the spectacles and came out of the room casually as though nothing had happened.

That day, Jahandar couldn't sit in his classroom. He constantly thought about Anahita's freshly bathed body. He couldn't stay even two hours in the classroom. During the break, he said that he wasn't feeling well and stepped out of the school. Wondering what reason he could give his mother, he reached his home. Once he entered, his mother asked, "My dear, what happened? Why did you come home so soon? Did you come on foot from school? If you had given a phone call from your school, I would've sent the car."

"Mother, I suddenly missed my father, so I came home to meet him."

"Oh, my sweet son, don't you know that your father only arrives in the evening? You could've stayed at school. Don't worry. Let me make a phone call to your father and ask him to reach home for lunch."

"No, Mother, he doesn't have to come for me. I'll meet him in the evening itself." He didn't know how to meet Anahita without his mother's notice. For a brief moment, he even thought of killing his mother. She asked him whether he needed something to eat. He refused and went to his room. He thought he could enter his father's room when his mother was engaged in some activity. He couldn't stay patient even for a few minutes. He knew that his mother wouldn't enter the room where Anahita was staying. He thought that if his mother questioned him about why he had entered that room, he could say it was because he missed his father and handle the situation. When his mother was praying, he entered his father's

room, thinking that the duration of her prayer would last at least ten minutes. Anahita was frightened as soon as she saw him. There was a small dressing room inside his father's room. It was a narrow room, but two people could stand comfortably inside it. A tall vertical mirror was fixed at the end. There were drawers, shelves, and hanging clothes on either side. He grabbed Anahita's hand and drew her to the dressing room. She was wearing a sleeveless beige poplin summer dress with a floral print. It had a wider shoulder strap and a round neckline. The bodice was fitted, shaping closely around her flat tummy and upper body. The skirt flared out into soft pleats, creating a flowy knee-length A-line silhouette. She said, "I am really scared. Your mother is moving around outside. If she sees, I'm done for. Not now." He didn't even allow her to speak, capturing her lips over and over again. He told her, "I think my mother is not feeling well. She is taking a rest," and began kissing her and embracing her tightly. Then he tried to pull the strap off her shoulders. She stopped him, saying, "No." He removed his upper garments and pulled her dress off over her head. She was wearing a light beige-coloured balconette bra with delicate floral prints and thin shoulder straps. It gave a 'cakes on a plate' effect – her breasts looked full, rounded and prominent. She was wearing matching low-waist panties. They held each other tightly. He said, "My everything, why do you have to waste your youth with an old man like my father? Youth, once gone, will never return, no matter what price we're willing to pay. Even though you married my father, you're mine. I'm going to take you to a place where no one can reach us. Only you and I will stay in that place. No one else will come there. We will make love until the end of our lives. A life with a woman as charming as you is the best life. I will even offer this entire world to you." Then he dipped his face between her breasts, pulled the cups down and started tasting it. Running her fingers through his hair, she spoke, "I absolutely don't like it when you call me 'Mother'. I'm not your mother, and you're not my son. I'm not going to waste my youth anymore. Take me wherever you want. I'm wholly yours. You own my beauty completely." Then they started kissing each other. Then she fell to her knees. Then she unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his pants, and unzipped them. She slightly pulled down his pants and his briefs to release his fully aroused penis. She placed it in her mouth. Within a short time, he released

his semen. When tasting kulfi ice cream, one would trace their tongue from the very bottom to the very top, covering any melted droplets along the way, then, after reaching the top, swirl the tongue around the apex many times and then insert the ice cream fully into the mouth. In the same way, Anahita, with her tongue, glided over his penis licking up every single drop of semen scattered across it and at a measured pace, she traced circles with the tip of her tongue on its apex many times, curling her tongue on the upper half of the circular motion and straightening on the lower half, then repeatedly plunged his penis inside her mouth as far as possible and sucked on it in a way that would give him intense pleasure. Mardhiah shouted, "Jahandar, where are you?" Immediately, he put his briefs and pants back on. He buttoned his pants. He buckled his belt swiftly and hastily and went out. She put her dress back and went to the restroom to rinse her mouth. Jahandar told his mother he had been in the restroom. She asked him to have lunch.

After two weeks, Jahandar bought an expensive diamond necklace for Anahita. He told Anahita that she should stay two days in the guesthouse with him if she wanted it. She agreed to it. Then he told his father that he wanted to celebrate his friend's birthday in the guesthouse, and he went there first. After some time, Anahita told Aadil that she was going on a trip with her friends. Aadil gave her more money. Then he called his driver. He asked him to drop her off where her friends were staying. She went along with the driver to her friend's home. She got down near it. She acted as though she were entering that house and stood near the entrance. Then, after her driver left that place, she hired a taxi. She told the taxi driver the place where Aadil's guest house was and asked him to take her there. She had the magical necklace in her handbag. While riding in the taxi, she wore it. After it started glowing, she couldn't contain her astonishment. She thought about how all the stones in the necklace had suddenly started glowing. She took the necklace off her neck, and it stopped glowing. She wore it again; it glowed again. She didn't understand how that mystery was happening. She liked the necklace very much. To hide it from outside view, she hid it inside her high turtleneck collar. When the taxi reached the place, Anahita got out of it and went to the guesthouse. Jahandar was waiting more eagerly for her arrival. She rang the calling bell. He

opened the door excitedly. She was wearing a fitted, sleek black long-sleeve turtleneck top paired with slim-fit high-waisted white trousers. Her outfit's black-and-white contrast gave her a sophisticated look. He hugged her full hips and lifted her. She embraced him to her bosom. He told her he would ensure her foot wouldn't land on the floor till she stayed there. Both entered the bedroom giggling. The room was scented. He made her stand on the bed. He felt like giving her all the money he had. He had two piles of cash. He unwrapped the bands on them and scattered the currency notes over her body, like someone scattering flower petals in praise. As he scattered it, she gave various poses. He felt like kissing her and keeping her in his embrace forever. To his eyes, her genital area looked more beautiful in high-waisted pants. He placed a pressed kiss on it. They made an important rule. They decided not to wear any dress until they leave the guesthouse. Singing happily, she took her pants off and tossed them over his face. After sniffing it deeply, he let it slip. Since he gave a pressed kiss on her genital area, she thought he had more attraction towards her vulva. Not removing her top after removing her pants, she felt like removing her panties and showing her vulva to him first. She was wearing white lace panties with a semi-sheer floral lace pattern across the front. Its lace edges were slightly scalloped. Since she had a crop top, he could see the double side straps hugging her flat and beautiful waist. That decoration enhanced the beauty of her well-toned waist. She removed her panties slowly and tossed them on his face. He sniffed it more deeply, closing his eyes as though he were smelling a highly fragrant flower. He licked the crotch panel of it with much pressure and let it slip. He got near her. Holding her bum, he pressed his lips on her pubic area and closed his eyes. She pulled off her top while he was kissing her, twirled it three times, then threw it away. Then pressing his lips on her vaginal opening, keeping his face tilted as though kissing someone's mouth, he thought in his mind, "Only today I will get clearance to thrust my penis into this beautiful vulva." He had no heart to end that kiss. Then, resting his chin on the front of her hips, he looked up at her face. His eyes, which were partially closed and glazed in sensual ecstasy, opened wide in shock. Seeing that wonder, he stepped back three steps. Standing like a statue, he kept looking at the glowing necklace in astonishment. He wondered much about how the

necklace was glowing and stood mesmerised. He stood wondering about by what power the necklace was glowing. She told him that she, too, was astonished and that she didn't know how the mystery was happening. Since he kept looking at the necklace, she became angered. She was wearing a white soft-padded underwire bra, and it matched the panties that she had worn. Since it had a long under-band, it created a longline style. "Should I take off my bra or not?" She asked in a voice thick with anger. None of her spoken words reached his mind. She took off her bra and hurled it at his face. He had initially planned to give her the diamond necklace as soon as she removed all her clothes, but now he felt that the glowing necklace was far more beautiful than the diamond one. She thought, "He will always be mad about my body. He will terribly long to experience my body. He will always lick all over my body like a dog licking its owner fondly. Will he not? Although I'm standing nude before him, why is he not paying attention to me?" She said, "Shall I take it off? It will stop glowing if I take it off," and brought her hands behind her neck. He said, "No, Anahita. Let it be. It looks more beautiful on your neck. Maybe it is glowing because a celestial beauty like you is wearing it. It is evident from this that you have surely been sent from heaven," and pounced on her like a tiger pouncing on the deer. Suddenly, Aadil wasn't feeling well. He found it difficult to breathe. He called a doctor to his home. The doctor came to his home and examined his body. Since everything was normal, he was confused why Aadil wasn't feeling well. He asked him to take a rest for some time and left his home. A few thoughts occurred to Aadil regarding Anahita: "I must've done some good deed to get a great wife like Anahita. As a result of some very big virtuous act, I got an angel like Anahita. Anahita will surely take good care of my family. I must make some arrangements so that all my wealth will be transferred to Anahita after my death." Then immediately, he thought about why such thoughts were occurring to him. Again, a few thoughts emerged in his mind: "At this time, when I am unwell, how good it would be if she were by my side. What could be better than her caring for me? When will you finish your tour and come to me, Anahita? These two days will be like two aeons for me." Again, he wondered why such thoughts were occurring to him. He thought, "These thoughts don't seem like my own. What happened to me?" Even though Aadil behaved like

an animal towards Anahita, she conducted herself with humility towards him. Now and then, she would act as if she cared for his family members. What's more, she would act as though she cared more for them than he did. She believed that since Aadil had a sugar disorder, his health would decline soon, and he wouldn't survive much longer and that he would eventually transfer all his money to her. Since she wore the magical necklace when she was in that belief, Aadil fell sick, and those thoughts occurred to him. Again, his love for Anahita welled up, and he thought, "At this time, what might Anahita be seeing, hearing, and thinking?" Immediately after that thought, a vision appeared as though it was projected from a projector. He could see what Anahita was looking at. He could hear the same sounds that she was hearing in her ear. He could hear her thoughts as well. It was as if he had entered Anahita's body. He wondered whether he had uttered any mantra. He thought about how he was able to enter her body. His body was shaking all over. Anahita was lying on the bed without any clothes. It seemed as though she was ready to have intercourse with someone. She thought in her mind, "Is it taking him this long to bring the honey?" Aadil could hear it. A little later, Jahandar came near her. Aadil could also see him who was being seen by her. Jahandar sat beside her on the mattress. Aadil thought, "They got along like mother and son! Were they putting on an act in front of me all this time? After lying to me, they were meeting secretly in my guesthouse itself. My son was seven years younger than her. I didn't expect that they would do this." Jahandar poured honey on Anahita's breasts like anointing ghee on a God. He spread it all over her breasts and waist as if spreading jam on the bread. Then, along with her body, he relished the honey, licking it repeatedly. Like a child, driven by great desire, savouring and licking every bit of cream from a cream-filled biscuit, leaving not the slightest trace behind, he licked the honey applied to her body. Aadil couldn't bear his son behaving like that with his wife. He felt that he couldn't look at it any more, but he didn't know how to stop it. He tried saying and thinking of so many different phrases, but none worked. "Stop...stop..," he shouted. It didn't stop. Jahandar drenched her genital area with honey, the way one would drench a Gulab Jamun in sugar syrup. Soon, he then licked it with deep, lingering strokes of his tongue. His tongue moved urgently and hungrily over her

skin. He traced many passionate patterns with his tongue. His tongue explored her vulva with fervent intensity. She could feel the fervent, sweeping motions of his tongue inside her vaginal opening. Sometimes he was slow and passionate. Sometimes he was desperate and did it with intense desire. He thoroughly explored her intimate areas. She became so wet and began to shudder mildly. She made all kinds of sensual sounds out of pleasure while he was doing it, and everything was heard by Aadil, though he didn't want to. Since it was morning time, their room was brightly lit, and Aadil could see them clearly. Then they decided to reach the climax. They planned that Jahandar would lie down, and she would climb on top of him and would pump herself onto his penis. Jahandar lied as planned. She placed her knees outside his legs. She took the vanilla-flavour condom packet, tore it open, took out the condom, looked down at his penis, placed the condom on its tip, and unrolled it down over his erection all the way to the base. Only at that moment did Aadil notice the magical necklace hanging on her neck. He wondered how she got the necklace. He understood that all these were happening only because she wore that necklace. He deeply wondered if that magical necklace had so much power. At the same time, he worried that he had seen his son while he was engaged in sex. Even when he closed his eyes, he could see the vision. Aadil saw her guiding his penis into her vaginal opening. After that, a few thoughts crossed Anahita's mind while Jahandar was penetrating: "Enjoy me well. Very soon, your father will give all his wealth to me. Your father is a lust-crazed brute, and you're a submissive simp. I won't leave until I take all the money from both of you. Your father will pass away in a few years. Next, you will end up on the street." Aadil heard it all. Anahita leaned over Jahandar and closed her eyes. That vision still existed, but it felt like watching a blank movie screen. As she gradually drifted into sleep, whatever she was hearing and whatever thoughts she was thinking slowly faded away, but it didn't stop. During that silence, Aadil thought, "I don't want to know whatever Anahita sees, hears and thinks," and all that illusion disappeared. Aadil let out a heavy breath. He decided that Anahita shouldn't be left alive any longer. He arranged for four thugs and rushed to his guesthouse. After reaching there, a thug rang the calling bell. Jahandar wondered who would come to the guesthouse. He thought that it should be some servant. When

Anahita told him that she would see who it was, he stopped her, saying her foot shouldn't land on the floor. When he said he would check, she threw a tantrum like a child and insisted on coming along with him. He told her that his servant might inform his father about her. "Carry me up to the door. I will stand behind the door on a stool. Only you're going to open the door and see who it is," she said. Then they remembered the rule they made that they shouldn't wear any dress until they left there and worried that they had to put on their clothes. Then an idea popped into her head. She said they both could stand behind the door and that he would open the door only slightly to check who was outside. He agreed to it. Then, carrying her on his back and tapping a stool repeatedly with his foot, he went up to the door. He made her stand on the stool. He fastened the door's security chain for extra safety because they were standing nude behind the door. He opened the door, hiding his body behind it except for his head. He saw those four men and his father standing outside. His body began shaking after seeing his father. To make Anahita know that his father was outside, he asked, "Father! What a surprise! What brings you here? Who are these men?" Anahita shivered. Aadil said, "Suddenly, I missed you, so I came here to meet you. These men are my friends." While they were speaking, she padded to the bedroom. Jahandar asked his father for two minutes and said that he would open the door after that. Meanwhile, she was quickly putting on her dress. Aadil told Jahandar that he would wait. Jahandar closed the door, and he too went to the bedroom. She got dressed up. Aadil thought to use the power of the necklace. To know what Anahita was doing, he thought, "At this time, what might Anahita be seeing, hearing, and thinking?" He was able to see what she and his son were doing. While he was putting on his clothes, she, to make it appear as though she hadn't been inside the house, grabbed her handbag and slippers and slipped under the bed to hide. He told her that he would inform her when his father and the other men had left the house. He then picked up the used condom, which was lying on the floor, and threw it out of the window. He checked once whether there was something suspicious in the room. Then he came to open the main door. Aadil stopped the illusion. Jahandar opened the door. Aadil asked, "Where are all your friends? I don't see anyone. Where are they?" Jahandar replied in a quivering voice,

"They...they would arrive shortly, Father."

"Are you alone all this time?"

"Yes, Father."

"It seems someone is here."

"There's no one here, Father."

"Looks like your mother is here." Jahandar didn't know what to say. Aadil ordered a thug to drag his wife out, saying she was hiding under the bed in the bedroom, and bring her to him. Jahandar wondered, "How is he asking to bring her from there as if he has seen them in person? How did he know?" His whole body was sweating. The thug came pulling her by her hair. Jahandar neither moved from his spot nor uttered a word. He stood like a statue. Aadil walked near Anahita, inserted his hands into her turtleneck collar and took out the magical necklace. He made sure no one noticed its glow. Then Aadil ordered those thugs to take her to the garden and entomb her alive. She was then dragged to the garden and beaten until she lost her consciousness by those four thugs. Aadil had brought some construction workers with him. They began to build a tomb around her as he instructed. He asked his son to come home along with him. Jahandar quietly walked along with his father and got inside the car. On the way home, Aadil said, "I ended up seeing something no father should ever see." Jahandar thought, "Has he seen everything when I was with Anahita? How could he have seen?" They couldn't face each other. Many questions arose in Jahandar's mind: "How did my father come to know that Anahita and I came to the guesthouse? I didn't tell it to anyone. Surely, there is no chance that Anahita said it. If at all someone followed either me or Anahita, my father, hearing the information, would've come immediately. What is the reason for his late arrival? How did he find out that she was hiding under the bed? Before showing his anger towards Anahita, he removed the necklace from her neck and tucked it safely into his blazer pocket. What is so special about it? How does it glow when it is worn by someone? Why did he keep it safely in a locker? He could've ordered his men to bring Anahita to his place. Why does he have to come in person? There is some mystery in that necklace, and we have to find it out." After reaching

home, Aadil placed that necklace inside the locker and set a different passcode. He thought he could use that powerful necklace for some good cause. Since Jahandar had enjoyed Anahita's body to his heart's content, he didn't worry much about her death.

A few days passed. Jahandar was deeply curious about the power of the necklace yet unsure how to speak of it to his father, since that would remind him of Anahita. However, he couldn't help but want to know about it. He thought that he should ask about it, no matter what his father might think. Whenever he got a chance, he would ask his father about the powers of the necklace. Aadil would send him away without speaking about it. Since Jahandar asked many times, one day, Aadil told him the powers of the necklace and the mantra to use the power of illusion. Only then did Jahandar understand everything that had happened. Then he found it very difficult to look at his father's face. People say, 'The cat that has once tasted the cream will always be lurking near the dairy'. That is, once someone gets a taste of pleasure, they will always seek it. After Jahandar enjoyed the celestial beauty of Anahita, he often sought the pleasure of women and visited many brothels in the city. One day, Aadil came to know about it, but he didn't let it appear that he knew about it. He always carried the guilt that it was only because of him that his son had turned out this way.

Jahandar's first marriage

Three years passed. All three sons of Aadil had become slaves to the pleasures of women and alcohol intoxication. Importantly, Jahandar swam in the sea of alcohol and slept in the bed of women's bodies. Aadil believed that if his son got married, he would change. So he met a marriage broker and asked him to find a good bride for his eldest son. Within a week, the marriage broker found a well-educated, beautiful and good-mannered bride. Her name was Shahlalai. The age difference between her and Jahandar was only one year. Jahandar was only sixteen years old. Aadil feared that if he took his son along for the marriage proposal at the bride's house, his son would gawk at the bride, and the alliance might eventually fall through, so he took his wife alone to discuss the wedding. The bride's father felt the boundless joy that the world's richest man wished to ally with his family. Without thinking too much about anything, he gave his consent for the wedding. Aadil liked Shahlalai the moment he saw her. He developed a belief that she would definitely change his son for the better while looking at her. He also believed that she would make his son dutiful, who was gallivanting around town. After getting back from the bride's house, he called Jahandar. Jahandar came to him. At that time, Jahandar seemed quite abnormal, and a bad smell came from him. Aadil found that he was intoxicated with alcohol. After knowing it, he became terribly angry, thinking that his son was wasting his body through excessive alcohol consumption. After taking a moment to compose himself, he told him that he had found a bride for him. Jahandar asked for the bride's photo. He wanted to know how beautiful she was and how good she would be for sexual pleasure. Aadil had got the photo from the bride's family, so he gave it to his son. Getting the photo, Jahandar first looked to see how beautiful her face was. Then he imagined how she would look without any clothes. He gauged how big her breasts were and how flat her waist was and imagined how pleasurable it would feel when

they rolled back and forth, tightly embracing on the bed. He deliberated much about how adorable her cheeks would be and how kissable her lips would be. Then he concluded that he could get a considerable amount of pleasure from her in bed. He found some faults too, so he was confused about whether to choose her or ask his father to look for a more perfect-looking girl. He agreed to it half-heartedly. Aadil felt happy and immediately began making arrangements for the wedding. He went to an astrologer and marked a date for the wedding. A few days later, the wedding day arrived. Many employees working at Aadil's company attended the wedding. Abu-Yousuf, who was a legal advisor for Aadil, also came for the wedding. Aadil held his advice in great esteem. Aadil would get advice not only related to his company but also related to his family from him. Abu-Yousuf was the one who advised Aadil that his son must be married off immediately, telling him that his son would not seek the pleasure of women once he had a loving wife. Only after that, Aadil searched for a bride for his son. Even while Jahandar was standing close to the bride, he was checking out all the young women who had come to attend his wedding and was constantly thinking about how good they would be for sexual pleasure. Noticing that, Abu-Yousuf thought that Jahandar wouldn't change even after marrying and that only when there were no women on earth other than his wife would he remain true to her. Jahandar felt as if Abu-Yousuf was silently mocking him in his thoughts. He called his father and informed him of that matter. Aadil calmed him, saying he knew Abu-Yousuf for many years and that his face was naturally like that. Jahandar married Shahlalai. Aadil carried a fear that his son shouldn't act like how he would act towards a prostitute. He thought to give him some advice. Taking Jahandar aside, he said, "The woman who married you is not someone who came to sell her body for money. You should treat her with the understanding that she, too, has her own likes and dislikes and that she, too, feels pleasure and pain. She, too, was born into a wealthy family. By every measure, her family is a good match for ours. She has learnt many arts – singing, dancing, and drawing. You should always treat her as your equal. Don't conduct yourself towards her as if you owned a slave. Buy her whatever she likes. Fulfil all her desires. On the whole, you should treat her as your wife. You should never forget this." Jahandar was thinking only

about Shahlalai's body. He was in high spirits, thinking that a woman would always be there with him in his bed afterwards and that he could get sexual pleasure from her whenever he wanted. He also thought that there would be a living being with female genitalia in his bed and that he could use it whenever he got aroused. Jahandar told his father that he would act as he advised. Aadil believed that he could gradually change his son and bring him to the right path. Then he felt like speaking with Shahlalai about Jahandar, like cautioning her against his son's bad behaviour. He asked her to be patient with his son and also to reform him somehow. He told her what sort of person his son was. She asked him not to worry about anything and assured him that she would change her husband into a responsible man in a few days. Aadil was greatly pleased that he had been blessed with such a daughter-in-law. All arrangements for the first night were done. They first sent Jahandar to the room where the first night was planned. Jahandar was imagining that he would pull his wife's saree like someone would pull a string wrapped around a top, then grab her, lean along with her on the bed and have pleasurable sex with her. Then he was thinking how her nipples would look – small or large; how her areola would look – black-coloured or brown-coloured; and how much hair she would have on her genital area. He was eager to know how the lips around her vaginal opening would look – bigger inner lips with thin outer lips, bigger outer lips with small inner lips, outer lips big enough to hide inner lips from outside view, or thick, puffier lips – and how big her clitoral hood might look. A short time after, Shahlalai entered the room carrying a pot containing milk. After closing the door, she came near Jahandar, bending her head. She placed the pot on the table near the bed, touched her husband's feet and got a blessing from him. She asked her husband to consume half the contents of the pot and give the remainder to her. Out of nervousness, he poured more milk into his mouth and began to cough. While he was coughing, Shahlalai patted his head. He felt a motherly affection while she was doing so. It occurred to him that all his lustful cravings had vanished. He developed some respect for her. He didn't see her as a mere object of sexual pleasure any more. Although he had slept with many prostitutes, he felt nervous to touch her for the first time. She could understand his shyness. To ease his shyness, she decided to make it

seem as if she were afraid of him. With a shaky voice, she asked, "Shall I get you something to eat?" There were more fruits and sweets on the table where she placed the pot. He asked her to get an apple for him. She took an apple and gave it to him respectfully. He took a big bite of it, gave it to her and asked her to take a bite. She took a small bite and slowly placed the apple on the table. If he had entered that room with a prostitute, she would have removed all her clothes at once when the door was closed, and she herself would've initiated the sex. Moreover, he would've released his semen inside her by this time because a woman of that kind knew how to touch a man, what should be done to arouse him and how to finish the job in quick time. He wouldn't have felt nervousness or respectfulness towards her. Shahlalai acted coy, feigning shyness, and waited, thinking that her husband would pull her towards him. But Jahandar was slowly chewing the apple that he had bitten into, and took some to muster the courage to touch her. Then he got her hand and placed a kiss on the backside of her palm. As though she were shy, she gently slipped her hand away from his hold. He asked, touching various points on her face, "Where do you want the first kiss?... forehead?... eyes?... nose?... cheeks?... or lips?"

"Your wish." He kissed her lips. Although he imagined various bizarre role-plays to do with her – kissing her vulva, squeezing her bum or touching her G-spot – he acted gently towards her. He asked her to place the tip of his penis in her vaginal opening. Prostitutes would always help him place his penis into their vaginal opening, and he hadn't placed it there himself. He would then just thrust it inside. After he asked her to do so, she remembered what his father spoke concerning him. She understood why he was asking her to do that. She helped him thrust his penis into her vaginal opening. At that time, one thing was unfamiliar to him. Whenever he thrust his penis in prostitutes' vaginas, it would slide smoothly. There are two reasons for that. First, since prostitutes have sex with many men, their vaginal track will get widened. Second, they know how to use their saliva as a lubricant. He expected that he would feel the same about his wife's vaginal track as well. But, because there wasn't enough lubrication, both felt painful while he was penetrating. That was his first sex with a virgin woman. For the next two months, Jahandar spent most of his time with her and embraced her often.

Aadil felt happy that his son had changed somehow, and he was very grateful towards his daughter-in-law. But after that, Jahandar again felt like going to a brothel. He changed back to his old self. For many nights, he didn't stay at home. Shahlalai had tried her best to make him understand that the love, care and affection that one shows towards others was the real happiness. But Jahandar considered lust to be the real happiness. She was deeply worried that she couldn't change her husband for good, no matter what she did. Aadil completely lost hope that his son would reform. Aadil always regarded Shahlalai as his daughter. He always wished for her to be happy. Whenever Jahandar scolded her or treated her harshly, Aadil would intervene and ask his son to be gentle and courteous. Jahandar didn't like his father doing so. One day, when Aadil intervened when Jahandar was shouting at his wife, Jahandar told his father not to interfere in his life anymore. At that moment, Shahlalai couldn't say anything. Aadil decided not to interfere any more after that.

Shah Begum had made every effort she possibly could to change her husband. But nothing was of any benefit. She had playful arguments with him, and she competed with him in little things. Whatever he did, whatever he got involved in, she, too, would get involved in it. To the best of her ability, she tried to keep him immersed in good activities. But he had got immersed far too deep in the bottomless sea of women's desire, and she couldn't pull him out to the shore no matter what she did. He firmly believed that the most pleasurable thing in the world was women. She even tried wearing glamorous clothes and doing more makeup to enchant her husband, and when they were alone in the room, she acted like a prostitute. At the same time, she never failed to treat her husband with respect. Although she wore many kinds of dresses, had more makeup, and gave more poses, she didn't know how to handle a man skilfully, the way prostitutes do, and he didn't like to have sex with the same woman many times. He thought there were plenty of women in the world, and since he had more money to spend on them, he questioned himself why he should have sex with the same woman. Only having sex with an unknown woman gave him more happiness. Whenever he went to a brothel, he went there with excitement, wondering what the newly arrived women would be

like. Only that gave him more happiness. He visited at least three prostitutes a week. He slept with a prostitute even when he wasn't capable of having sex – in other words, because he had just released his semen and he was in a state where he couldn't achieve an erection. Like visiting friends, chatting with them and having a cheerful banter with them, he often visited a prostitute. He treated and got along with them as though they were his friends and relatives. Occasionally, he had sex with his wife. At that time, he would feel that he had wasted his semen by releasing it for his wife and that he could've used it for some prostitute with a perfect figure. Shahlalai lost her hope and decided to speak with him directly about it. She told him, "If you keep drinking excessively and often visit a brothel, you will soon develop more illnesses in your body. As you age, it troubles your body more. At least stop drinking." Jahandar didn't expect that his wife would speak in a way of advising him. He displayed intense anger. He slapped her hard. He said, "There is no necessity for me to live according to the advice you give. You're my wife, so you must always remain below me. If you act like this to me again, I will send you out of this house." She went crying to their room. He left for a brothel.

A few months passed. To celebrate her husband's seventeenth birthday, she cooked seventeen different dishes. Once Jahandar came to have his breakfast, he was overjoyed looking at the several dishes that his wife had prepared with much effort, waking up early in the morning. He decided to spend that entire day with his wife. He began sampling dishes one by one. Shahlalai forgot to add salt to a dish. When he tasted that dish, he was seized with great anger. He who had been happy until then suddenly became angry and pushed all the utensils, pots and dishes down from the table. Aadil saw it. He felt that he had made a major mistake again in his life. He was deeply worried that he had married a divine woman to him, who had become a slave to the pleasure of the senses and had become dull-witted because of that. He couldn't even console his daughter-in-law. As usual, she went crying to her room. Since it was Jahandar's birthday, he decided to have sex with a foreign supermodel.

Jahandar's second and third marriages

One day, while having lunch, Aadil told his wife sorrowfully, "One employee resigned from my company, saying he wanted to start a company on his own. He successfully started it, but within a few days, he met with a heavy loss." At that moment, Jahandar was sitting near his father. Jahandar asked his father for details about the employee, the company he had started, and the losses incurred by his company and his family. Although Jahandar had once told his father not to interfere in his married life, Aadil neither hated him nor ignored him. He answered patiently to all the questions that his son asked. While he did so, Jahandar came to know that the resigned had a daughter of marriageable age. Jahandar gave his father a suggestion: "I can marry his daughter. Then we can help him since he'll also be part of our family." After he spoke that, Aadil spoke with intense anger, "Already you have married a divine woman. You didn't look after her well. Why are you desiring another marriage? Your wife is pregnant now. First, stay with her always and take proper care of her. Buy her whatever she wishes. Even though you got such a good wife, you didn't know how to live your life satisfactorily."

"Father, her pregnancy is the very reason why I am searching for another girl. If I have two wives and one is pregnant, I will stay with the other. I won't go anywhere else." Shahlalai was staying in the next room and could hear whatever her husband was saying. As Jahandar spoke, Aadil's anger intensified. Aadil asked him, "If your wife wanted to do the same as you – marry multiple times – what would you do?" Now, Jahandar felt severe anger. Aadil, knowing that the question had offended his son more, began to speak to him in Jahandar's manner. He said, "Okay, after marrying another, what would you do if both of them were pregnant?"

"I'll ensure that it won't happen."

"This is not a joke. You're thinking of using women like using things."

"Father, if you really want me to reform, marry her to me. I swear that after marrying her, I won't go to brothels." Then Jahandar left in the middle of the meal. Aadil was brooding, wondering whether women meant so little to his son. Seeing her husband walking away angrily, Shahlalai came to Aadil and asked him to arrange for the wedding as her husband desired. Aadil was astonished when she said so, and his eyebrows rose to the top. He asked her, "Do you believe in his words? Everything he said would vanish like words traced upon water. He is a fool, and he talked nonsense. You, too, speak the same way."

"Please don't call my husband a fool in front of me. Although he is your son, I can't bear it when you do so."

"Okay, I won't call your husband like that hereafter. Pardon me for it. No matter what, I won't arrange for another marriage for him. It was very painful for me to see the pain and suffering you're going through. I've already committed a big sin by marrying a good person like you to him. I won't commit the same sin again. It is not necessary to make that employee of mine my family member to help him. I can just help him."

"Father-in-law, he might really reform!"

"I will even believe if someone tells me that there is a chance that dried fish can turn back fresh, but I won't believe that he will reform. Moreover, if this is related only to him, I will do it. By doing this, your life, the life of the one who is inside your womb, and the life of the woman who is going to marry her will be ruined. For your husband's lustful desire, is it okay for you if all three lives are ruined?"

"Father-in-law, don't worry about me, and it's my responsibility to take care of my child. For the woman who is about to marry him, the marriage is going to happen only after her consent. Moreover, you're going to be of great help to that woman's family. You want your son to change for the better, don't you? You also want me to lead a happy life. Only if he is happy can I be happy. If you want him to reform and want me to stay happy, arrange for this

wedding." Then she left for her room. Aadil worried, thinking how foolish she was. Then Aadil went to the employee's house, the one whom he had mentioned to his wife. He told him that he would help him. He said that he had to marry his daughter to his son as a second wife for that. Even though the person wasn't interested, he agreed, as he had no other options. The solace he got was that his daughter was going to be married to the world's richest man's son. Then they made all arrangements for the wedding. The wedding day arrived. The bride's name was Jadida. All of the bride's relatives were discussing the odd marriage. One relative was speaking with another, "Although he is the son of the world's richest man, how did she agree to marry him? That too, when his first wife was staying with him! She decided to live as a co-wife. Must this wedding be conducted so openly that everyone in town knows? Why don't they do it discreetly? I came to know that her father has just started a company, and he is running it so profitably. Although she is so wealthy, why did she make such a decision? She is not an illiterate woman. She is well-educated; why did she take such a foolish decision?"

"To my knowledge, her father might have incurred a heavy loss in his business. To compensate, he would've agreed to this wedding; he has ruined his daughter's life for the money."

"Should such a pathetic thing happen to her? Even a woman born in a low-income family will get a good groom."

"Nowadays, money is everything."

"Forget about it all. How did Jahandar's first wife agree to this marriage? She is carrying now. No other woman in her place would've agreed to such a marriage."

"She is indeed a fool." Jahandar married Jadida. Jadida was seen as sad throughout the wedding. Her father worried a lot that he couldn't give her a good life. His eyes were red all the time. He didn't even smile while taking photographs. He was like a walking corpse. Aadil wanted to offer some consolation to him. Taking him aside, he said, "I can understand your pain, that you have given your daughter in marriage to my son as a second wife. I will take care of her as my own daughter. Your daughter will always be

happy. I won't allow anyone to speak even a word against her." Although Aadil said that, Jadida's father's grief didn't lessen even a little. Jadida's father was deeply worried by the thought that it was only because of him that his daughter's life was ruined and that, like selling a product for money, he gave his daughter in marriage to solve money problems. Then they made all arrangements for the first night. Although Jadida was sad during the marriage, she was happy when she entered the room where the first night was planned. Even Jahandar was shocked seeing her change of mood. At that moment, he felt one thing – that he still had to learn more about women. She was carrying a pot containing milk. She just placed the pot on the table and didn't get blessings from her husband or share the milk with her husband, and Jahandar didn't expect those things. She sat so close to her husband that hands and thighs of both were touching and mildly rubbing each other. Jahandar was ready for his next hunt. She smiled mildly, looking at his eyes. Even that simple gesture aroused him. Even this time Jahandar felt nervous, but not as much as he felt when he was with Shahlalai. He laid her down on the bed and got on top of her. Then they both kissed each other as if they were to swallow each other. Then they removed the dress one by one. He played with her breasts for some time. As he kissed her, she seemed like someone who kept asking him for more and more of it. He thought about how different she was outside compared to when she was inside the room. He didn't find much difference between having sex with a prostitute and having sex with her. When he decided to get some sleep after releasing his semen into her, she asked whether he was really feeling sleepy. That question seemed like asking him why he was going to sleep without enjoying her.

Aadil was invited as a chief guest for a singing competition which was conducted in a school. All the participants were highly talented singers. While Aadil informed his wife of it, Jahandar heard it and expressed his desire to go along with him, hoping to see many beautiful girls in that school. For which Aadil said that only he and his wife were invited for it. Jahandar said, "That shouldn't be a problem. If they know that I'm your son, they will surely allow me to watch the event," and threw a tantrum. Aadil said that they shouldn't go to any event where they weren't invited and that it

would bring disgrace to them. Jahandar said, "Then we can do one thing. Just tell them that you're not feeling well or you've some other important work. Then say that you can send your son instead of you. If they agree to that, I will go there."

"We shouldn't lie to anyone. Also, I told them I would definitely come there. Only your mother and I will go there. You will also receive such invitations if you achieve some great things in your life. Even if you can't achieve anything, at least remain true. Everyone will respect you. Living with dignity is the best life."

"Father, I don't care about it. It is my desire to watch a singing event like this. Won't you fulfil my desire?"

"If you only want to watch, watch like an audience member."

"I would like to watch the event sitting in the VIP seat."

"I would like you to take good care of my two daughters-in-law. Will you act accordingly?"

"I'm already taking good care of them. I'm just a little off for a few days, that's all. Even yesterday, I took Jadida to many places and bought her whatever she asked for. If you want, you can ask her yourself."

"Okay, okay, you go to that event instead of me, but you shouldn't go alone. Take my first daughter-in-law along with you."

"Not her. I'll take Jadida along with me."

"Okay." Aadil feared that his son shouldn't bring disgrace to him by ogling at the girls present there, so he asked him to take Shahlalai along. Jahandar and Jadida went to that event. They were invited with utmost respect. While walking from the place where they were welcomed, spilling rosewater on them, to the place where they would be seated, his eyes didn't miss even a single girl. He gawked at them as though he owned them. He watched their hairstyles, lips, premature breasts, hips and lower thighs that were visible outside. He entered there as though he entered a flower exhibition, gazing at each girl's body features. It was a sumptuous treat for his eyes. He even felt like carrying a good-looking girl to his home. They were made to sit in a VIP seat. All participants were wearing beautiful,

dazzling clothes and had more makeup on their faces. They were seated in a place near the stage. Jahandar kept looking at them. Then they started the event. One by one, participants were called to the stage for singing. While they were singing, Jahandar only saw their lips, which were coloured with lipstick. Every participant was just holding a mic while singing. While they were singing, Jahandar imagined how they would look when they were nude and how their body parts – breasts, vulva, and hips – would look. He was having sex with each participant who sang there in his imaginary world. He pressed their breasts, licked their hips and thrust into them in his imagination. Then a participant named Sahla came to the stage. Her hairstyle looked elegant and traditional. Her hair was neatly combed, parted in the centre and gathered into a long, thick braid with no loose strands that fell over one shoulder. Her braid was tight and well-defined. A flower adornment near the back of her head gave cultural charm. Her face had a graceful, serene elegance with finely balanced features – a softly oval face; large and expressive eyes, accentuated with eyeliner; well-shaped and slightly arched eyebrows which were framing her eyes neatly; a straight and well-proportioned nose which was enhancing the symmetry of her face; full and neatly defined lips; a smooth and radiant skin tone; and a high forehead which was adorned with a bindi, adding a traditional and dignified touch. She was wearing a traditional South Indian bridal-style silk saree. Overall, her figure conveyed a poised, dignified charm with a hint of softness and tenderness. Her every movement bewitched his heart. Above all, she had a dulcet voice. Jahandar had a thought, "If she becomes my wife, I will ask her to sing and enjoy her voice daily." Jahandar called a member of the organisers, and the member came near Jahandar. Jahandar asked him to give the first prize to Sahla and give her home address, saying he would sponsor the event if he did so. The member accepted immediately. Everyone finished singing. Organisers asked Jahandar to come to the stage to distribute the prizes. Jahandar went on stage with great excitement. He distributed the third and second prizes. Then, to receive the first prize, organisers called Sahla to come to the stage. From the moment she rose from her seat to the moment she reached near him, he constantly looked at her. She came with a gentle smile on her face. Jahandar felt like taking her along with him to his home at that moment. He saw her

features – eyes, lips, cheeks, breasts, long hair. She looked like an angel in his eyes. A student beside him was holding the gift he was to present on a ceremonial plate. Instead of taking the gift, Jahandar took off his long five-sovereign gold chain from his neck and gently placed it around her neck. The entire crowd erupted into loud applause and shouted in excitement. Then he gave the prize to her. Jadida grew angrier looking at his act. After receiving the prize, Sahla headed back to her seat. Even then, he didn't stop looking at her. He admired the beauty of her back. Then Jahandar came near Jadida and asked her to go home in a taxi, saying that he had important work to do and would come home after finishing it. Jadida went home angrily. Jahandar went to Sahla's house and met Sahla's father. He introduced himself to him. Then he said, "Your daughter looks beautiful, and she has a good voice. I already have two wives. I would like to marry your daughter as my third." Hearing his words, Sahla's father got enraged and asked him to leave his house immediately. Before leaving, Jahandar said to him, "I give you one week. If you change your mind within that time, you can contact my assistant." Then he asked his assistant to give his contact details and left the house. After three days, Sahla's father called Jahandar's assistant over the phone and said, "I most humbly beseech you to entreat your boss for my forgiveness. When he came home the other day, I acted without thinking. I give my full consent to give my daughter in marriage to him." Jahandar's assistant informed Jahandar of it. Jahandar became overjoyed hearing it. He wanted to marry her as quickly as possible and wanted to have sexual pleasure with her, listening to her sweet voice. Neither Sahla's father worried about giving his daughter in marriage to Jahandar as his third wife, nor did Jahandar worry that he was asked to leave the home on the first meeting with Sahla's father. Sahla's father desired Jahandar's money, whereas Jahandar desired Sahla's body. Their desire shrouded the vision of their intellect. Then Jahandar said what had happened to his father. Aadil's blood boiled. He asked in anger, "Why do you need another wife? Just as school kids casually purchase two or three pens, you are marrying many women."

"There are many poor girls in our country. Out of those, there are many beautiful and talented ones. I wish that they all live well."

"If you wish, you may provide financial help alone. If you want, you can buy them something related to developing their career."

"It is not enough if I only provide food, shelter, clothes, and a good education to them. They should get everything they desire in life."

"You think women like dolls. You want to marry whoever you desire. Instead of that, you can go to a brothel. You will stay the same for your entire life. You won't change. I'm not going to arrange this marriage."

"Okay then. From now on, don't expect me to treat your daughters-in-law nicely." Aadil stared at him for a few seconds. Jahandar said, "If you conduct this marriage, I will be nice with your daughters-in-law, especially your first daughter-in-law, who is most affectionate to you." Aadil agreed to conduct that marriage. He went to Sahla's father's house. He introduced himself as Jahandar's father. It was a very old house and looked decrepit. The walls were covered with peeling, timeworn paint. He had to duck his head while entering the house because the entrance was very low. He went inside to discuss the alliance without even a bit of interest. Sahla's father displayed a servile attitude before Aadil. Whatever Aadil said, he nodded in agreement and spoke deferentially to him. His voice was shaky. Aadil absolutely disliked his behaviour. He felt that even though he had come to ask for his daughter in marriage, Sahla's father didn't consider himself equal to him. He asked him to fix a date for the marriage and said that he would take care of all the expenses for the marriage. Then he left from there. Jahandar married Sahla. Jahandar was highly excited that he was going to have sex with a good singer. All arrangements for the first night were done. Jahandar liked marrying girls and grandly celebrating the first night by following all the rites and rituals more than going to a brothel. Jahandar was waiting in the room where the first night was planned with high excitement. Sahla entered the room carrying the pot containing milk. She stood before Jahandar. He said, "Although you're born in a financially struggling family, you look beautiful and have a sweet voice. Angels like you shouldn't lead a normal life but live like a queen." She blushed. Then she got blessings from him. Like touching the feet of a deity respectfully, she touched his feet with her two hands and pressed them on her

eyes. Then she didn't sit but stood before him and kept looking at the floor. While he was checking out her body. He felt like asking her to sing a song first, so he asked her to sing. She closed her eyes and began to sing a devotional song. He couldn't stay patient even for a few seconds. While she was singing, he yanked her saree 'pallu'. He pulled her towards him and embraced her. He bit her breasts. He removed her clothes and his clothes swiftly. Although he acted like an animal, she didn't stop him. Despite his brutish attempt, she didn't attempt to restrain him in the least. She allowed him to enjoy her fully. Although Jahandar had slept with many women, the pleasure he felt from having sex with Sahla was greater than anything he had experienced before. Jahandar had sex with women who had well-toned bodies, but he never felt this level of satisfaction before. He felt that to experience the ultimate pleasure of a woman, her beauty alone was not enough – she must also wholeheartedly accept him and appear to greatly enjoy his company. He felt like spending more nights with his third wife.

Birth of Khulus and Parsa and the dawn of Nurani's womanhood

Jahandar's one-month-old daughter kept crying. He got angry thinking about what his wife was doing without taking care of the baby. At that time, Shahlalai was inside the kitchen. Jahandar stormed into the kitchen. Shahlalai stood with her hands resting on the slab, her eyes closed. She was feeling dizzy and couldn't balance. Once she saw her husband entering the kitchen, she attempted to say that she felt dizzy. But before that, he slapped her hard. She fell on the floor and remained unmoved. She seemed like she was unconscious. He feared something had happened to her. Suddenly, he took some water in a tumbler and splashed it on her face. She regained her consciousness. She wondered whether she was pregnant. She took a test, and the result was positive. A few months passed. Shahlalai was admitted to the hospital because she had labour pains. All of Aadil's relatives came to the hospital to see the baby, which was about to be born. All were waiting outside the delivery room. After a few minutes, the doctor came out and delivered the good news to Jahandar that a male child had been born to him. Jahandar felt overjoyed. He screamed so loudly that the corridor shook. He shouted, "I will be a great father to my son. No one could be a better father than I on this earth. Whoever speaks to my son will definitely tell him that. Even my son will say that to me many times. He will consider me his hero." Shahlalai felt blissful watching her just-born son. Fondly, she hugged her son and kissed him. Aadil felt joy that his son was happy about his child's birth and that he shouted like that. But he knew very well that his son wouldn't hold to the words that he just said. So he wanted to give him some advice. Taking him aside, he told him, "Today is the happiest day in my life. This is the day I am truly happy to have you as my son because you shouted loud enough for everyone to

hear that you will be a great father. Now and then, our relatives will be eager to know whether you're acting according to your words. You must prove that your words are true. I will tell you how a great father will act towards his child. A great father will always be a good example for his child. Since children observe and imitate their parents' behaviour, they pay great attention to how they conduct themselves. You must be careful how you conduct yourself in front of your son. Whatever words you utter before him..." Jahandar didn't allow his father to continue further. Jahandar said, "I'm in an enjoyment mood now. I will listen to your advice at some other time." Then he went to see his son. He named his son Khulus.

After two years, a male child was born to Sahla. Jahandar felt overjoyed. He named the child Parsa. He celebrated the event by providing a feast for many people. Sahla expressed her desire to her husband that she wanted to donate some money to the school where she learned. Although he wasn't interested in that, he told her that he would do it. But within a short time, he let it slip from his mind. Aadil, as usual, wanted to give some advice to his son. As usual, he took his son aside and told him, "You've become a father to two sons and a daughter. At least from now on, stop going to the brothels. You should be a good father to your children. As I told you earlier, children always imitate their parents. So you should be a good example for them." This time, he patiently listened to his father's advice, but like he let slip the thought of donating some money to school, he let that advice also slip from his mind. To celebrate the birth of his second son, he went to a brothel.

A few months passed. Nurani came of age. Her age was thirteen. Since she came of age, her father started searching for grooms for her. She refused every groom he proposed, no matter how handsome they were. Her father was angered over her and asked, "What's it that is going through your mind?" She told him she would never marry into a middle-class family and would marry only a wealthy man. To which he replied that they were an ordinary family, and he could only see a similar family as an alliance. He said, "Families which are richer than us won't like to ally with us. By chance, if we manage to ally with a wealthier family, they won't treat you respectfully. Regardless of anything, they will treat you as nothing more than a poor woman. I wish that you live with peace

of mind. Tell me if you know any rich fool; I will marry you off to him." Both smiled. Then he said, "Please choose one of the grooms that I show you." Although he told her what was practical, she didn't change her decision. She told him she needed only a wealthy groom and that she knew how to make his family respect her. Then one day, she went to the open terrace to hang the washed clothes to dry. After a short while, she noticed one thing. In many houses in the surrounding area, men were standing on the terrace and admiring her beauty. Like eagles circling their prey, men were standing in many houses around hers. Like a gold treasure placed before them, they kept eyeing her mesmerisingly. When she reached the terrace, they were not there. She was wearing a coral-pink three-quarter-sleeve crop top with a scooped neckline, paired with fitting dark grey shorts. Her deep navel was visible. She seemed like a hibiscus flower that had just blossomed on a plant. Those men were like bees waiting to get the nectar from the flower. They didn't feel like stopping their gaze even for a second. Because they hadn't seen such a beautiful girl in their lives until then. They kept staring at her like watching a wonder which was providing a feast for their eyes. It had been a few days since she had come of age, so those feelings were novel to her. The fact that those men ogling her gave her pleasure. The clothesline was high, so while she was hanging the clothes on it, she raised her hands to reach up. Whenever she lifted her arms, the small portion of her waist that had been visible became even more uncovered. The waist's visible portion, which had looked as though a ribbon were tied around her waist, became three times larger. The hem of her crop top got raised from the waistline to the top of her well-toned abdomen. The more her waist was visible, the more those men became frenzied. If she had granted them a chance to kiss her waist, they would have pressed their lips hard upon her waist again and again, with the relentless rhythm of a woodpecker upon a tree, never pausing even for a breath. Some men were even unaware that they were seen gazing at her by their wives. They got a good scolding from their wives. If men who were gazing at her got a flying power, they would fly towards her and stick to her, like iron sticking to a powerful magnet. Like flies swarming around a sweet, they would've swarmed around her. She finished hanging the clothes. While she bent to take the bucket, those men admired the beauty of

her bum. Then she went downstairs. Those men went to look after some other work, yearning for the next chance. There was a small square-shaped mirror in Nurani's house. Taking it in her hand, she moved it top to bottom and side to side and checked how her body was looking to get a perspective of how she was appearing to others' eyes. She thought that she was no longer a child – she had grown into a young woman and had naturally been gifted a body capable of driving a man crazy. She thought that although she wasn't born into a wealthy family, she had the power to enchant any man. She thought that by only using that power, she could enslave a rich man. That night, many thoughts ran through her mind: "What is marriage? It is a union of a man and a woman for physical pleasure. Is it not? Why should I, who has a beautiful figure, choose a man from a middle-class family? A man's appeal is his money, while a woman's appeal is her body form. I, who have a great shape, should only live with a rich man. Is it not? Why do I want to live a life in which I stay in an ordinary house, caring for my husband and children for my entire lifetime, wearing ordinary clothes and slippers, and using other ordinary items? Do I have to devote my body to my husband and also be in service to him and his family members? I'm not going to live that kind of life. There should be many servants to serve me. I should live like a queen for my entire lifetime. I will live only in a palace. I would wear only expensive clothes and slippers. Whatever I use should be an expensive one. In no case will I marry a man from an ordinary family." From that day, many men who lived in that street yearned for a chance to see her. Men passed her home many times, peering furtively through the entrance. They often looked at her house's terrace. When she went to the terrace to hang the washed clothes to dry, they beheld her with eyes that seemed to rend and feast upon her body. A crowd formed solely to admire her beauty. Each day, she seemed like a different flower in bloom – a white daisy, a pale yellow dahlia, an orange chrysanthemum, a bright yellow tulip, a dark yellow sunflower, a red rose, a lavender, and a pink lotus.

After some days, there was a festival in the city. To celebrate it, many people gathered at a place. There were many temporary stalls at the place. Nurani decided to take her mother shopping there. Her mother wouldn't take her out and wanted to keep her inside the

home until she got married. She pestered her mother and somehow made her agree to it. Nurani and her mother walked to the street where those stalls were set up. Nurani was wearing a short-sleeved mini dress which had a minimalist, chic and effortlessly casual vibe and sporty look. Her dress had a horizontal black-and-white striped pattern. The white stripes were larger than the black ones. The dress was softly body-hugging at her waist region but slightly flared at the hem, giving an A-line silhouette. Her skirt ended just above her knees. The dress had a white V-neck collar. All the men in that street only looked at Nurani. They hadn't seen such beauty even in paintings. When she passed them, their hearts were thumping like drum beats. Gradually, the focus of all who had come for the festival and all who were doing some work for the festival events turned towards her. A man was riding a motorcycle towards her from the opposite direction. Instead of paying attention to the road ahead, he paid full attention to her. He crashed into a cycle which was coming towards him. The cyclist also had devoted his entire gaze to her alone. They both fell on the street. Another man was carrying a heavy load of roses in a wire basket on his head and was walking towards her, gazing at her graceful body, which was a crore times more beautiful than a rose. Just like him, another man was walking straight towards him, gazing at her radiant, lemon-toned body, highlighted by the white dress. They both collided. The baskets on their heads fell. Falling, the eggs cracked open over the roses, and all was spoiled. In a stall, a man was putting potato slices in hot oil. He, who had drowned in the flood of lust looking at her perfect form, accidentally dipped his fingers along with the potato slices. Many heat blisters formed on his fingers. His body had become hot the instant he saw her. He had given more heat to his already heated body. All the men in that street went crazy. Like a single majestic unicorn pulling a magnificent chariot, Nurani's charms pulled many men, who followed her down the street.

Mirsab was so talented and handled finance-related things dexterously. Aadil trusted him more, looking at his work. He would accept his reports without any reservations. Since whatever he reported was accepted as truth, he began stealing money from the company. He created wrong entries in account statements so cleverly that no one was able to find them. He pilfered in small

amounts on multiple occasions whenever he got a chance, ensuring that no suspicion was aroused. He accumulated five hundred rupees. One day, he brought that money home, gave it to his wife and asked her to keep it safely. She asked, "How did you get so much?"

"This money has been stolen and saved without anyone in the company knowing. To celebrate the new year, all employees left the company soon. I used that opportunity to bring the collected money home secretly. Know your husband's capability."

"Why did you do this? Have you forgotten how we came to this city?"

"Don't ask me any questions. I did it for our family's well-being. Providing our children with a good education requires significant expense. We want to marry off our two daughters with a dowry. For all that, my salary alone is not sufficient. That money will only be enough for us to stay in this house, eat and cover small expenses. To live a good life, we want this money. I know what to do at what time and what not to do. Just do what I ask you to do."

"At your previous company, you had to abscond from the company after you had misappropriated funds in this manner. What do we do if you lose this job in the same way? What will you do if someone finds out that you stole money? We will end up on the streets again. I am so scared. Please keep the money where you have taken it, or apologise to your owner and give back the money. We don't want this stolen money. We're already living a good life. We don't want this money."

"I will only get caught if I keep this money back. Already, I have corrected the account's information according to the money I stole. No one will ever find it. This is the money I amassed, rupee by rupee, without anyone noticing. In my previous company, I had no choice but to steal a large sum of money to cover my stock market losses. I stole it, knowing that I would get caught. They haven't been able to catch me to this date."

"No matter how severe the financial adversity we face, we don't want this money. Please return the money at once. Making money through theft like this is no different from prostitution." When she

said that, he became furiously angry and slapped her hard and said, "Just do what I ask you to do."

Birth of Shah-Alam

Two years passed. Jadida was struggling with labour pain. She couldn't even stand. At that time, there was no one near her. She somehow managed to rise from the easy chair. She walked to the telephone. She didn't even know the ambulance service number. She found a telephone directory near the telephone. She opened it. She even found it difficult to turn the pages. Then she found out the number. When she lifted the receiver, she experienced a sharp pain in her stomach. Bearing it, she placed the receiver to her ear. She couldn't even dial the numbers properly. She dialled the wrong number two times. In her third attempt, she dialled the correct number. Once her call was attended, she told them the street name and the house number. She couldn't stand any longer. She dropped the receiver and fell on the floor. Her labour pain became severe. She let out a scream that reverberated through the entire house. Only at that moment did Shahlalai come to know that Jadida was struggling with the labour pains. She rushed to the place where Jadida was staying. Shahlalai scolded herself that she didn't stay close to her at this critical time. She lifted Jadida from the floor and helped her to sit in a chair. Then she told her that she would call the ambulance service. Jadida told her that she had already called them. Within a few minutes, the ambulance reached Aadil's house. Two nurses got out of the ambulance and rushed inside with a stretcher. They laid Jadida on the stretcher and took her to the ambulance. Shahlalai informed all family members. All went to the hospital. After a short while, a male child was born to Jadida. The doctor congratulated Jahandar and informed him that a son had been born to him. Jahandar went inside the delivery room. After entering inside, he saw his wife and his just-born son. At that moment, Jadida seemed angry. He wondered why his wife was angry at this happy moment. She spoke, "You don't spend much time with me. Most of the time, you are with your third wife or in a brothel. It's okay if you're not with me at other times, but you could've been near me when I was about to give birth. Not only you, but there was no one near me. I felt like an orphan. Why should a man marry if he cannot even be by his wife's side during

childbirth? You could've at least arranged for someone to look after me. You don't even have that concern. Why do you need a child? This life that has come into the world relying on you – who knows what hardships it will face? What would you have done if our child and I had died? Would you have dropped even a single drop of tear? What does it matter to you? If not me, there will be someone else. You would even go on to marry a hundred more women. Even that wouldn't be enough for you – you would still go to brothels. A woman's pleasure is more important to you than any other thing. Men like you have only one concern in life – when they can embrace a woman. Just like dogs drink water by licking it, you would lick the prostitute's body. Like cows rubbing their bodies against the walls, trees or posts when they feel itchy, you would rub your body against a prostitute's when you feel lustful. Like children of birds collecting food from their parents through their mouths, you would swallow saliva from the prostitute's mouth. Why did you come to see the child alone? You could've gone to some prostitute." Saddened that there was no one by her side during labour, she blurted out all the emotions she had been holding in in a flurry. Her spoken words made Jahandar livid. He said, "If you speak to me like this again, you will have to live alone for the rest of your life." She apologised to him. Then he carried his son and smiled at him. His son smiled back at him. All his anger melted away with that smile. Then he felt guilty. He thought that, no matter what, he shouldn't have left his wife alone at this time. He came up with an idea to fix his guilt and her anger. He told her, "We can celebrate this child's birth event grandly. We can celebrate more grandly than we did for my other children. Let all the family members know how you and this child are important to me."

"Please don't do anything special for this child. Treat all your wives and children equally." Hearing this, Jahandar felt happy. He felt proud that he got such a wife. Jahandar named the child Shah-Alam.

Jahandar, Shehyar and Nurani

Two years passed. In most companies, employees often present themselves as more talented, even when that's not the case. They will praise themselves. They will act as if they were very important persons in the company and that many important tasks are done by them. But Shehyar would never boast like those kinds of employees. He would always act with humility and help other employees. He had a profound understanding of construction, and he was talented too. He had never tried to prove who he was to others. He never desired a high salary or promotions. When someone has doubts regarding work, he strives to clear their doubts. He was like a treasure for the company. Daily, after reaching the company, he would ask his subordinates if they were facing any challenges. If they had any challenges, he would solve those first, and then only he would do his work. His subordinates often feel happy that they got such a lead. They held great respect for him. Even when he had more work to do, he wouldn't act in a selfish manner. If someone needed help, he would consider it first. For the doubts that others ask, he wouldn't just explain briefly, but he would give a much more detailed explanation. If they had doubts about his explanation, he would give the explanations for those doubts as well. Everyone who knew him liked him because of his good nature and his helpfulness.

For his daughter, who declared she would only marry a wealthy man if she had to marry, Mirsab thought he should speak about the vices of the rich and bring her to understanding. He spoke about his company's CEO's son, Jahandar, to his daughter. He told his daughter that he was a man ever in pursuit of women and one who had entered into many marriages. Nurani, after learning those matters, resolved to enchant Jahandar, ensnare him within her nets, and become another of his wives. She thought that was the easiest way to fulfil her dreams. Mirsab said that Jahandar would very

soon be joining the company. She thought her dreams would soon come true.

Aadil had intended to join Jahandar as a board member in his company after his college studies. He had also said that to his son. Jahandar completed his studies, so Aadil asked him to join his company. Then he informed the important employees in his company of Jahandar's joining date. One of whom was Mirsab. Only after that did Mirsab speak to his daughter about Jahandar. The date of Jahandar's joining the company arrived. To welcome Aadil's son, some arrangements were made in the company. Nurani wanted to see Jahandar that day. With the pretence of seeing her father, she went to see Jahandar. Nurani went to the company's reception. From the main entrance to the reception, many flexes were found. The information about Aadil's son joining the company was mentioned in those. Aadil's and Jahandar's photos were found in those flexes. She noted her target, Jahandar's face, well. After reaching the reception area, she walked to the receptionist to speak with her. The woman who was present at the reception desk hadn't seen such beauty in her life. She tried to conceal her amazement at Nurani's beauty, but she couldn't. She asked Nurani about the purpose of her visit. Nurani said that she came to meet her father, Mirsab. The receptionist asked Nurani to wait and contacted Mirsab through the intercom. The clock ticked to 9:45 AM. She had seen the time of Jahandar's arrival in those flexes. It was mentioned as 10 AM. She thought that Jahandar would be arriving in another fifteen minutes. After speaking through the intercom, the receptionist told Nurani, "Your father is busy with other important work. He said that he would meet you after 10:30 AM. Please wait in the lounge area." The receptionist pointed to the lounge area. Nurani went there and sat on the sofa. The receptionist couldn't help but admire her beauty. She thought Nurani would make many men slaves in her life. Nurani noticed the receptionist eyeing her often. After a few minutes, she went back near the reception desk. She asked her whether it was an important day for them, saying there were many flex banners in the company. The receptionist said, "Yes. Today, our CEO's son is joining the company. Your father is engaged in that work only." Then the receptionist tried her best to control her tongue, but she couldn't. She felt like speaking about

Nurani's beauty. She said, "You've a great figure. You look stunning. The instant men see your beauty, they will go mad. To be frank, I harbour a certain pride in my own beauty, but it vanished the moment I saw you." Nurani smiled modestly. The receptionist added, "Being a woman, I admire your beauty – how would you appear to men's eyes!"

"You're exaggerating."

"Not at all. It's true."

"Most of them don't have the generosity to praise others. But you have that. As we age, our outward appearance fades away, but our inner beauty remains the same. In that way, you're forever beautiful." When Nurani said that, the receptionist felt very happy. Nurani took a chocolate from her handbag and gave it to the receptionist. They both became good friends. While they were speaking, Aadil and Jahandar arrived near the reception area. Nurani saw Jahandar. She turned towards the place where he was standing. She stood in such a way that he could get a complete view of her front. Believing that if he glanced at her once, he would become her slave, she made herself fully visible to him as if she were posing for a photograph. She was wearing a sleeveless body-con dress with a striking and elegant silhouette, which had a halter-style neckline, and it flowed up to her knees, paired with black high-heeled shoes, which added to her height. Her dress complemented her sleekness. Jahandar glanced at her. As she expected, Jahandar had gone mad the moment he saw her. He thought he could remain a slave for a thousand years just for her beautiful face. Although he was surrounded by many important persons, his entire focus was on her. She had hooked him like a fish – but he was no ordinary fish; he was a colossal whale. To draw him to the shore of complete surrender, she would need to exert great effort. At that moment, she thought that just as Jahandar was welcomed, one day she too would be welcomed into the company as his wife. Aadil called his son again and again, but Jahandar's eyes didn't move away from Nurani even for a second. Seeing his son mesmerised by a woman's beauty, Aadil tried to divert his son's attention. Aadil tried to introduce some employees to his son, but he couldn't. Aadil obstructed the direction in which his son was

gazing. Yet Jahandar shifted slightly and continued to gaze at her. Resigned, Aadil signalled the receptionist to lead Nurani to a different place. Immediately, the receptionist asked Nurani to stay in a meeting room. Although Nurani understood their motive, she stood there asking 'why' again and again, as though she couldn't understand. As much as possible, she made Jahandar gaze at her. She made sure Jahandar could clearly see her flat waist and stiff, pointed breasts. Then Aadil instructed the receptionist to escort Nurani elsewhere. Aadil's anger was clearly visible. Jahandar thought that he ought to possess her at once. He wanted to get details about her to pursue her. The receptionist held Nurani's hand, implored her to come along, promised an explanation, and drew her away. Even as Nurani walked away, he kept looking at her back. He thought that her bum was very beautiful. He admired her back to the same extent as her front. He thought about how he would feel when he was in the place of the receptionist. He felt like telling his father that, if it pleased him, he would take her away somewhere. Only his body was staying in the place where he was standing, but his heart went along with her. Only when she disappeared completely did he see the employees standing around him. His hands met theirs, but his heart shook, stirred by the thought of Nurani. Seeing him act that way, they laughed quietly to themselves. Aadil could observe it clearly. Anger flared up inside him. He thought that all the respect that he had earned over these days had been undone by him. He worried, thinking that Jahandar had given him such an embarrassment on the very first day of his arrival at the company.

From the following day, Nurani began visiting the company daily to present herself to Jahandar under the guise of meeting her father. After a few days, her expectation was accomplished. Jahandar saw her sitting in the lounge. He saw from the first floor. He enjoyed her beauty from afar. He thought that the angel, whom he had missed the other day, was appearing again before his eyes. He doubted whether she was a human being or a celestial being from heaven. He didn't feel like moving away from the spot where he was standing, and at the same time, he didn't want to miss her again like he did the other day. Immediately, he rushed to his room. He contacted the receptionist through the intercom. He collected

details about Nurani. He got to know that the finance department head, Mirsab, was her father. He asked the receptionist to send Nurani to his room. The receptionist thought Nurani was very lucky and would go on to hoard money thereafter. The receptionist asked Jahandar for the reason to tell her. To which Jahandar asked her to send Nurani, telling her that he wanted to know about her and her family. She called Nurani, relayed Jahandar's words and told her to go to his room. Then she gave directions to the room. By that time, Jahandar came back to the spot from where he saw Nurani. Nurani began walking in the path the receptionist directed. When Jahandar saw that, his heart began pounding. Immediately, he went back to his room and blinded all the windows. He thought about embracing her and kissing her many times if he could. Nurani deliberately walked slowly. Although the receptionist gave her clear directions, she wandered to the wrong place and returned as though she were confused, delaying her visit as long as possible. As time passed, Jahandar felt more nervous. He thought she should've come by now and wondered why she hadn't. For a moment, he thought about stepping out to see whether she was coming, but he decided against it. After a few minutes, he heard the knock on the door. He cleared his throat and tried to speak in a firm voice, but his voice began to shake in the middle when he said, "Yes, come in." Nurani opened the door and entered. She was wearing a deep-purple, fitted, long-sleeved midi dress with a square neckline. Her dress closely followed her body curves, and the hem was below her knees. She seemed as though she hadn't worn much makeup, yet her appearance was strikingly alluring and had an irresistible charm. He had intended to grab her once she entered, but after looking at her, he couldn't even speak. She said, "The receptionist told me that you wanted to know something about me." He was at a loss for words. He rose from his seat and walked a few steps towards her. He felt like revealing his desire to her openly. He said, "You look like an angel. I will do everything for you that befits an angel. It is enough if you spend some nights with me. Ask me whatever you want and get it." She spoke in an angry voice, "I'm not that kind of girl. I was born into a noble family. Don't speak to me like this." Although she said that, she didn't leave the room. She gave him a chance to speak further. He said, "Can beautiful angels like you say something like this? You look as though you've jumped straight out of a Leonardo

da Vinci painting. Anything can be bestowed for this beauty. Ask me anything. I will give you." All that she wanted was to become his wife. If that happened, she could get anything she wanted. She didn't want to get only a bit from him and share his bed. Even though that bit would help her live her life prosperously, she won't be able to live with dignity. She felt that to be kept as his concubine was far more shameful than to be counted among his wives. He added, "Your father has been working at this company for the past seventeen years. The money he earned over all these years could be earned by you in just a few days." She spoke in a stern voice, "I'm not a prostitute who would sell their body for money. I consider honour to be more important than money. I will marry the one my heart loves. I will live my life for him." To instil the idea of marriage in his mind, she uttered the word 'love' and subtly hinted that he could desire her body under its guise. She expected that he would answer with love when she said that. He did more than she expected. He fell to his knees before her, declaring that he was in love with her, vowing to be with her always and to marry her. Taking her palm, he placed a deep and pressing kiss on its backside. He kissed with a passion that left no doubt of his devotion to her beauty. He desired to prolong his kiss as much as possible, but she pulled her hand. He was greatly aroused just by kissing her hand. He remained on his knees, showing his surrender. Before leaving, she briefly presented the sight of her body to his gaze, and, feigning anger, she flung the door open and stomped out. She felt joy that her dream would be fulfilled soon. At their very first meeting, her beauty made him sink to his knees. She decided to accept his love after he proposed to her a few more times. Only if she compelled him to plead for her love would it seem as though he was following her. That was the reason for rejecting his proposal. There is also another thing in this. If a woman marries a man after making him beg for her love many times, he will remain beneath her foot for all his years. From him, she could draw both riches and reverence. She could keep him as her slave throughout his life. It is no ordinary task to make a man beg for love again and again. Just rejecting him will not make him ask again. Whenever he comes to her, she should make him feel low about himself and act in a way that he is losing something big without her. Each time, she should feign escape and make it seem as though he were chasing her relentlessly. Every

time, she should appear like an angel in his eyes. Men will always fall in love with beautiful women. Most importantly, she should give the impression of natural behaviour rather than deliberate performance. At last, when she accepts his love, to conceal the fact that she did so only for his wealth, she should claim genuine affection for his person. Jahandar felt very low after she cast him off. He hadn't felt like that before in his life. At the same time, her beauty, which he beheld closely, tormented him to see her again. He didn't perceive that, to enjoy her body, he must yield as her slave, though never openly admitting it. If he had stopped at merely seeing her, the intense desire to possess her body wouldn't have arisen within him. Since she angrily pulled her hand from his grasp and stormed away, his desire for her body multiplied many times over and turned into a consuming obsession. There was only one way to quell his obsession: enjoying her body.

Nurani showed great care in how she presented herself in front of Jahandar. Her dress; her face makeup – cleanser, moisturiser, sunscreen, foundation, primer, serum, concealer, colour corrector, pressed powder, loose powder, contour, bronzer, blush, highlighter, setting spray, finishing powder and fixing spray; the footwear she wore; the handbag she put on her shoulder; eye makeup – mascara, eyeliner and eyeshadow; and her lip makeup – lipstick, lipliner and lip gloss. She chose them all with meticulous care. Although she had a fine figure, Jahandar was the son of the world's richest man, so she had to make herself refined and superior. Since she was from a middle-class family, she had to comport herself with an air of lofty refinement. Excluding these makeups, she applied many kinds of face masks when she was at home. She would wash her face with ice cubes. If a silk tassel is tied to a broomstick, the broomstick will appear grand. Although she wasn't brought up in a well-cultured way, she acted as though she were. She wouldn't wear makeup that would alter her face; instead, she applied it in a way that made her complexion appear immaculate, like a polished jewel. She would wax her hands and legs – pluck the hairs from them by the roots – so that the skin would shine smooth and spotless as ivory. Her body, already beautiful by nature, she polished with care till it gleamed with a radiant shine. It is not an easy task for a person to transform completely into a different person. Even though a woman

is fair by nature, she has to do these sorts of things to make a man like her the instant he sees her and to instil lustful thoughts in his mind. She should give a man the sense that, if he glides his hand over her skin, it would feel perfectly smooth, like butter. Rich men like Jahandar definitely would've gone to many prostitutes. To lure men like him, Nurani had to wear makeup like a prostitute. After eating delicious meals for many days, do we eat ordinary food happily? – no. Instead, if we are given a more delicious meal than we had, we will eat it happily. Likewise, Nurani should appear more beautiful than the women Jahandar had enjoyed in his life. Only then would he develop an attraction towards her. Whenever Nurani came to Aadil's company's reception, the receptionist admired her stunning beauty. She would notice her dress, slippers, handbag and everything. She would think that Nurani had more refined taste. Nurani would appear like a celestial nymph. The receptionist would think that any man would become her slave instantly, and no wonder Jahandar had become one. Before Nurani visited the company, many men in the company gazed at the receptionist's beauty now and then. She looked gorgeous to their eyes. She had an expressive face, so men would yearn to speak to her. Like enjoying a sparrow's sweet voice and its beauty, men there would enjoy listening to her sweet voice and watching her beautiful, full lips move. The receptionist felt that the recognition she received for her beauty was greatly reduced after Nurani started visiting the company. She was jealous of Nurani for that one reason. When Nurani stayed in the lounge, most of the men in that company were around that area. If food is placed on the roof, a thousand crows will gather. Likewise, those men gathered to get a sight of Nurani. In one such moment, the receptionist thought, "Even if men spend only one night with her, they would die contented. She is so bewitching that no one can resist losing their heart to her. Her breasts, waist, and bum are perfectly shaped. The CEO's son became a slave to her the very first time he saw her! Shouldn't that opportunity have come to me?"

Jahandar, knowing that Nurani was coming to the company often, shifted to the room near the lounge. Important client meetings were conducted in that room, but Jahandar converted it to his room. The lounge was clearly visible through the room's window. He filled the

room with many artistic objects and paintings. It had a highly aesthetic appeal. Aadil thought that his son was doing everything other than the company's work. Jahandar's room looked different from every other room. It looked like a museum. Aadil told his son that brand consistency was important and asked him to follow the same interior design for his room, but Jahandar didn't want to do that. Jahandar told Aadil to change all the other rooms to be like his room. Aadil ignored it, thinking it was futile to speak with his son about it. After two days, Nurani came to the company as though she were visiting her father to whip up Jahandar's desire for her. As usual, the receptionist felt jealous of her beauty. She asked her to wait in the lounge and communicated her arrival to her father through the intercom. Jahandar noticed Nurani when she sat on the sofa placed in the lounge. As she was sitting facing him, he was able to see her clearly. He saw her through the window and enjoyed it as though he were watching a football match on television. Aadil had asked him to create a report. Jahandar had been doing that work until she arrived. Once he saw her, he couldn't continue that work. He kept looking at her. He stared at her with such unbridled lust as a beast would stare at its mate before pouncing on it. If he were granted the chance, he wouldn't hesitate, even in the company lounge, to have sex with her. He kept staring, taking many big breaths. After a few minutes, Nurani found out that Jahandar was ogling her from a room near the lounge. But she acted as though she hadn't discovered it. She rose from her seat to make her body more visible to him. She was wearing a casual, full-sleeved, muted dusty-pink-coloured, sporty, cropped sweatshirt with a layered collar design. The sweatshirt was loosely and comfortably fitted. She untied her hair, combed it with her fingers a few times, and tied it again. While she was doing so, her deep belly button was unveiled. Her waist looked flat and toned. Since she had pointed breasts, her sweatshirt hung without touching her body from the breasts to the waist. Even that looked sexy. Jahandar felt like lifting her sweatshirt and seeing her breasts, like opening the boot of a hatchback car. She decided to heighten his desire. She turned around. She bent forward nicely and acted as though she were searching for something inside her handbag, which was placed on the sofa. The sexual desire of all men who were near the lounge area reached its pinnacle. As they had a strong erection, the crotch

seam in their pants swelled. They wanted to grab her by the waist and thrust into her. She was wearing light grey skinny cotton pants designed to fit snugly along the legs and hips. They featured a high-rise waist which emphasised the contours of her lower body and created a smooth, sculpted silhouette. Her bum looked prominent in that pose and appeared as though two footballs had been set side by side. The tight-fitting pants made her tapering legs more striking. Her high-heeled slippers helped her greatly with that pose. Looking at her back was like looking at a horse from behind. A mare's reproductive organ will be covered by its tail. Her back was covered with clothes. One can't see a mare's reproductive organ, even though it will be only covered by its tail, but the contours of a woman's body would reveal themselves more vividly when draped in tight-fitting garments. Jahandar felt like rising from his seat, going to her, removing her pants and panties while she was in that pose, then thrusting into her in doggy style many times, like hitting forcefully with a battering ram, leaving her bum flushed crimson from the impact. Not only Jahandar, but every man there had the same feeling. Jahandar thought, "When am I going to have her?" The receptionist thought, "She is determined to have the entire company transferred to her by the CEO's son." Jahandar kept his eyes wide open. He didn't even blink once. Then he spoke to the receptionist through the intercom and asked her to send Nurani to his room. Jahandar again proposed to her. She again rejected him. Every alternate day, Nurani would come by 2:30 PM to the company with perfect makeup and glamorous clothes in a way that would stir Jahandar's desire. Jahandar would propose to her. This continued for some days. Then Nurani accepted Jahandar's love. They often met in the company. They met twice a week at the company. On those days, as the hour of her arrival approached, he would watch the clock, waiting with great anticipation to see her beautiful face. As her arrival time drew near, his excitement would grow. If she were delayed, he would become despondent. Knowing this, Nurani would deliberately come late, making him yearn more to meet her. He would get delighted once he saw her. If a man goes to a restaurant famished and orders a dish he loves but is made to wait for a long time in hunger before it is served, he won't feel like eating it slowly, bit by bit – he will want to devour it in large mouthfuls. Jahandar's condition was also the same. Every time he

spoke to her, his longing was clearly evident in his words. Because of speaking that way, a sense of inferiority developed within him. He failed to perceive that she was intentionally fostering a sense of inferiority in him, thereby elevating her own worth in his perception. As feelings of inferiority grew within him, the conviction that she was a ravishing beauty and that he was fortunate enough to attain her became deeply ingrained in his psyche. If a running race is conducted between two people, there are only two possible ways for one to win. One is to run faster than the other; the second is to employ some kind of scheme and prevent the other from running. A woman has only two ways to present herself as superior to a man. One is to truly excel beyond him – in beauty, wealth, status, artistic refinement, general knowledge, and social adeptness. The other is to psychologically manipulate him into believing that she is superior to him. Jahandar, the son of the world's richest man, was impossible for Nurani to genuinely surpass, but it was easy for her to resort to cunning stratagems, inflict pain, and make him believe she was superior to him. To inflict pain on him, she must strike at his weakness. Jahandar's greatest weakness was his constant pursuit of pleasure with women. She decided to exalt herself above him by exploiting that weakness. Only when she appeared superior would Jahandar think of chasing after her. For that, she must strike him often. As his esteem for her gets steadily intensified, he would begin to celebrate her beauty to an excessive degree. This is the strategy followed by all those who aspire to rise without genuine effort. When she was meeting him, he even avoided blinking his eyes. He admired and extolled all her features – walk, dress, expressions, small movements, and speech. He thought he could give this entire world to her. The reason she wore alluring attire wasn't only to enchant him, but there were two more reasons. First, by boldly presenting herself as a beautiful woman, she could instil in him the belief that she was beautiful. Second, she could make him believe that he was longing for her physically. A woman, to evoke desire in a man for her body, will deliberately expose parts of it while pretending to conceal them modestly from his sight, even treating his unintentional glance as deliberate and not wishing to draw attention to her body. There is a famous saying: 'Fake it until you make it'. Accordingly, she will continue such acts until he truly desires her and chases after her.

Even when he doesn't have such thoughts, he might believe that he does have them. This was the reason why Nurani displayed the beauty of her back while pretending to search for something in her handbag. It was to instil sexual desire in him. One day, when Aadil was leaving for home, he saw Nurani waiting in the lounge. She was wearing clothes in such a way that emphasised her body contours. He remembered that she was the same woman whom his son gazed at on his joining day. He immediately enquired of the receptionist about her. The receptionist stated plainly that she had come only to captivate his son and told him that they would meet twice a week. He came to know about their relationship and feared that his son might plan for yet another marriage. He thought, "She doesn't look like an ordinary woman. Her longing for wealth and power is clearly visible on her face. She looks dangerous. Even if he forgets her, it seems she would remind him again. No matter what, I won't allow my son to marry her." Jahandar was well-conditioned by Nurani. He liked even her slippers more. Even her slippers stirred his lustful desire. If that slipper were given to him, he would lick it thoroughly. He developed such a lustful desire for Nurani. Many times, he imagined kissing her, smooching her, licking her body parts, and nibbling her body without leaving an inch. Importantly, he imagined kissing, smooching, licking, and nibbling her vulva region. Sometimes he would imagine licking all over her flat waist, sometimes gently sucking and swallowing one of her perfectly shaped breasts while squeezing the other, sometimes squeezing both her breasts while playing with her belly button with his tongue, sometimes he imagined playfully, yet intensely, biting her tender, smooth and rounded bum and many times capturing the lips of her clean-shaven vulva with his lips. Just her thought would arouse him and make his body warm. One day, as usual, Nurani came to the company. As usual, Jahandar asked the receptionist to send Nurani to his room. As usual, he blinded all the windows as she entered the room and chatted with her for some time. As usual, she left for home after speaking with him. Aadil saw Nurani coming out of Jahandar's room and leaving the company. Immediately, Aadil stormed into Jahandar's room with anger. He spoke in a loud voice with anger, "If you continue this, I will ask the receptionist not to allow her inside the company. Do I have to do that? If I did that, it would be like I shamed you in front of the receptionist.

Don't make me do it. Stop meeting her. Understand that our family reputation will be spoiled if you do this." Then Aadil left the room. Jahandar didn't worry even a bit, even when Aadil spoke that way. He kept thinking when he would meet her again. He decided not to meet her in the company, and that he should meet her somewhere else. Then they started meeting each other at the market near Nurani's house. Aadil believed that, by keeping them apart, his son would, in time, forget her. But only after that, Jahandar began meeting her often.

Nurani always came in an enchanting attire when she met him in the market. All men in the market were jealous of Jahandar. They thought he must be lucky to possess such beauty and that he should have moles across his body as a token of good fortune. Nurani always wore body-hugging garments. No man would pass her without feeling compelled to check her out completely. She used good perfumes. When she was speaking to Jahandar, she would stand close to him. She would speak in a low, enchanting voice. He would feel like capturing her lips with his while speaking with her. She would place a large quantity of flowers on her head. The fragrance of those flowers would captivate his heart, and he would feel like taking her straight to his bed to have sex with her. Just looking at her face closely, he would get aroused. A woman's beauty alone will help her to enchant a man's heart, but to make him think that he will do anything for her, she must have many qualities – she must have a sharp gaze; she must possess a charming and captivating manner of speech; even her slight body movements must stir sexual desire in men; she must be perfumed well or must place more flowers on her head so that her body smells good; although she covers her body with clothes, it should be done in a manner that makes her contours more pronounced; she must style her hair beautifully; she must use hairspray and ensure even her hair has a lingering scent; and above all, she should subtly display that she has a good sense of romance. Nurani did all this just like someone would invest a certain amount of money in a new business. If she became successful, she would get tonnes and tonnes of money as profit. Jahandar thought that he mustn't lose under any circumstances. At each meeting, she would announce her departure shortly after the conversation began. She knew very well that he

would definitely stop her. He would urge her earnestly to spend some more time talking with him. She would say some reason and leave him while he was still pleading. He had never pleaded with any other woman this much in his life. He acted so desperately that he was even ready to touch her feet to get her love. In the Ramayana story, even when Ravana had more than a thousand wives, he desired Sita's body. Likewise, even when Jahandar could easily get the company of supermodels if he wished, he hankered after Nurani. Jahandar strongly believed that Nurani was having something special that no other woman in the world had. One day, when she said she was leaving before their words had scarcely begun to flow, he said, "I want this beautiful face to speak and smile with me for some more time." To which she smiled and spoke in a mocking tone, "Is my face enough for you?" and left him.

Aadil wanted to discuss some things related to the company with Jahandar. He searched for Jahandar throughout the house, but he wasn't found. Then he called Shahlalai and asked her where Jahandar had gone. Since Jahandar left the home without informing anyone, neither Shahlalai nor anyone else knew about it. He believed that his son had stopped meeting Nurani. But at that moment, he doubted whether his son had gone to see her. After a few minutes, a friend of Aadil's came to his house. He told him that Jahandar was with a girl in the market. He also said that the two of them speaking looked like two lovers conversing. Flames of anger spread throughout the body of Aadil. Then Aadil's friend left from there. Aadil waited, thinking that he should shout at Jahandar when he entered the home. After a while, Jahandar came home. As soon as he entered the home, Aadil began shouting at him. He spoke in a tone graced with anger, "Stop chasing that destitute girl. Don't desire to marry her. It won't happen." Jahandar wasn't concerned about the fact that Nurani was from a middle-class family. He liked her very much because she was much more beautiful and was able to reciprocate his feelings. He didn't expect any other qualities from her. Importantly, he firmly believed that she would give good company in bed. Many times, he had imagined having sex with her in a way that brought him great gratification. Aadil controlled his anger and started advising him, "When there are three wives in the home to take care of you, why are you after

her?" At that moment, Jahandar thought of asking him why he married Anahita, but decided against it. Aadil said, "I can say with certainty, from her body language, that she bears no affection for you but only for your money, power and status that you carry. She is casting her nets at you. She is making you go behind her. You must understand that. Women like her would captivate a rich man and exploit his wealth for their purpose. They are worse than prostitutes who sell their bodies for money. At least prostitutes would state their purpose openly; women like her are prostitutes cloaked in the semblance of propriety. You shouldn't marry such a worthless and vile woman. If you are considering marriage to her, dismiss the idea immediately. I know about her family. Her family is living a middle-class life now. But her family was in dire straits when she was born. At that time, his father was in a desperate situation with five children. Women like her, born in a poor family, would've faced situations where they couldn't even get a meal. Even at a very young age, they would've developed a mindset that money is important and they can do anything for money. They would've borrowed from every corner of the city, and their lives would be spent struggling to repay those debts. They would've faced many insults in financial matters. They would not hesitate in the least to ruin someone's life, even if it meant only gaining a single delicious meal. According to them, money is God. They will do anything for it. They won't even hesitate to stand bare before you. Just as your thoughts always dwell on the pleasure of women, theirs remain fixed upon money. If they find a person like you, they won't leave at all. If you marry her, then it means that your life is finished. Their only ambition in life is to live an affluent life. They will search for a scapegoat to achieve it. Do you want to be such a one? Don't help them achieve their ambition by marrying her. They won't hesitate to push you into a pit. They won't even hesitate to drop a stone on your head while you are sleeping. When you married her, the thought that their family was inferior in terms of money and prestige to yours will make them behave badly towards you. Like dropping cash from a bank, she will get money from you now and then and spend it. What's more, she will give that money to her family members. Not just her – you will find hundreds of thousands of women like her. One must be placed where they rightfully belong. Just as you spend a little time happily with prostitutes

without even asking their names, spend some time with her – but no more than that." Jahandar didn't reply at all. If Jahandar wished, he could go to a prostitute every day for the rest of his lifetime. However, he felt that it was impossible to find a woman like Nurani. Aadil told his son that many men lost their peaceful lives after marrying a woman like Nurani. Even though Aadil advised him, his counsel was overpowered by thoughts of Nurani, which only ran through Jahandar's mind. Jahandar didn't feel like leaving Nurani. If customers enter a shop to buy something, to make them buy more, salespersons will employ some strategies. In a supermarket, if a customer comes to the counter with only a single product, they would ask, "Just one item?" In a barbershop, when a haircut alone is done without shaving, they will ask, "Just a haircut or shaving also?" before giving the bill for the services. If a wealthy customer enters a shop, just by asking the customer what they need again and again, they will make the customer buy more than they required. When a salesperson deftly provokes a customer's pride while the customer is deciding whether to buy a product, there is a high chance that the customer will make the purchase. What's more, if there is a more costly alternative, they might buy that. Nurani was employing a similar strategy. If a woman smirks at a man, suggesting that he is not romantic enough, it may provoke his pride, and he will try to prove that he knows how to make her feel pleasure in sex. Images of Nurani's body parts were only imprinted throughout Jahandar's mind. Aadil felt that it was futile to advise him. His advice didn't diminish Jahandar's desire even a bit. Worse, Jahandar's desire grew stronger.

Aadil had some thoughts while he was smoking a cigarette on his home's balcony. He thought, "My son is mad at her. I'm planning on making him CEO to look after my company after me, but he is planning who to marry next. I don't know how to turn him into a responsible person. The one who introduced Mirsab to me told me that she was abandoned on the roadside when she was born, like throwing waste in a dustbin. My son is in love with the same girl. He gave her a big place in his heart. He is doing this without looking at her status. He is not in the prime of his youth anymore. He is twenty-four years old now. He married three women and had slept with many prostitutes. Still, he has not obtained maturity in

women's matters. He makes mistakes as though he were acting under the infatuations of adolescence." He seriously pondered, searching for a way to stop his son from loving Nurani. An idea occurred to him. He thought that he should arrange a marriage for Nurani with another man. He thought, "I should meet her father and ask him to search for a groom for his daughter at the earliest. No – why should I ask him to search? I myself search for a good groom for her. Although she was born when her family was in utter poverty, she doesn't look like someone who was born in a poor family. She looks graceful. It should be easy to find a good groom for her. I don't have to search anywhere else; I will search in my company itself." He remembered an employee named Shehyar. He liked him very much. He decided to discuss the marriage alliance between Nurani and Shehyar. He thought, "I should tell her father not to worry about the marriage expenses or dowry and that I will take care of those. I will provide for all the expenses and arrange this wedding. Somehow, it is enough if she gets away from my son. Shehyar and his family are well-educated. His family is quite affluent, and he is talented in his work. He looks handsome, too. So Mirsab will give his consent for this marriage." The next day, upon arriving at the company, his very first act was to meet Mirsab. He met him and spoke about the marriage. Once Mirsab was told that his daughter's marriage would be conducted without requiring any money from him, he felt immeasurable joy. He provided the consent without thinking much. Aadil felt happy. Mirsab informed his daughter of the matter upon reaching home. She sternly refused it. He asked her to agree, saying they wouldn't get a good alliance other than that. She didn't agree. He pleaded with her many times. She was so obstinate that she didn't want to agree even when he pleaded as though he were on the verge of falling at her feet. Bereft of choices, he told her that he would take his own life if she didn't agree to the marriage. She told him that he couldn't force her through emotional blackmail, then stormed into her room and slammed the door behind her. To make her agree to the marriage somehow, he formulated a terrible plan that no one in the world had ever done before. That night, he gave his wife juice and asked her to drink it. He had mixed poison in it. She didn't know that poison was mixed in the juice. Wondering why her husband was affectionate towards her, unlike other days, she drank it. He waited

a few minutes after his wife had finished drinking the juice. Then he told her that the juice was poisoned and that he didn't know any other way to make his daughter agree to the marriage. He asked her to tell their daughter that she had consumed poison since their daughter had refused the marriage. As instructed by her husband, Asmara told her daughter that she had consumed poison. Nurani panicked and called the ambulance immediately. Within a few minutes, an ambulance arrived there. They took Asmara to the hospital. After a few hours, they successfully rescued her. Nurani agreed to the marriage. After a month, their marriage date arrived. On that day, Jahandar was like one who was thunderstruck. Nurani felt deeply despondent that all her dreams were shattered.

Only on the day of the marriage, Shehyar saw Nurani. He thought that he must be really lucky. He thought that every inch of her body, from the crown of her head to her feet, was graceful. He felt overjoyed that he was about to marry an angelic beauty. Even if God appeared before him and asked him, "What kind of physical features do you want in the woman you marry?" he wouldn't have described a beauty like Nurani in words. He felt that language lacked the words to describe her beauty. After their marriage, they made arrangements for the first night. Asmara taught her daughter how to behave respectfully towards her husband. They sent her to the room where the first night arrangements were done. Shehyar was waiting eagerly for the arrival of his beautiful wife. She entered the room and latched the door behind her. It was as if a deer had entered and locked itself inside the cell where an aggressive lion was caged. Shehyar had worked in the military for two years after completing his studies. Then he got interested in the construction work and joined Aadil's company. She feigned shyness as she walked. He didn't have the patience to wait for her to come close to him. He rose, walked to her, and asked her to place the milk pot on the floor. She placed it on the floor. The smell that came from her body and her hair intoxicated him mildly. Nurani was only seventeen years old by then. She was like a fruit at its sweetest hour, neither underripe nor overripe but perfectly ripe, offering the peak flavour to anyone who consumed it. The changes brought by puberty had fully matured in her, and her body was in a state that promised peak sexual pleasure to a man. Shehyar doubted whether

it was real or a dream. He couldn't believe that he had got such a beautiful wife. He intertwined his fingers with hers. To his eyes, she looked like a statue wrought by a master sculptor, one who had understood the very essence of feminine grace. She carried no unnecessary fat, yet she possessed the feature that would offer utmost indulgence – a feminine figure with undulating, flowing curves like the rhythm of an analogue wave. She was wearing a V-necked, short-sleeved, glossy, close-fitting lavender satin nightdress and nothing more. Once he joined his fingers with hers, she got aroused. Her erect nipples confirmed that, and it was visible through her extremely thin nightdress. Shehyar noticed it. Out of lust, he nipped at one of her nipples while holding the breasts with his two hands, brushed it with the tip of his tongue and left the fabric above it slightly damp – a mark of his appreciation for her perfect figure. She immediately embraced him tightly. Warmth spread throughout his body like hot exhaust gases would pass through a muffler, making it extremely hot when the engine was running. He resolved to use the entire tank of gasoline – maximum energy his body could offer – to ride his body, which was forged like a battle tank, on the well-paved, smoothest road of her body. He kissed her neck and her lips. Then they removed their clothes swiftly. With his eyes wide open, he scanned her nude body from head to toe. He was so enthralled that, even if a boon-granting deity were to manifest before him, he would cast it aside and fix his gaze solely on her beauty. She felt slightly embarrassed when he looked at her like that. Her waist was flat. Her breasts were stiff and pointed. There was no gap between her breasts, and they were touching each other. Her breasts, with her erect nipples, looked like the top of a rocket-propelled grenade. Her thighs looked rounded and tapering. Above all, her vulva was very cute. Similarly, she saw his lean, muscular, well-built and defined body. They got entwined. They violently kissed, caressed and stroked each other's bodies. In the meantime, Jahandar, feeling desolate, sat in the home bar, drinking wine. Jahandar had developed such intense lust for Nurani's body. He had always yearned deeply to enjoy her. When he got to know that she was marrying someone else, he felt highly miserable. He didn't attend their marriage, but his mind was consumed completely by thoughts of Nurani. He felt as though his heart had been laid upon a raging fire. No matter how much he

drank, his pain didn't diminish in the least. He hadn't worried this much about anything in his life. At the time, he didn't even feel like going to prostitutes. Images of Nurani's face appeared again and again in his mind. He couldn't shake off those thoughts. He was deeply worried that he hadn't attained her. He felt as though something he owned and dearly loved had been forfeited. Like a corkscrew driven into a cork, Nurani's thoughts bored into his heart, causing piercing pain in it. After a short while, he threw all the wine bottles that were in front of him. While doing so, he scolded Nurani in a loud voice, "I'm the son of the world's richest man. How did you choose someone else over me? Which fool will take such a decision? He is just an employee in my company. You forsook me and married him. If you'd married me, I would've treated you like a queen. What does he have that you married him for?" Since Shehyar and Nurani had great physiques, they were experiencing the fullest pleasure. At the same time, Jahandar was engulfed in the deepest sorrow. Since Shehyar's muscles were taut, Nurani felt ultimate pleasure in pressing her body against his. She embraced her husband as much as she could and derived physical pleasure to the fullest extent possible. At the same time, in a futile attempt to quell the anguish of Nurani's abandonment, Jahandar vented his despair by shattering bottles into pieces. Shehyar asked Nurani not to show any hesitation. Nurani held his erect penis and gently rubbed over it. Then she nipped at his tight chest, brushed the tip of her tongue on his nipple, and mildly sucked it. She did every foreplay she thought of, indulging in physical intimacy to the fullest extent she could and relishing every moment. Then they kissed each other deeply and passionately. They both were on cloud nine. Jahandar was submerged in a sea of sadness, and sorrow's tides repeatedly weighed down his heart. Shehyar was completely enjoying stroking her curvaceous, too-smooth body. They both didn't sleep the whole night. They had sex eight times in a single night. Although Nurani reluctantly agreed to the marriage, she had great sex with him, savouring their physical union to its utmost fullness. Jahandar didn't sleep the whole night, and he vomited many times. Shehyar was fully exhausted, and he couldn't even open his eyes. They only drifted to sleep when the cock crowed at dawn. Nurani nestled her head against her husband's chest, half her body resting over him, and slept in tranquillity. Nurani and Shehyar

had a good sex life. A marriage can be deemed successful if it has a satisfying sex life. After that, whenever Jahandar met Shehyar in the company, he felt jealous, for he thought his beloved was no longer his. Jahandar couldn't bear the thought that Shehyar, who was from a middle-class family, had married his beloved. Many times, he felt like killing Shehyar, but he controlled those feelings.

Had Jahandar stopped hunting?

Aadil noticed that Jahandar was always sad. He wanted to dispel his grief. He thought he wanted to make him understand what was important in life. He took him to the company and explained the CEO's responsibilities well. He told him that Jahandar would be taking up that post after him, that Jahandar was about to be entrusted with a mighty company, and that Jahandar should prepare himself from then on. He asked him not to act playfully anymore, but responsibly from then on. He gradually assigned important responsibilities to him. He included him in the important meetings.

Daily, Shehyar, returning home after work, would look very tired. One day, Nurani asked her husband, "Why do you come home tired every day?"

"It is very difficult to get work from daily wage workers on the construction site. My only job is to supervise their work. Whatever reason they can come up with, they use it to avoid working. No matter how much they are reprimanded or threatened, they do their work properly only for a short time. Afterwards, they slack off again. I can't treat them too harshly because it is hard to find such labourers. They would bicker among themselves from time to time. For that reason alone, work is getting delayed. It's as if I'll lose half my soul just resolving their petty fights. It is very painful for me to keep correcting everyone just to get work out of them."

"How many daily wage labourers work under you?"

"There are more than one hundred and fifty." Nurani gave an idea to her husband, "Why don't you split them into small groups? Assign a leader to each group and make him responsible for the work that is done by that particular group. Whoever in a group makes a mistake, you question only the group's leader and scold him severely. Divide one hundred and fifty people into ten groups

of fifteen members. It should be easy to manage ten members instead of managing one hundred and fifty people separately."

"That is a fantastic idea. I'll implement it by tomorrow. Shouldn't I have asked you for the solution to this problem already? With the intelligence you have, you could rule a mighty empire, but you're living the life of a housewife, doing ordinary household chores. Maybe I should speak with my CEO and recommend you for a job at my company." To which Nurani smiled modestly and walked to the kitchen to get food for her husband. The words spoken by him agitated her heart. She thought that though she possessed the beauty and intellect fit for a queenly life, she was living an ordinary life and that if she married Jahandar, even though she would be just one among his many wives, she could live majestically in enormous wealth and give orders authoritatively to many servants to serve her. She thought that Jahandar wasn't only wealthy but would constantly pursue women's pleasure, drink excessively, wander irresponsibly and, above all, would do anything for her body, and that if she married a foolish, prodigal heir like Jahandar, she could live her entire life with a queen-like lifestyle, finding faults with him while spending his money without appearing guilty. She worried that she had married without thinking. She felt that although Shehyar desired more to have sex with her in the early days of their marriage, he gradually began to lose attraction towards her body. People say, 'Desire for sixty days, lust for thirty days, and, after ninety days, she looks like a broomstick'. No matter how beautiful a woman is, after experiencing her body, lust for it will be reduced. A woman cannot bend a man to her will just by using her beauty. She felt that, in the name of a wife, she was merely a permanent maid.

Jahandar knew Shehyar from the day he joined the company. They had been in a good friendship only, but when Shehyar married his beloved, Jahandar stopped meeting and speaking with him. Even when Jahandar accidentally saw him, he acted as though he hadn't seen him. Just looking at his face filled Jahandar with hatred and anger. He was deeply worried that he had missed the chance of enjoying an angelic beauty like Nurani. Shehyar didn't know that Jahandar and his wife had been in love for some days, so he couldn't understand why Jahandar was avoiding him. He thought of

asking Jahandar about it, but refrained.

When we are told we don't deserve something we long for, the value we attach to it increases greatly. We exert more effort to get it. We wish to hold on to it forever. Similarly, when Jahandar was yearning for Nurani, she conducted herself as though she were superior to him in all respects. She subtly hinted to him that he was undeserving of her. While riding a bullock cart, whenever the bullock slows down, it is beaten with a whip. In the same way, Nurani displayed superiority over Jahandar many times, ensuring that he esteemed her above everything else in the world. That was why Jahandar still desired Nurani's body, even three months after she married another man. One day, in deep grief, he drank excessively. Shahlalai noticed it. She asked him, "Why do you keep drinking and ruining your health? Please stop drinking. It is not good for your health." Jahandar won't like his wives advising him, so she spoke in a scared voice. She cried once she had said it. She ensured that he didn't feel she was advising him. He didn't get angry at that time. He let out a heavy sigh. He asked his wife to take a seat near him. He spoke like a philosopher speaking a philosophy, "A few men even lived to a hundred years without any bad habits. They lived for a long time without enjoying life. They stayed in the world like these chairs and tables in this room. We should say that they have given an unnecessary burden to this world. At the same time, many men lived only up to thirty or thirty-five years of age. Although they had lived for a short time, they enjoyed everything – drinking, women, etc. We should call their lives the most meaningful lives. The beauty of a man is not his bravery, self-confidence, muscular body or talent to earn more money. Sharing his bed with many women is his real beauty. Those who have lived their lives with only one woman are not real men. Only those who have been with many women are real men." She felt that her husband was in a state where he wouldn't understand, no matter what she said. She decided to speak to him after his intoxication had worn off.

One day, Jahandar and his friend Azar went hunting deer in a forest. They both stood near the backseat of the jeep with guns in their hands, shooting the deer in the forest. For a short while, they happily chased some deer. Jahandar had killed only one deer, but

his friend had killed six deer. Jahandar felt slightly sad that his friend had killed more deer than him. He wanted to kill more deer than his friend. While he was thinking that, a deer came to the side of the jeep where Jahandar was standing as if it had come only to destroy its life. Grinning, Jahandar aimed his gun towards the deer. Before he could pull the trigger, his friend had already shot it. The deer fell dead. A fierce anger arose within Jahandar. He asked his friend angrily why he shot the deer, which Jahandar was about to kill. His friend said, "If we had waited a little longer, it would've escaped."

"What if it escaped? Whatever the reason, you shouldn't have killed what I had aimed at."

"If you want, shoot the one which I aim at," and he guffawed, but Jahandar remained angry. For an instant, he remembered that he had lost his beloved to Shehyar. That thought grew his anger more. His friend said, "Why are you getting so angry about this? What I did was wrong. Forgive me. There are more deer in this forest. We can shoot some other." Jahandar couldn't let it go. He kept staring at his friend. While he was looking at him, he remembered only Shehyar. His friend wondered greatly why Jahandar was angry over such a trivial thing and looked puzzled at Jahandar. In his anger towards Shehyar, Jahandar raised his gun at his friend and shot him dead. After a few seconds, he was deeply worried, thinking about the mistake he had made. He thought that, for whatever reason, he shouldn't have killed his friend. He thought, "I could have forgiven him. Why did I kill him for killing the deer I aimed at? I have made a great mistake. What will I tell his wife, who will be waiting for his return? I killed him just for a deer. I could've scolded him and alleviated my anger. I shouldn't have killed him." Then Jahandar asked his men to get a coffin to carry his friend's corpse. His men brought a coffin and placed the corpse inside it. They loaded the coffin into the vehicle. They went to Azar's home. Jahandar rang the calling bell with much sadness. Azar's wife, thinking her husband had arrived, opened the door joyfully. After seeing Jahandar, she said, "What a surprise! Please come in... Where is my husband? He is not to be found." Jahandar faltered while replying to her, and he didn't know how to tell her. At the same time, he found her to be gorgeous. He thought, "Azar got such a beautiful

wife!" He had intended to tell her that while aiming at a deer, her husband came in the way, and he shot him unintentionally. After looking at her beauty, he didn't feel like telling her that he had made a mistake. He said, "Your husband died. While we were hunting, a lion chased your husband. My men and I tried to shoot the lion. My bullet struck the lion, but a bullet fired by one of my men hit your husband in the chest. It happened by mistake. Please forgive us. We are deeply sorry for your loss." Then he asked his men to bring the coffin. His men brought it inside the home and opened it. Upon seeing her husband's corpse, she cried inconsolably. Jahandar took a chequebook from his blazer's pocket and wrote a cheque for two lakh rupees. He gave it to her. She couldn't believe her eyes. Her jaw dropped as she looked at it as if surprised by the amount. Looking at her reaction, he asked her men to wait outside and walked near her. He told her, "Beauty like you should never face any difficulty in life." She wiped away the tears from her eyes and smiled coyly at him. Jahandar lost to his friend the deer he had aimed at, but in exchange, he gained his friend's wife, whose beauty rivalled that of a doe. At that very moment, he pulled her towards him and embraced her tightly. He hunted that beautiful doe many times.

Aadil's heir

Five years passed. As usual, Jahandar received a phone call from his favourite brothel. If they received som new prostitutes, the brothel owner would inform Jahandar first. Like offering food items to God on holy days, brothel owners would inform Jahandar about them and offer them to him. He would also go there as though inviting guests to his house. He would be highly excited to know how the new prostitutes look. Khulus saw his father going out of the home. He was twelve years old then. He knew where his father was going. He completely disliked his father. He hated him not only for going to brothels often but also for treating his mother, Shahlalai, harshly many times. He felt a deep revulsion at the sight of his father's face. He would think he was born to a perverted, emotionless sensualist. He thought while his father was exiting the home, "Instead of squandering money on the prostitutes, he could help the poor. He can offer food to those who don't have even a single meal a day. Instead of splurging money on the depraved ones, who are selling their bodies for money, he can buy clothes for the poverty-stricken ones. He should understand that the beauty of a person is not in the face or body but in their thoughts, words, actions, values and character and that a pure heart shines brighter than any outer appearance." After two hours, Jahandar returned home. Once he entered, Aadil held his hand and dragged him to the balcony. Jahandar couldn't walk properly and staggered all the way from the entrance to the balcony while walking with his father. He was highly intoxicated and exhausted. Before Aadil began to speak, he told his father that he was feeling sleepy and that they could discuss whatever he had the next morning. Even though Aadil was greatly angered, he calmed himself and said, "Do you know that your son knows that you go to brothels often? If you drink and go to a brothel in his presence, he will also want to do the same. I have warned you many times that children observe their parents' behaviour and imitate them. Don't plant bad thoughts in your son's mind, influencing him to take the wrong path in life. It's okay if you're irresponsible with anything else, but at least be responsible when it comes to your son. If pleasure is more important to you in

your life, you shouldn't have married. Why do you, who always go to prostitutes, need a wife, children and family life? You've become corrupt at a very early age. Is it not sufficient, the pleasures you have enjoyed through all these years? Not only are you going, but you are also taking your younger brothers along with you without shame. It's okay if you don't care about others. Don't you care about yourself? If you drink this much, you'll die before me. Please stop everything at least hereafter." Jahandar couldn't even stand. He was leaning on a wall. Instead of looking at his father's eyes, he looked at his chest. Aadil's advice was like singing a lullaby to him, making him sleep soundly. The words which Aadil spoke didn't reach his mind. Jahandar blabbered, "Not now. Whatever it may be, we can discuss it tomorrow." Great anger seized Aadil. He scolded him angrily, "You will lose your vitality if you drink this much and have sex daily. The more you drink now, the more medicines you will need later on. You may have to take the tablets like you take food. Do you need such a life? In the early days of my marriage, I worried that I was childless, but now I worry even more about having given birth to you three children. My heart burns when I think that even though I have three children, none are worthy to be my heir." Jahandar couldn't even balance leaning on the wall. He pulled the chair which was nearby, rested his hands on it and remained standing with strain. Just as cable TV broadcast falters and resumes when the antenna fails to receive the signal properly, his eyes kept drooping intermittently. He struggled to keep them open. Aadil didn't want to stop. He said, "My father was not a wealthy man. I didn't seek anyone's help to build my company. You wouldn't have experienced even the thousandth part of the struggle I faced while building my company. Moreover, you might never have imagined undertaking such a task. Since you were brought up in comfort, you don't understand the value of money. You didn't understand how difficult it is to earn it. I should've sent you out of the house right after you finished your studies and told you to rely on yourself. Then you would've lived rightly thereafter. Only when you understand the value of money will you spend it wisely. I've made a great mistake. I should've raised you as one born into a middle-class household. Being the eldest son, you're acting without a sense of responsibility. When will you ever change? How many more times do I still have to advise you? Only if you change will your younger

brothers change. You always feel like drinking and being with women. What I can't comprehend is this: your son Khulus honours his elders and heeds them at the merest word. If one born to you conducts himself so rightly, why are you like this? In this world, no one exhorts another to behave like his son; rather, they say, 'Behave like your father'. I'm at a loss for words to reform you. The only good thing that you did in your life is bringing forth a son like Khulus." Then Aadil left for his room angrily. Jahandar went, singing the romantic song that the girl he had recently slept with had sung to him, and it lingered in his mind more than his father's words.

Jahandar's younger brother, Murdif, perished at the tender age of twenty-eight. Since he drank heavily, his health was ravaged by intemperance. Within a few days of his death, Jahandar's other younger brother, Dalal, met the same fate, for he too had a habit of drowning himself in alcohol. Aadil had now lost two of his three sons. He was consumed by grief, thinking that while he was still alive, his children had died. Jahandar drank even on that day, claiming that he couldn't bear his younger brothers' deaths. Aadil witnessed this. He admonished him, "Why do you always drink? Even if the house were engulfed in fire, you would keep drinking. Your younger brothers succumbed at the very young ages of twenty-eight and twenty-six because of this very habit. Aren't you scared, at least thinking about it? You are also treading the same ruinous path. Do you want to drink this much? Are you also going to abandon your family to suffer and meet the same end? You are the only son left for me. You alone can perform the last rites. You're the sole heir to all my wealth. I cannot bear to lose you, too." In his stupor, Jahandar slurred and rambled, "You're worried that my physical health will decline, but I'm worried that my mental health will decline. Only to shake off the grief over my younger brothers' deaths, I'm drinking this. Please leave me alone, Father. Allow me to get over my grief."

Aadil was deeply troubled about how he could transform his son before relinquishing the CEO position to him. He resolved to seek counsel from his legal advisor, Abu-Yousuf, and arranged a meeting with him. He confided in him about the tragic loss of his two other sons, Jahandar's chronic alcoholism and his enslavement to carnal

indulgences. He asked him for a sound suggestion to reform his son. Abu-Yousuf said, "What is not bent at five will not bend at fifty. In the same manner, since your son strayed from the righteous path at a very young age, reforming him at this stage would be an arduous endeavour. To be honest, I observed something rather unsettling when I attended your son's wedding. Your son was casting licentious glances at every young woman present. Even then, I sensed that your son couldn't be changed. As you said, your son got completely subjugated to the pleasure of the senses. Our company holds the first place in our country. If you entrust this company to your son, it will inevitably decline from its esteemed standing. You ought to confer this position upon someone who would toil with unwavering perseverance no matter what difficulty he faces. If you want to reform your son, you'll have to behave very severely toward your son. Just as a bull is castrated before being put to the labour of ploughing the fields, and like turning men into eunuchs before placing them as guards of the harem, you must impose some stringent limits upon your son if you hope to reform him and assign your post to him. That, too, you'll have to monitor him twenty-four hours every day. You'll have to punish him even at the mere contemplation of committing a transgression. Only when such firm conditions are imposed upon him will he conduct himself with decorum and propriety. I humbly request that you not take offence at my candid words. There are broadly three categories of employees in an organisation. The first category of employee will be highly talented, honest, good-natured and act dutifully. Despite their many commendable qualities, they lack the assertiveness to advocate for what they rightfully deserve. In simple words, they will be meek. They will even quietly bear some unfair acts. They are often overshadowed and impeded by more vocal colleagues, preventing them from advancing in their careers. Because of that reason, they will do works which are not fitting to their talents. The second category of employees doesn't possess much talent but will be loquacious and dominate every conversation. They are capable of convincing anyone with their talk. Only this category of employees will be more in an organisation. They will adeptly bring the first category under their dominion and propel their own career forward by capitalising on the talents of those they overshadow. The third category of employee will be both talented and well-

spoken. They will invariably find a fitting role that does justice to their abilities. It is very hard to find such employees. Should your son assume the role of CEO, third-category and first-category employees would undoubtedly depart, unwilling to serve under an incompetent leader. Everyone will be the second kind. There are a few exceptional employees who are capable of assuming your position and discharging their duties with exemplary diligence. If you wish, I will give you a list of such employees." Although Abu-Yousuf spoke very badly about his son, Aadil didn't carry a bit of anger towards him. He found whatever he said to be very true. However, he didn't feel like entrusting his company to someone else instead of his son. Abu-Yousuf can understand Aadil's thoughts well. He said, "If you want, I will tell you an idea. Rather than appointing your son as CEO, I would strongly urge you to appoint your grandson, Khulus, to that position. He is a man of good character. Don't get angry with me, for what I'm going to tell you. If you want anyone from your family to take up your position, you have to choose Khulus, and you must regard your son, Jahandar, as also dead. For whatever reason and under any circumstances, don't install your son as CEO." Although Abu-Yousuf's words were blunt and piercing, Aadil harboured no resentment, for he himself left no stone unturned to reform his son, only to meet with repeated failure. Aadil resolved to designate Khulus as his rightful heir.

Although Nurani married someone else, Jahandar couldn't quell his sexual thirst for her even a bit. He didn't realise that the most shameful act is to desire another's wife. A child would swallow the affectionate food fed by its mother, believing its mother's words – the moon would come into its hands if the food is eaten. Likewise, Jahandar, believing Nurani, who had surpassing beauty than a full moon, will come to his bed, tried persuading her many times. He set up his man outside her home. He got intelligence about her solitary outings to nearby places. Like the child that would call out, looking at the moon, "Moon, Moon...come running to me without stopping...", he would meet Nurani in private and say things like, "Sweetheart, I couldn't forget you. I couldn't sleep at night. I lost my mental peace. Don't make me wait for long." Every time she would reply, "I got married. I won't feel desire for any man except my husband. You should forget me." Jahandar's moon Nurani even

though would tell him that she wouldn't come to him in words, her body cues would assure him that he could win her— she would stand close to him leaving only a little gap whenever she met him, although she would keep her head bowed she would quickly lock eyes for a split second teasing him flirtatiously, she would stand facing him, she would twirl tip of her cloth slowly and playfully, she would allow him to fully express him, she would keep her lips parted slightly mimicking female genitalia, she would tuck back the strands of hair resting by her ear maximising his attraction for her, she would delicately arch her big toe as a quiet gesture of interest for him, she would reply her refusal in a lust-mongering tone in the guise of sadness deliberately provoking him, she would even shed tears and express affected submissiveness, she would sway her perfect breasts and wider hips in a mild back-and-forth motion stirring his sexual desire, putting on a dress which would make her seem more appealing assuming he would visit her. She fuelled his fire of lust using her body as fuel. She waited eagerly, thinking that when he was driven by uncommon madness would set that fire to her body of foam, breaking through everything that would stand in his way. Both yearned to possess one another. He longed for her body; she longed for his riches. Shehyar was the only obstacle to their longings. He would pine over the thought that he didn't yet have her, and she would pine over the thought that she couldn't live an opulent life.

Aadil learned that his son was meeting Nurani. He couldn't ignore it. He feared that his son was chasing her, who was the wife of Aadil's employee, and that if word spread, he'd face crushing humiliation. He stormed into Jahandar's room. There, Jahandar lounged, puffing on a hookah, oblivious to his father's entrance. Aadil bellowed, "Did you meet Mirsab's daughter yesterday? Hasn't your madness for her subsided yet?" Jahandar startled, coughing violently as if he'd smoked for the first time. Aadil glared at him with blazing fury. Regaining composure, Jahandar retorted, "Yes, I'm still mad at her. So what?"

"She's married another man. You already have three wives and four children. Why pursue this scandalous affair? Your behaviour resembles a glutton craving another's half-eaten food, despite a bountiful feast on his plate. I made some plans trusting you, but

you're hankering after someone's wife. Didn't you realise our family honour and the company's future would crumble under such recklessness? Stray dogs mate openly without regard for public view; likewise, you're doing this shameless act without concern about others noticing. You embody all bad habits. You live as if born solely for the reason to enjoy all the worldly pleasures. You don't care about anything. You'll do anything to enjoy pleasures. You think that you should live this single life with utmost enjoyment. Do you really need such a depraved desire?" Outraged by his inability to reform him no matter what he did, Aadil spoke so harshly. Yet Jahandar felt no shame. He said, "I can understand your rage. You fret more that she's from a poor family than that she's another man's wife. Although her family once faced poverty, they are now living a middle-class life. Her father holds the topmost position in the finance department in our company, doesn't he?"

"Don't shift the topic. Could you tolerate another man desiring your wife? How would you feel if they asked her to sleep with them?" Jahandar, calm until then, erupted in fury. His heart felt pierced by a sharp needle like a syringe plunged into a ripe banana. He felt stabbed, as if an anchor plunged into a tranquil sea. He felt slapped across the face with a filthy slipper. He couldn't answer those questions. Speechless yet defiant, he finally countered, "Whether she married or not – what difference does it make? According to me, both are the same. Do two horns shoot up from a woman's head just because she is married? Of course not! She remains the same – with two eyes, two ears, one nose and one mouth. Do married women have anything extra?"

"Bravo, wonderful; none has shared such profound wisdom," Aadil sneered. "From this alone, you can see how dull your mind has become. Like a disused machine rusting away, your mind, left unused, is deteriorating, since you keep yourself drowned in the sea of sensual pleasure in your precious life. Stop carving her. Remember that she belongs to another man."

"I don't understand one thing," Jahandar pressed. "Please explain it. Men take multiple wives. You have done so yourself, haven't you? Why then shouldn't a woman live with many men? Why do you deem that alone as something dishonourable? When a male makes a

mistake, it's overlooked, and when a female does the same, it's exaggerated. The same thing is judged differently depending on the gender. As the proverb says, 'If the mother-in-law breaks it, it's merely an earthen pot; if the daughter-in-law breaks it, it's treated like a golden pot'. Your double standard matched that bias perfectly." Aadil didn't know what to answer for that question. No words left his mouth. He felt impaled by a spear through his chest. Jahandar, silent on this matter, finally voiced it on that day. He felt that his son had implied, "To preach good sense to me, you must act with propriety first." Mastering his rage, Aadil spoke softly, "What I had done was a mistake – I didn't deny it. But the woman you crave isn't widowed or separated from her husband. Did her husband know of your meetings? You see her secretly without his knowledge, don't you?"

"Her husband doesn't know – yet soon he will. She consented to that marriage unwillingly. She loved me before wedding him. I don't know what happened. Suddenly, she made such a decision. I suspect that you orchestrated this. Why should she abandon a prosperous man for a man from a middle-class family? She will return to me soon, leaving her husband. I'll wait for her." Neither Jahandar nor Nurani knew that it was Aadil who arranged Nurani's wedding with Shehyar and funded its entirety. Aadil demanded, "What is it about her that makes you this crazy about her? What does she possess that your three wives lack? You just shared wisdom – claimed all women are identical. In the same sense, she too has the same features as your three wives – two eyes, two ears, one nose and one mouth. Does she have anything special? Are you going to experience some very special exotic sexual pleasure from her alone? Absurd!"

"I can't say that to you. Why harp on my three wives? I'd marry fifty more, if I chose."

"Everyone will brand you a womaniser. All you need is bodily pleasure, and you're visiting brothels often, so why do you marry repeatedly? You were born to disgrace our lineage. I bitterly regret fathering such a fool. There is only one reason for keeping you in this house, regardless of your desire-driven action – your three wives. It's for their good nature. Marry that witch, temptress, and

neither you nor she sets foot in this house."

"You can say anything about me, but don't speak about her. For her, I would forsake not only this family but anything. She means everything to me."

"I'm ashamed to call you my son who'd barter his family for mere sensual cravings. When you're not even worthy to be my son, how can I put you in the CEO position? I'm only appointing Khulus as CEO. You keep sniffing women's smells for your entire life. You were born just for this." Jahandar wasn't willing to listen to any more of his father's reproaches. He resolved to move out of that house. He said, "I'm not going to stay in this house any longer. Our only bond is my employment at your company and nothing more. I'm leaving with my family elsewhere." Aadil felt happier about his decision. He said, "Fine. Leave your son Khulus with me. I will raise him properly. If you raise him, you'll cause a lot of emotional scars in him. He might be exposed to depravity. He is a clever boy. I will groom him rightly. He is my real heir." Since Khulus despised his father and adored his grandfather, he agreed to stay with his grandfather. Within a week, Jahandar found a comfortable home and departed from Aadil's house with his three wives and three children.

Jahandar's inclination towards power and Khulus's marriage

Aadil would impart a set of profound truths to Khulus each day. He would say, "The most important thing you must do in life is charity. There are many needy people in this world. You have to help those. Surround yourself with those who are equally benevolent and compassionate. At regular intervals, offer aid to the impoverished. Nothing is greater than charity. Even as you remain steadfast in the pursuit of your ambitions, never abandon charity for any reason. Even in adverse situations, you shouldn't stop giving. Donate whatever you can. You must not become angry, regardless of tribulations, anguish, or sufferings you endure. Anger clouds judgment, and anything done in anger will invariably go wrong. You shouldn't deceive yourselves into thinking that you know everything. Always remember that there is much to learn; only then will you improve in some way daily. Learn something new today that you didn't know yesterday or hone the skills you already possess. Remember, perfection is a continuous process, not a one-time achievement."

Jahandar had never desired the CEO post until that day. His life had unfolded in comfort and indulgence, untouched by hardship. The most agonising experience of his life had been Nurani's departure. Other than that, nothing had troubled him. When his father told him his intention to confer the CEO post upon his grandson rather than him, at that very moment, a sudden desire for the CEO post flared within him. Alongside it, a virulent hatred towards his son, Khulus, began to take root within him. He had never expected that his own son would emerge as his adversary. He thought, "A few weeks ago, my father told me that the CEO position would be mine. Yet now, in fury, he decided against it for a reason

so trivial – my attachment to my sweetheart. It was he himself who once told me at the company that he had decided to pass his post to no one but me. It's he who imparted every lesson to me that I should know upon assuming the CEO position. Over all these years, I've made many mistakes, yet never once did he react with such fury on those occasions. It's okay if he gets angry, but he went so far as to say that he feels embarrassed to call me his son and that I'm unworthy of that title. I'm his only son. How could he bring himself to abandon me? Finally, he declared Khulus to be his rightful heir. No matter how angry he gets, he will not speak to me in such a dismissive manner. He has never shown hatred towards me. Above all, I can't fathom how he decided to keep my son above me. Surely, he wouldn't have arrived at such a decision on his own. Whatever decision he takes concerning the company, he will always consult his legal advisor, Abu-Yousuf. He must be the reason for my father's change of mind. When he came to my wedding, he looked at me with a mocking smirk. Definitely, this thought must have sprung from him. My father is not so callous as to make my son CEO when I am alive. Without thinking about all this, I fought with my father and came out of the house." Jahandar met his close friend Biryar. He poured out his grief – the confrontation with his father, his departure from his family home, and his father's decision to make his son CEO instead of him – and the insidious hand of Abu-Yousuf behind it all. Biryar was consumed with rage upon hearing this. Biryar said, "There is only one answer for this. Abu-Yousuf has spoken words sharp enough to sever father from son. A person like him shouldn't be left alive. It is wise to kill him without the slightest delay." Jahandar recoiled at the suggestion. Jahandar, with the anger he harboured towards Shehyar, who married his worshipped one, had committed a murder. That act hadn't been premeditated; it was committed in a blind, uncontrollable surge of emotion. While Jahandar was still in a state of shock, Biryar said, "Don't worry. I'll see to it. In two days, you'll hear of his death. No suspicion will fall upon you." The evening after next, Abu-Yousuf left his office and drove home across a bridge. He was driving his car at a leisurely pace, listening to songs. Without warning, a truck rammed his car from behind. The impact was slight – only Abu-Yousuf's car's taillight was shattered. Incensed, Abu-Yousuf pulled his car over to the side of the road. That truck came to a halt

directly behind him. The truck's driver was Biryar's henchman. He got out of his truck. Abu-Yousuf stepped out of his car, seething with indignation, and stormed towards the truck driver to unleash his fury. The truck driver yawned as he approached Abu-Yousuf. Before Abu-Yousuf could utter a single word, the truck driver delivered a brutal blow to his stomach, and Abu-Yousuf crumpled to the ground instantly, unable to bear the pain. The truck driver took two ropes from his trouser pocket and bound Abu-Yousuf's hands and feet. Then, he retrieved a heavy stone from his truck and fastened it to his body. Then he lifted the helpless man and hurled him into the water below the bridge.

Khulus tirelessly sought out those in need and rendered them aid with unwavering compassion. He was kind to everyone. Aadil held him in high regard, often wishing that Khulus were his son and considering none but him worthy of being entrusted with his enterprise. Aadil decided to give Khulus the magical necklace upon his appointment as CEO. He groomed Khulus with deliberate care so that when he came to wear it, its power would serve the world with greater good. Khulus was raised hearing only the good things of the world. Not a single bad news did Aadil allow to reach his ears. And if, by chance, he heard something bad, Aadil immediately corrected it by telling him a good incident about the same matter. He was brought up believing that all people in the world are good, that everyone has humanity, that they help others in times of trouble, that the strong support the weak, and that the wealthy aid the poor. All this was done because, once the magical necklace was given to him, the entire world would flourish. Aadil didn't reveal the necklace to him, keeping it in reserve until the time was right.

Three years elapsed. Aadil searched for a bride for Khulus. Khulus decided to marry the girl his grandfather would select. He was fifteen years old by then. Aadil found a girl befitting Khulus's good nature and did all the marriage arrangements. As Jahandar was Khulus's father, Aadil apprised him of the wedding and asked him to conduct every rite and ritual. Although Jahandar hated his son, he acquiesced. The bride's name was Huda. An engagement between Khulus and Huda was solemnised. Khulus utterly loathed his father's presence in that event, yet he performed every rite alongside him. Although he did so, he showed his father no respect

and denied the dignity of being seen as human. Jahandar could perceive that well, but his face didn't betray his emotions. He surmised that the latitude granted to him by his father was the cause. A few times, he felt like abandoning the event in the middle without waiting until its conclusion, but he stifled his emotions, reasoning that if he did so, he couldn't work peacefully at his father's company. Jahandar was handed a document. It contained all the names and occupations of the relatives from both the groom's and bride's respective families, as well as other pertinent details about the ceremony – the auspicious time and marriage date. The priest asked Jahandar to read the content of the document aloud. When Jahandar read it, he struggled to read it fluently and made many mistakes. He even made mistakes when he read his family members' names. He and all the close relatives of the bride and groom were present at the nuptial stage while he was reading. Everyone began to laugh. The priest tried his best to remain deadpan – a requisite trait of a priest – but he couldn't contain his laughter even for a few seconds, and he exploded with laughter. For an instant, Jahandar entertained the thought of annihilating everyone who was laughing at him, but reined in his fury. He too laughed along with them and somehow managed the situation. With each passing glance at his son, his hatred towards him festered within him, but he masked his feelings.

After a few days, Khulus wed Huda. Everyone who attended the wedding cordially wished them a blissful married life. Jahandar thought every ritual had been completed, so he withdrew to a room in the wedding hall and began drinking. Yet one ritual remained unfinished. Aadil couldn't find Jahandar. He scoured the wedding hall and at last discovered him in the room where he stayed, intoxicated. He restrained his anger and spoke calmly, "In any case, you mustn't come to the nuptial stage intoxicated," and left the room. Then he called his wife, Shahlalai, and told her to stay near her husband and asked her to ensure he never reached the nuptial stage for any reason. She assured him that she would do so and went to the room where her husband was staying. After a while, a song resounded through the wedding hall with piercing loudness. Everyone in the hall began dancing to celebrate the event. Only Aadil's words kept echoing in Jahandar's mind. He mused, "Why

shouldn't I go to the nuptial stage where my son was? How could he say that I shouldn't go there?" and grew angry. The deafening celebration only inflamed his anger further. He rose in fury, startling his wife. He told her that he was going to see his son. She tried her best to stop him, but he shoved her aside, stepped out and latched the door from the outside. He saw everyone dancing happily in celebration. He walked towards the nuptial stage, passing through the revellers. Khulus, noticing his father approaching the nuptial stage, asked his wife to remain calm and ignore whatever would transpire. Jahandar neared the nuptial stage and laughed mockingly at them. Khulus held his wife's hand, signalling her not to react. The sound of celebration was stopped, and everyone looked at Jahandar. He laughed louder still, leaving the onlookers bewildered. At the moment, Aadil and Mardhiah were outside attending to other matters. Huda couldn't tolerate it. Khulus kept holding her hand tightly. He asked her to be patient in a whisper only she could hear. Jahandar looked at his son and asked him, "You've never lain with a woman until now. Do you truly know what to do on your wedding night?" Khulus remained stoic. His wife bent her head in shame. The onlookers were taken aback by his words. Khulus replied calmly, "Yes, I do." When he spoke that, Jahandar burst into hysterical laughter. Meanwhile, since the song was stopped, Shahlalai's pounding on the door and cries to open it could be heard. A person opened the door. Without delay, she ran towards the nuptial stage. Only at that moment, Jahandar was laughing uncontrollably. Shahlalai held her husband's hand and somehow led him away. Jadida and Sahla weren't present there at that moment. Huda was distressed, thinking her father-in-law had disgraced her husband with such an obscene question. Unable to contain herself, she asked her husband why he hadn't grown angry. Khulus urged her to ignore it. Then, the first-night arrangements were made. Khulus was waiting in the room prepared for the occasion. After a short while, Huda, wearing an enticing nightdress, entered the room with a pot containing milk. She was wearing a light pink, sleeveless, satin nightgown that fell to mid-thigh. It had thin shoulder straps and a soft V-neckline. He said, "I expected you to come wearing a saree. I didn't think you would appear in this attire."

"I wore this romantic nightdress, hoping you would like it. I thought that you would get thrilled to see me in it. I wish this day to be unforgettable in our lives. If you prefer, I will wear a saree." He chuckled softly and said, "That is not necessary. Give me your hand." She placed the pot on the nearby table and extended her hand, averting her gaze in shy modesty. He held her palm and kissed it. A tingling sensation spread all over her body. He said, "I'll get excited no matter what you do." Then he pulled her towards him, embraced her, and she embraced him tightly. Then, holding her cheeks, he pressed his lips to hers. Afterwards, he lifted her gown from the hem and slipped it off over her head. She felt slightly shy. Assuming her husband would like it, she wore an exotic lingerie set. She was wearing a dark red lace padded push-up bra with scalloped lace trim around the edge and a little decorative bow stitched between the cups, adding a cute accent, and matching decorative lace-panelled panties with scalloped edges, which had an intimate and elegant look. The bra pushed her breasts together and made her bust line more prominent. He felt happier thinking that his wife had worn those clothes for him. He removed his dress and asked her to remove hers. They both lay on the bed. Like stroking with a peacock feather, he stroked her vulva delicately with his fingers. She liked it very much, and she embraced her husband tightly. They spent the night joyfully.

The next day, Aadil took Khulus and Huda to his 'office room'. He showed them the magical necklace. They both gaped while looking at it. Aadil told Khulus, "I'm planning to give it to you as a gift on an important occasion."

"You can gift it to me this very moment. I wish to wear it."

"Be patient. Only you'll have it for your entire lifetime. This is not a mere adornment. It possesses magical powers."

"What magical powers does it hold?" Aadil explained its powers to him, but he didn't mention the incidents from which he had inferred the necklace's magical powers. Instead, he said that the priest, who gave him the necklace, described its powers. Khulus thought dire consequences would occur if it were worn by persons who have corrupt beliefs. Huda told Khulus, "Once you receive the necklace from your grandfather, wish that we'll live for another

thousand years and have a hundred children."

"You've misunderstood. It won't make whatever we wish. Whatever the wearer firmly believes will inevitably happen."

"Just believe we'll definitely live a thousand years."

"I believe the human lifespan is only up to ninety years. Unless my mind is corrupted, I won't believe such notions." Aadil felt elated that Khulus had correctly understood the power of the necklace and was able to foresee the consequences of wearing it. Huda asked Khulus, "Please explain its power in a way I could understand." Aadil told Huda, "When the necklace is worn by one who firmly believes that everyone in the world is living happily, then all people in the world will indeed live happily." Khulus asked him, "Grandfather, who would hold such a belief?"

"No one would. For the past three years, you've grown up observing many good people and befriending them. You believe the world sustains only because there are some good people scattered here and there, and that the world would've collapsed already without them. Don't you?"

"Yes, Grandfather."

"If you wear it, at least four in ten people will be good. While you wear it, forty per cent of people in this world will be good."

"You could've given me this necklace without revealing its power. Had I been unaware of its powers and your deliberate grooming, your desire would have come true."

"Your intelligence and virtuous heart overwhelm me with joy. Only by knowing its power will you safeguard it from those with corrupted beliefs. Always associate only with good people. Heed only good news." Then Aadil took a toy featuring three monkeys – one covering its mouth, another its eyes and the third its ears. Showing it to Khulus, Aadil said, "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. Do so, and your thoughts remain untainted. Good thoughts breed beliefs that the world will flourish. All people in the world will live happily while you wear this necklace. There is also another important thing. You should groom your child likewise, instruct him to raise his own the same way, and pass the necklace to him

before your death. He must hand it to his child before his death. Let the cycle continue." Huda couldn't grasp any of it.

Aadil, Jahandar, Khulus and the CEO post

Two years passed. Aadil's health condition declined day by day. Aadil began pondering whether he had prepared Khulus for the CEO post and whether Khulus would discharge the CEO's duties adroitly. Aadil had never told Khulus his intention of making him CEO. Since his health condition was deteriorating, he felt it was time to make his intentions known. He thought of handing over the necklace after installing him as CEO of the company. Although Jahandar had made many mistakes, Aadil was unable to remain unconcerned about him. He feared that if Jahandar's son held the higher post than he did, Jahandar would feel deeply unsettled and that Khulus shouldn't act disrespectfully towards his father for any reason. He wanted to ensure Jahandar would work comfortably and Khulus would respect his father if he made Khulus CEO. An idea came to his mind. He conceived the idea of assigning them a shared task and asking Jahandar to mentor it while Khulus did the work. He thought that if he did that, Khulus would feel that he should respect Jahandar, and Jahandar could work comfortably. A client had already approached Aadil's company to build a majestic shopping mall. It required a good architectural plan. Aadil decided to assign the task of preparing the architectural plan to Jahandar and Khulus. He thought of making Khulus CEO upon completion of that task. One day, at the company, he called Khulus and Jahandar to his room. He told them he wanted to assign them a task and began speaking about the shopping mall project. He clearly explained all the client's requirements to them. Both Khulus and Jahandar felt intense disgust at the thought of having to work together on a task. After explaining all the details, Aadil asked them whether they had any doubts. Both remained silent. Aadil could understand their silence well. He said, "This project requires a good

architectural plan. You both are only going to do that task. Jahandar, you'll lead and guide. Khulus, you'll create the plan and report to Jahandar." Jahandar was surprised that his father had asked him to lead the task. He wondered whether his father had developed an affection for him again. At the same time, the thought that he would have to work with his father, whom he loathed the most in his life, filled Khulus with intense revulsion. Aadil asked Khulus to wait outside for a while so that he could inform Jahandar of his decision in private, telling him he would call him shortly. Khulus left the room angrily. Jahandar felt a surge of hope, thinking that perhaps his father had decided to make him CEO. Aadil said, "Once this architecture plan preparation task is completed, I will make Khulus CEO." Anger surged within Jahandar like lava erupting from a volcano. Jahandar took a single drop of that fiery lava of anger, channelled into words, and directed them at his father, "How can you take such a decision when I'm still alive? There's no greater disgrace to me than this. Why do you carry such hate towards me? Did I do anything that no other male in the city has done? Are there no men other than me who appreciate a woman's beauty? Am I the only one doing this? Tell me, Father." Then Jahandar pretended to be affectionate towards his father, thinking his father would perhaps change his mind. He said, "Although I walked out of your home, I didn't resign from your company. The reason is the affection I have for you. Why are you causing wounds in my heart again and again? The words which you spoke that day are still piercing my heart. I feel that my heart is entangled in a thicket of briars. Even if you no longer regard me as your son, I'll always regard you as my father. Please change your decision."

"You're always my son. I said that in a moment of anger that day. You're my heir. You're going to be the owner of the company. Let Khulus be the CEO." Jahandar spoke angrily, "Do you think I'm incapable of handling this role? Are you undervaluing my skills and my experience? If I demonstrate my capability, will you change your decision then? There is a way for that. Each of us – Khulus and I – will create our own architectural plan. You see both our plans and decide which one is better. If his plan is better than mine, then appoint him as CEO. I won't ask a single question." Before Aadil

could reply, Jahandar rose angrily from his seat and stormed out of the room. He called Khulus, who was waiting outside. Then he returned to the room. Aadil urged Jahandar to be patient, but Jahandar couldn't. Once Khulus entered the room, Jahandar told him, "For this shopping mall project, you create a separate architectural plan, and I'll create one separately. It will be evident from that alone who is suitable for this position." Khulus didn't understand what position his father was referring to. Jahandar didn't know that Khulus was unaware of it. Khulus asked his father, "Which position?" Aadil asked Jahandar to remain silent, but those words didn't reach Jahandar's mind. Jahandar said, "Don't act as though you don't know anything. I'm referring to the CEO position only." It was a violent shock for Khulus. To confirm what he heard was right, he emphasised, "CEO!!!"

"Wow! Enough. Drop your pretence. Don't forget that I'm your father." Driven by the deep-seated contempt that he had always harboured for his father, he accepted the challenge, determined to crush his arrogance once and for all. Aadil completely disliked the fact that father and son descended into open conflict. Jahandar left the room angrily. Then Aadil told Khulus, "You shouldn't fight with your father, whatever the reason may be. You remember whatever I have told you, don't you? Never set your heart on bad things. More important than this CEO role is saving the entire world. Live your life with that one objective alone. You shouldn't fight with anyone. Let your father alone finish this architectural plan, and you don't have to do anything."

"Grandfather, I have a big respect for you. I'll listen and act according to your words, but I can't do that this time. I have never seen my mother happy, even for one day. I have seen my mother being mercilessly berated and beaten by my father on countless occasions. I don't desire the CEO post even a bit. If I defeat my father in this, my father's savagery will cease. After that, he would behave properly toward my mother. People like him need to be treated that way. Please don't stop me. I'm not going to miss this chance."

"Have you forgotten all the things that I've imparted to you over these years? Are you also going to get enslaved to emotions?

Enslavement to anger is as bad as enslavement to lust. Learn to control your emotions. Only then will you be able to live as a great man. If you compete with your father, then the struggles which I endured in raising you will be meaningless. Now tell me, are you going to involve yourself in it after all I have said?"

"Forgive me, Grandfather. In this one alone, I can't listen to your words. I'm going to compete with my father." Then he too left the room. He planned the task to unite the father and son, but he didn't expect it to create a conflict between them instead. Khulus believed that he would surely win in the challenge. At the same time, Jahandar thought, "Only I am going to become CEO. You're not willing to do even this task under my leadership. What will you do if I become the CEO? Will you still show me the same hatred then? Go ahead, try it. I'll make you feel like you're eating excrement every time you eat. I'll turn your entire life into a living hell." For the next two days, they diligently created their architectural plans. After two days, they came with their architectural plans to meet Aadil. They hadn't fixed a time, yet they arrived to meet Aadil at the very same moment as if they had. Aadil collected their architectural plans. Then said, "Let this be the last time you do this. Hereafter, there shouldn't be any competition between you two. I'm not going to decide who to take up the CEO post based on this." Then he asked them to leave for their rooms. Both left that room. Jahandar believed he could somehow change his father's mind and make him choose him as CEO. Aadil saw their architectural plans. Jahandar's plan looked magnificent and more mature – it appeared to have been crafted with meticulous attention to numerous factors. He felt a pang of sorrow, thinking his son could be a remarkable man if he gave up his bad habits. Khulus's wasn't as impressive. However, it seemed like he had tried his best to give a great plan. The next day, he called Jahandar and Khulus to his room and told them that both plans were equally amazing, that he couldn't choose the best one and asked them to leave. Jahandar thought his father was showing favouritism towards Khulus. Aadil created a plan, drawing upon the finest elements of both plans and made arrangements for the next phase of work.

Aadil prepared all the documents regarding the shopping mall project to present them to the client's team. Although his health

wasn't good, he somehow prepared those documents. He met the client's team at his company. He explained to them clearly which architectural style the shopping mall would be built in, how many days it would take to complete the building, and its projected cost. The projected cost seemed to overshoot the client's budget. They asked him whether the cost could be reduced. He said the shopping mall couldn't be built with that architecture at a cost lower than the projected cost he gave. The client's team told him they needed some time to decide and then left the company. Aadil had no belief that they would accept the cost he told them. He worried whether they would go to his competitors. As he was not feeling well, he thought of assigning the task of speaking further with them to Khulus. So he called Khulus, explained the situation, and asked him to handle the client. Khulus asked his grandfather not to worry and assured him that he would surely make them agree to that cost. Aadil felt happier seeing his confidence. He usually assigns such a task to more experienced employees, but he assigned it to Khulus to train him to speak with clients. He thought that he could ask Jahandar to speak with the client if Khulus couldn't convince them. Khulus scheduled a meeting with the client team and met them at the scheduled time. Khulus first explained why they should choose his company over its competitors – he told them that although their competitors would agree to build for less, they would compromise on quality. Then he spoke about all the magnificent buildings that his company had built. Then he gave a very detailed breakdown of the projected cost. Although he gave them all the information they needed, they weren't convinced, and they remained firm in their stance – they made it clear that they wouldn't agree unless the cost was lowered. Khulus asked them to wait for a while and came to Aadil's room. He told Aadil what had transpired. Aadil said, "I will ask your father to try convincing them."

"When he speaks, they will leave the company."

"Don't behave with such arrogance. It's very wrong. Don't ever speak ill of others."

"Forgive me, Grandfather." Then Aadil called Jahandar to his room, and he came. As their eyes met, Jahandar and Khulus felt hatred towards each other. Aadil explained the situation to Jahandar and

asked him to speak to the client's team. Jahandar felt elated at the sight of his son standing there defeated. He told his father, "I know how to handle these kinds of clients. I've handled many clients like them. This work is a piece of cake for me. I know what works with them and what will not. I'll handle it, Father. You should've assigned it to me. You shouldn't have sent an incapable person like Khulus. What would we do if they had left? Hereafter, don't take such risks." Khulus felt greatly angry. Aadil told Jahandar, "You shouldn't utter words that would diminish your son. You should teach him the things that he doesn't know." At that moment, Jahandar felt like asking his father many questions, but he restrained his anger. Then he told Aadil that the client shouldn't be kept waiting long and left the room. Aadil thought, "Khulus is very young. People tend to be more vigorous and less mature at his age, so he acts like this. However, Jahandar is also acting like an adolescent, although he is older. He is openly fighting with his own son." Jahandar returned to Aadil's room within five minutes and told Aadil that he had made the client's team agree to the projected cost. Aadil praised him. Khulus couldn't bear the humiliation. He felt like he was standing in a blazing fire. Jahandar happily left the room. Aadil told Khulus, "I warned you that day; see what happened today. You stand defeated. You can't be happy until you outdo your father. You might gradually go down the wrong path to outdo your father. The desire to be superior has taken root in your mind. Only desire transforms a man into an animal and deludes his mind. It will even make one act mercilessly towards one's own family members. You said you wanted to compete with him for your mother's sake. If you truly did this out of affection for your mother, you will not get angry at your defeat. Secondly, it's wrong to think that you should do such things to give your mother a painless life. One would do a few things to tame and improve control of animals: confine them in a cell, chain them up, block the sides of their eyes, torment them by beating, tie their mouths shut, administer sedatives, separate their children from them, tie up their hands and legs, ensnare them in nets, and castrate them. Causing suffering to animals is a sin, and likewise, causing suffering to humans is also a sin. Causing such sufferings to any being is a greater sin than killing it. It's wrong to think that you must inflict such pain on one person to do good for another. Don't compete with

your father any longer. You have a bigger responsibility. This CEO post is nothing. Go to your room."

Khulus couldn't bear his father's words declaring him incapable. He tried hard to ignore them, but they stung like lashes from a whip. He remained patient until evening, then went to Jahandar's house. Shahlalai approached her son affectionately. Khulus said he had come to confront his father. He appeared seething with rage. After telling him she would fetch his father, she went to Jahandar's room and brought him out. Khulus erupted angrily, "What are you thinking? How dare you utter those words to me? You believe you possess all the qualities to become CEO, yet in truth, you have none. You lack sound knowledge of construction processes – I've noticed it in countless meetings, as you've spoken gibberish. You don't even know what you're saying. Even sober, you ramble incoherently like a drunkard. You walked out of Grandfather's house, but not out of his company, because you can't survive independently. Your life's greatest 'achievement' is bedding hundreds of women. More shameful than the act itself is your brazen pride in it. At my wedding, without any shame, you asked me a disgraceful question. You believe I was shamed that day, yet in reality, the shame was yours. You don't even know how to lead a family; how can you lead such a big company? Abandon your CEO's desires. You'll surely bring disgrace to the company." Though her husband had committed graver mistakes, Shahlalai couldn't tolerate Khulus speaking thus. She told him, "Finding a great man like your father is exceedingly rare. Do you know his affection towards you?" Khulus found it only funny, and he concealed his mockery. He thought his mother desperately portrayed her flawed husband as great. She insisted, "He embodies every noble quality a man can possess. Henceforth, speak no word without respect. Don't forget that he is your father. Only he should succeed your grandfather as CEO. You're still young – just seventeen. You lack life experience. Only your father could be a fitting candidate for that post. Why are you rivalling him?"

"I didn't decide this – your father-in-law did. Do you doubt his judgement?" Shahlalai was speechless. Khulus added, "If my father gained that post, he'd transform the company into a clubhouse or pub. That mighty enterprise would crumble to dust – like entrusting

a pampered parrot to a voracious cat. Just as your life was ravaged after marrying him, so would the company perish." Shahlalai's fury peaked, and her eyes blazed crimson. She delivered a hard slap, leaving Khulus's cheek aflame. She said, "You must apologise to him for those derogatory remarks. Apologise to him now."

"I won't respect him merely because he's my father. He must first comport himself with dignity to earn esteem." Having vented his wrath, Khulus stormed out. Shahlalai wept in profound distress. Though Jahandar harboured deep hatred towards his son, he concealed it from his wife. Seeing her sob, he comforted, "Don't grieve. Fate decreed we bear such a son and endure his insolence. Had I wished, I could've spoken harshly to him, but he couldn't withstand them. He's still youthful. Whatever I say now won't penetrate his mind. He is doing various things out of desire for the post. I expect no respect from him. Please don't cry."

"I can't endure it when someone speaks disrespectfully to you. My stomach burns knowing one born in my womb scorns you so."

"When his child mirrors this insolence towards him, he'll taste our present agony. Let him revel in his follies; undisciplined men like him quieten only after exhausting their vices." Though humiliated in front of his wife, Jahandar endured silently. He resolved that, at the opportune moment, he would quell his son's impertinent, contumelious conduct.

Khulus didn't stop there. He wanted to prove to every employee in the company that his father was nothing compared to him. He thought of a plan. He approached his grandfather and proposed conducting an election in the Delhi branch to choose the next CEO and determine whom the majority of the employees supported. Aadil received the idea with immediate distaste. A troubled reflection stirred within him, "Khulus is impetuous and doesn't understand that forbearance is a necessary quality in a man, and he merely wants to retaliate against his father. Jahandar has shown his anger and shamed many employees in the company. He has asked many women employees to sleep with him. He is still in love with Mirsab's daughter, knowing she is married to another man. If such an election is held, surely my grandson will win it. My son will feel ashamed in front of all. Worse still, if all employees come to know

that father and son stand opposed to the CEO post, the family's reputation will be tarnished." So he refused the proposal outright. Since his health wasn't sound, he couldn't go to the office regularly and attended only important occasions. Khulus, undeterred by his grandfather's refusal, resolved to proceed nonetheless. A voting machine was brought into the company. A company-wide meeting was announced. In that meeting, Khulus spoke about conducting an election to choose the next CEO. The machine was placed prominently before the gathering. Khulus said, "This is a voting machine. There are only two candidates – my father and I. Press the yellow button to vote for me and the blue one for my father. You need not fear; your votes are entirely anonymous. No one will know who voted for whom. You may express your preference boldly. The white button signifies neutrality – if you prefer neither of us. Your employee ID will serve as your voter ID. All employees must participate. Voting will take place today and tomorrow. The results will be announced the day after." A murmur rippled through all employees gathered at the meeting. They were all discussing that the father and son were contending openly for power. When word reached Jahandar, he was overwhelmed with anger. He thought he must crush his son at the opportune moment. He secretly sought out the voting machine operator. He demanded that the results be altered in his favour. He promised him a substantial sum of money. The operator replied that the voting machine was pre-programmed and everything was electronically operated, so he wouldn't be able to do such things. Then Jahandar pondered for a brief moment and told him to track which employee ID voted for which colour and provide those details to him. The operator agreed. The voting commenced. Employees began to cast their votes. With each vote cast, he kept noting who had voted for whom. Aadil soon learned that the election was underway in the company. He felt distressed thinking that, despite his firm refusal, Khulus was conducting the election. Everyone had cast their votes. The voting result was generated at the end of the second day. Eighty per cent of employees had voted for Khulus, the remaining twenty per cent for Jahandar, and not a single vote had been cast for neutrality. At the sight of this, Khulus was elated. At that moment, Aadil met him and said, "Though I forbade it, why did you do so? Is this the respect you show me? There may be a thousand issues between you and

your father, but you mustn't expose them before others. You've acted rashly. Henceforth, all employees will speak mockingly and laugh. How are you going to manage it? In tomorrow's meeting, you must tell all employees that it was a prank. Tell them that you love your father more and end this rivalry." The next day, all employees gathered at the company-wide meeting with utmost curiosity. Aadil also attended the meeting. He planned to speak about something else after Khulus finished his speech to divert everyone's thoughts from this election matter. Jahandar also came to the meeting. He appeared like a wounded tiger. He had already learned the results through the machine operator, that he had lost by a large margin. Thinking it would be more shameful if he avoided the meeting, he attended it, having no other alternative. He was at a loss as to how to endure the impending humiliation. He felt that he must chop Khulus into several pieces. Khulus spoke, "I've won this election. I'm deeply grateful. You are aware that one can perform effectively only under good leadership. You've placed your trust in me as the rightful successor to my grandfather. I will not break this trust. I wanted to thank you for the trust you have placed in me. Together, we'll achieve many accomplishments. The voting results are displayed on the notice board; you may check them later." Aadil was distressed that Khulus had done what he had been warned against. With no other choice, he decided to let the selection of Khulus for the CEO position appear as though it had been decided collectively by all employees and to make it official. He got the mic from Khulus and formally announced that the CEO position would soon be entrusted to Khulus, framing it as the collective will of all the employees. Hall erupted into a thunderous applause and everyone cheered loudly, expressing their joy. The sound of their happiness resounded through the vast meeting hall. Khulus felt as though flowers were being showered upon him from all sides. At the same time, Jahandar felt as though he was being driven out of the company as a frenzied stray dog chased away with stones. The humiliation he dreaded had come to pass in its fullest measure. He didn't know how he would continue working in the company after such humiliation. He had thought that, if he were to lose by a narrow margin, he could persuade a few of those who had voted for Khulus to claim that they had mistakenly cast their votes for the wrong colour by offering them what they desired. But he didn't

expect to lose by such a large margin. He couldn't face anyone in the company. He felt as if everyone were making fun of him and laughing. Khulus felt jubilant. He told his wife that he was the next CEO. Huda was elated and bounced with excitement. Jahandar felt as though he had swallowed a crowbar. He felt intense anguish, thinking that all his enjoyments were over and that he would feel like he was eating excrement every time he ate. Shahlalai couldn't bring herself to watch her husband in sorrow. She worried deeply, thinking that her son had made his father sorrowful. Jahandar appeared like a man cast out of his city.

That evening, Jahandar stormed over to Aadil's house, seething with fury. Upon reaching the entrance, he bellowed, "Father, come out. I have things to say to you." Aadil was on the first-floor balcony. He gazed down at him from there. He asked him to wait and descended. He came to the entrance and ushered him inside. At that time, Khulus and his wife weren't present; they were out. Jahandar was simmering with rage. Aadil asked him calmly, "What is it you wish to say?" Jahandar thundered, "How could you announce Khulus as the next CEO? Have you lost your senses to old age?" Aadil smiled patiently. He said, "Speak gently, without raising your voice. What will shouting achieve? You ought to know how to treat your father with respect. I didn't make that decision lightly. I arrived at it after much deliberation. I won't change it for any reason. If you have something else to discuss, we can talk. My only wish is that you and your son live in harmony. I told you my intention: to make you an owner and him the CEO."

"Will I own the company entirely?"

"I can't do that. If I did, you would expel him from the company. I will give fifty per cent of the shares to you and fifty per cent to him. You both will be partners. Let him carry out the CEO duties. Support him when he needs it. I can't fathom what difficulty you find in this."

"You want to know what suffering I would endure? Perhaps if you stand in my place, you will understand my anguish. Even if Khulus and I become partners, he will hold more authority. Then I'll feel like I'm dependent on him. How did you conclude he is more suited for that position than me? Until now, such a thing has never

happened anywhere in the world. While your son is alive, you're trying to make your grandson your heir. He is just seventeen years old. He is far too young. He doesn't even know how to speak with a client. How can you trust him to make sound judgements in critical moments? He behaves disdainfully towards me even now. When he becomes CEO, he will even spit at my face. Every board member in our company is over forty-five. Each has more than twenty years of experience – more than Khulus's entire life. How will they heed a boy? Just think whether your decision is wise. I beseech you to reconsider."

"Talent and judgement alone are not enough for that role. A person must have good conduct and a sense of duty. They must be constantly devoted to the company's growth. You're older than him, more skilled, and more experienced, but you're not responsible. At all times, your mind is inclined towards lust. You lack self-awareness. You utterly lack emotional intelligence. IQ alone is not enough. In your behaviour, you remain a boy, far less mature than Khulus. After weighing all this, I reached my decision. I will ask him to treat you with respect. You and he must live in harmony."

"After all that has happened, how can we ever be in harmony? How can you claim Khulus has good conduct when he can't even respect his father? He humiliated me in front of everyone. You are the reason he has gone this far."

"Really? Reflect carefully on whether it was you or I who caused him to act this way. You were the one who first made yourself a rival of him. I warned you, but you refused to listen. Does any father compete with his son in such a manner? Until now, such a thing never happened anywhere in the world. You lowered yourself to his level. You should've listened to me. Leave it. If you wish, I will ask Khulus to speak well of you in company meetings."

"Are you going to ask him to show mercy on me? Instead of that, you may as well kill me, Father. There is only one solution for this. Announce me as the next CEO. You yourself speak well of me. Say that Khulus still has much to learn – that is not a lie."

"I can't do that. There is nothing further to discuss on this matter."

"Very well. I won't speak of it again. Give me my rightful share of

the wealth. I may have to proceed legally if you refuse." Aadil had never expected that Jahandar would take such a decision. Until then, Mardhiah had been in the next room and eavesdropping on their conversation. When Jahandar spoke thus, she approached them. She seemed angry. Aadil silenced her with a gesture before she could utter a word. Jahandar told Aadil, "I will give you one week. If you haven't changed your mind by then, we'll have to meet in court." Then Jahandar stormed out of Aadil's home. Aadil pondered for a while. He told his wife, "Why does he harbour such implacable hatred for his son? He has made many mistakes in his life, but I have never shown hatred towards him. My legal advisor was murdered by someone five years ago. He had no enemies. Only Jahandar could have done it. He must have somehow discovered that the legal advisor was the main reason for not selecting Jahandar as CEO. All these years, I believed that he was enslaved only to women and intoxication, but he has begun to kill just to fulfil his desires. If he is left like this, Khulus may be in danger. I fear I will lose both my family and my company because of him alone. They are like two eyes to me. He only wishes to spend his life in pleasure. I made this decision to let him live according to his wish without any hardship. I think he is desiring the CEO position only to triumph over his son. It wouldn't matter if he merely squandered his own life, but I can't bear the thought of others being harmed because of him. I have no choice left but to kill him. Let me call my friend." Mardhiah startled in horror, her entire body trembled uncontrollably. She said, "Please abandon this thought at once. After all, he is our child. He spoke out of ignorance. Let me speak to him. I'll make him understand."

"I've spoken to him countless times. He never changed all along; do you think he'll change just because you speak a few words to him? He has become like a frenzied stray dog. We must only do whatever is necessary to prevent him from causing harm to others. Just imagine that we have no children." Weeping, she beseeched him repeatedly not to do anything rash. She said, "He won't go to court. I will talk to him. Please have a little patience."

"If he goes to court, I'll kill him without even considering him as our son." Then he stormed to his room.

Mardhiah telephoned Jahandar and said, "Have you lost your senses? Please don't file any court case. Your father told me he would kill you if you did. I'm terrified. I'm not prepared to lose you. Please apologise to your father and do as he wishes." Jahandar was shaken to the core. He understood with painful clarity that he would gain nothing by opposing his father. He was heartbroken, at a loss for what to do.

Shahlalai couldn't bear to see her husband remain in sorrow. She longed to see him happy. She resolved to meet her father-in-law and speak to him about it. She went to Aadil's house. Aadil was overjoyed to see her. He enquired after her well-being. She replied that she was not well. Aadil said, "You're like the daughter I was never blessed with. I couldn't bear it if any suffering came to you."

"My husband and my son are competing for the CEO position. Why don't you appoint my husband to that position? Khulus is still young. I'm not here because my husband asked me to come. I came without informing him. He has been so sad, and I couldn't bear to see him like that," and burst into tears, sobbing convulsively. He asked her not to cry. Then he said, "I had decided to make him CEO, thinking that none of this should occur. But he wasn't interested in the post at that time and was pursuing a married woman. Only after I told him that I was going to give the post to Khulus did he develop a desire for it. He desires this post the way he craves any other ordinary indulgence; I've no faith that he'll assume it seriously and work for the company effectively."

"Father-in-law, just tell him your expectations. He will certainly act accordingly. For my sake, give him one final chance."

"All right, I'll think about it." Then Shahlalai left Aadil's home.

One day, Khulus met Shehyar at the company. As they conversed, Khulus remarked, "Why are women like this? They revere their husbands as deities, no matter how flawed they may be. I simply can't fathom it."

"Since when have you begun to feel this way?"

"No matter how reprehensibly my father conducts himself, my mother continues to speak of him with unwavering favour. Even

when he errs, she insists that I treat him with respect. What's more, when I grew angry with him, she slapped me and compelled me to apologise." Shehyar smiled and said, "What's there to be surprised about? No woman can bear to see her husband disrespected by another. They'll even be willing to sacrifice their very lives to protect him. Every woman desires that her husband be held in high esteem by society. Your mother is no different. For her sake, treat your father with respect."

Jahandar knew no other way but to seek reconciliation with his father. At the same time, he was deeply distressed thinking about how he would enter the company where he had been so profoundly humiliated and how he would face his son. Unable to bear it, he drank excessively. He went to the company highly inebriated. Every employee who laid eyes on him was taken aback and thought that the CEO's son had arrived at the company in such a disgraceful state. Their looks of shock didn't cause as much pain as the looks of mockery. At that time, Aadil was presiding over an important board meeting. Jahandar made his way towards the room where the board meeting was underway. Through the glass wall, Aadil saw his son standing outside the room, visibly inebriated. A fierce rage ignited within him at the sight. He tersely instructed others to continue in his absence and stepped out. Holding his son's hand, he dragged him out of the company and to his car. After seating him in his car, he drove straight to his house. Once they entered the home, Aadil spoke angrily, "Why did you enter the company in this state? The workplace is like a temple – a sacred space. How could you dare to set foot there in such a deplorable state?"

"What do I do then, Father? Shall I die? If you wish, kill me yourself. I don't want the CEO position or this life."

"Will you act responsibly if I appoint you as CEO? Will you toil tirelessly for the company's growth? Can you swear to God that you will never drink a single drop of alcohol again? Will you take care of your three wives properly?"

"Father, before anything else, I must beg your forgiveness. I shouldn't have spoken to you that way. I will act according to your expectations. From now on, I will strive hard for the company's success; I won't drink, and I will seek no companionship outside of

my wives. You can completely trust me. I'll erase every humiliation I endured at the company through sheer hard work. I promise you, Father. I promise."

"You're not merely saying all this to secure the CEO post, are you?"

"No, Father. I swear to God, I shall conduct myself according to your guidance." Scarcely able to believe what he was witnessing, Aadil pinched himself to confirm whether it was real or a dream. He couldn't believe that his son had changed suddenly. Though not out of regard for his son himself, he decided to give him one last chance for the sake of his daughter-in-law. From that day forth, Jahandar acted dutifully at the company. Aadil felt happy seeing it. A faint sense of trust began to take root within him.

Aadil's health declined each day. He sensed the end was near. While at home, he said to Khulus, "I've decided to appoint your father himself as CEO."

"Grandfather, as I've said before, I've no desire for that role. Besides, all the hatred which I carried towards my father has vanished. From this moment on, I'll neither hate nor be angered by anyone. Just give me the magical necklace. I firmly believe that the company you started, which embodies your principles, will flourish. While I have this belief, let me wear the necklace. The company will prosper, and this entire world will also be good." Overwhelmed with joy, Aadil embraced his grandson and kissed his cheek. With tears of joy, he said, "Only now are you in a good mental state. From now on, no matter what happens in your life, don't let your emotions rule you. After I give you that necklace, you must tell no one. It shouldn't be revealed even by accident. Except you and your wife, no one else knows about it, right?"

"I didn't tell anyone, Grandfather. Even if I did, none would believe me. They would only think I'm speaking nonsense."

"Good. Your birthday is a week away. I'll give it to you as your birthday gift. Don't show it to anyone."

"I won't, Grandfather."

Aadil convened a company-wide meeting the following day. All employees assembled. At the meeting, Aadil announced that after

him, Jahandar would succeed him, as Khulus had stepped aside from the CEO position, stating he was not qualified enough for the role. Jahandar was transported with delight.

The power of the magical necklace

Feeling jubilant, Jahandar decided to celebrate his victory of being selected as the next CEO. He went to his favourite brothel, where top-quality prostitutes are offered. Each time he visited the brothel, he gave them a large sum of money. Because of that, he received high respect there. Those who run the brothel would revere Jahandar as though their worshipful deity had arrived at their place. When Jahandar entered, he said he was very happy that day and asked them to bring the new arrivals immediately. That day, there were three new arrivals. Without delay, they were brought before Jahandar. Thinking he could take all three if all were good, he began to scan their bodies. He looked at the first. She was wearing a long-sleeved, form-fitting black dress with mesh-like structured fabric and a wide scoop neckline. The dress fell to her knees. She had a slender yet curvaceous, well-proportioned body. She had long, dark brown hair that cascaded smoothly over her shoulders, with gentle waves towards the ends. She had small but quite expressive eyes. Her lips were plump and full, ideal for kissing. She had rather a narrow body frame, elegant, graceful and well-defined shoulders and bust, which were accentuated by the dress's low neckline. She had a defined waist. Jahandar really liked her large lips in her small face. Then he looked at the next. She was wearing a fitted and short halter-style dress with a blue and purple floral pattern. She was skinny, very slender, but had a proportionate body structure. Her posture was bold and upright. Her gaze was intense and direct. She had a long oval-shaped face and long legs. She looked like a cute, skinny fox. Jahandar really liked her gaze. Then he looked at the third prostitute. In his many years of brothel experience, he had never seen a prostitute who covered her entire body. Her attire was traditional – she was wearing a saree. Her eyebrows were thick, and her face looked graceful. Although a good figure is important for a woman, only her face would create more attraction in men, mainly her gaze. The relationship between

people starts with a gaze. A woman who tries to woo a man should ensnare him with her gaze. Then, to prevent him from escaping from it, she has to use her body parts. Her defined jawline lent her face a look so captivating. Because she was fully draped in a saree, her body parts were not clearly visible, which mildly angered him. He asked her to take off the loose end of the saree, which was draped over her shoulder, and she did. Until then, the other two were looking as though they were lamps that shine brightly in pitch-black darkness, but after her draping was taken off, they were as though the very lights had been extinguished. She had such an alluring body form. He felt that nothing could surpass the saree, no matter how many kinds of clothing were invented in the world for women. She wore the underskirt low, below her navel, and the pleats began from there. She was irresistible in that look. Although she didn't carry fat and had an athletic physique, she looked very feminine. Like the sun at dawn and the glittering gold, her skin glowed. She had silky, black, straight hair that lay loosely around her head and shoulders. She had a chiselled, sculpted waist with a deep navel. Her midriff and waist got fully exposed after taking off their cover. She was wearing a maroon, mid-sleeved blouse with a scooped neckline. Like unveiling a statue at a statue opening ceremony, she uncovered her toned, slender and flat waist by removing the saree. It was like uncovering a shiny gold bar. He had never seen such a deep navel in such a slender waist. No matter how flat a woman's waist is, no matter how her waist seamlessly flows to her hips, and no matter how her bust, waist and hips combined look like an hourglass shape, the most delightful feature is her beautiful navel. Women might have different types of belly buttons – horizontal, resembling an eye; vertical, resembling the light of an oil lamp; circular, like a full moon; oval with soft edges, resembling a jackfruit seed; T-shaped; light bulb-shaped; spiral-shaped; and protruding. Each man likes a different type. A type which Jahandar liked is circular. If it were deep, he would feel overjoyed. Generally, slender women don't have deep navels. But she had a deep navel – like a hole drilled in a wall. She looked as though she were made artificially for the sole purpose of intense lustful enjoyment – a woman crafted cell by cell with meticulous precision. Until she uncovered her upper body, his eyes were wandering restlessly among three, alighting on each in turn, but the

instant her navel was revealed, they stilled, frozen. Then they didn't move anywhere. Like a serpent spellbound by the snake handler's flute, he was spellbound by her cavernous navel. He felt that thereafter, he should use her profound navel even for drinking water and use her absolutely flat waist even for eating. One would enter a trans state after gazing at a hypnotic pendulum, but he entered that state by looking at her navel. After remaining in that state for a few seconds, he pointed his finger at her. The other two went to a different room. Usually, after selecting a prostitute, he would take her to a hotel suite and spend an entire night in pleasure. Even as one of the men in charge approached Jahandar and named the price for a single night with her, his gaze was unwaveringly fixed upon her waist. As though caught in a pit, his eyes were fixed on her navel. Gazing at her flat waist, he told him, "I wish to keep her with me permanently. Hereafter, she is mine."

"Have her for this night alone, sir. We can't send her permanently. She is well-trained for this service. She is not only young and beautiful but also highly skilled in her job. We bought her from South India by paying a large sum. She will only stay here for a month. Even if she stays only for a month, we'll eat without working for the next three years using her. She did many plastic surgeries and sculpted her body into a perfect figure. Like a sword forged with meticulous precision by a most skilful blacksmith through painstaking effort, she has polished her body. Many brothels will earn a huge sum of money just using her alone. We ourselves are only renting her. If you wish, you can take her for an entire month. Please forgive us."

"I give in a single payment the money you'll earn if she stays here for the next three years." The brothel person gaped. Jahandar wrote a large amount on a cheque and gave it to him. Then the brothel person went to her and said, "A golden-egg-laying duck, instead of giving only a single golden egg, longs to keep you close and bestow golden eggs from time to time. The finest, most luxurious offering for your body." She felt overjoyed thinking that there was no necessity for her to go to different places, stay there, and work as a prostitute for a period to accumulate money. She decided to live as a concubine for the wealthiest man for her entire life. She got into the car with Jahandar. Jahandar commanded his driver to go home.

The driver emphasised, "Home, Sir," and said, "Usually you go to a hotel, but today you're asking to go home."

"I'm taking her to my home. Get moving." Then the driver headed towards Jahandar's home. It would take only ten minutes to reach home from there, but Jahandar couldn't be patient. He asked her to take off her saree again, and she took off the drape that covered her upper body. He rubbed her waist, inserted his finger into her navel and shook the finger. He wanted to kiss her waist. Since it wasn't comfortable for him, he asked her to kneel on his lap as though kneeling on the floor. She knelt on his lap in that manner. As she came to that position, her navel, which was like a full moon and a deep well, came near his mouth. To prevent her from falling due to the shaking of the car, she gripped the top portion of the back seat with her two hands. Her hands were on either side of Jahandar's head. Gripping her back firmly, like the swift strike of a serpent, he planted many kisses on her waist without pause. Her skin was very smooth. The driver couldn't help but notice what was happening in the back seat and the sounds they made. Like water droplets continuously falling into a bucket filled with water, the sound kept coming. Then Jahandar pressed his lips firmly and rubbed them over her waist. Like a child tasting an ice lolly by licking it again and again, he licked her waist. According to the training instilled in her, whenever he licked, she produced a sound, "Ah..." The driver felt as though he were hearing only the sound of a blue film. Sometimes he nipped her waist. She produced the same sound as and when he nipped, only a little louder than the sound she produced when he licked. Jahandar liked the sounds she was producing more than her body. When he bit a little harder, she cried out sharply – louder and higher-pitched but for a short duration. Making her cry like that gave more pleasure to Jahandar. Then he rolled his tongue into a tube and inserted it into her navel. With the tip of his tongue, he licked the interior of her navel thoroughly. Like licking the last traces of toothpaste clean from the tube's cap, he licked her navel clean. While his tongue was inside her navel, she produced the same sound with a slight tremor, low-pitched and for a long duration. The cry gave Jahandar heightened pleasure. Her waist, despite being tight, was smooth like butter. It was like licking a plate coated with butter. He felt that when a

bird's feather was placed on her skin, it would glide effortlessly – like a child sliding on a slide – as shown in a soap advertisement. Without even being aware that he had reached his house a few minutes ago, he kept rubbing his face, lips and tongue on her waist. The driver remained sitting inside the car. Thinking that the sound of the door opening shouldn't disturb them and that if he did something like so, Jahandar would get greatly angry with him, he remained, not knowing what to do. He couldn't turn back, so he sat gazing forward. Since Jahandar kept both his lips and tongue busy for several minutes, he got tired. He embraced her as she was, leaned his head on her waist and closed his eyes. She asked Jahandar, "Why shouldn't we get inside the house?" Only then did he realise that he had reached his house. They both stepped out of the car. His saliva was all over her waist. Not only was her waist showered with his rain of kisses, but also with his rain of saliva. After correcting her saree, she wiped the saliva off with her saree with some effort. Shahlalai didn't like her husband's act of bringing a prostitute home at all. She feared what might happen if her father-in-law found out. Jahandar was eager to take the prostitute to a room and bathe her entire body with his saliva. He briskly led her to a room and closed the door. After entering the room, he drew her saree free from her and hurled it. It flew far away and fell. From that alone, she could see how deep his lust towards her was. He knelt before her. When he did so, she thought that he was doing what she had to do. Usually, in her service, first she would repeatedly dip the partner's penis into her mouth, giving them pleasure. But before she could kneel, he knelt before her. After placing a pressing kiss on her waist, he tried to untie the drawstring of her skirt. His hands trembled out of sexual excitement. Trembling, he couldn't correctly untie the knot of the skirt's drawstring. He fumbled for a few seconds, and then she helped him. After untying the knot, he removed her skirt. He licked her vulva, which was covered with the panties, with firm pressure and pulled her panties in one swift motion. In her experience, no partner had removed her dress. Only she would remove the partner's dress and her own dress. Then he began to drink the ambrosia of her waist. Even after drinking so much, he longed for more. Like carefully applying shampoo to a child's head while bathing it, she stroked his head. Then they decided to lie on the bed. He removed his dress.

She removed the remaining clothes – upper garments. Her body looked flawless. For a few seconds, he savoured her body with wide-open eyes, sighing deep breaths. Then, from the crown to the toe, he did whatever he could. Like fondly embracing a child and affectionately stroking it, she stroked him. She had never done that to anyone else. For some reason, she felt like doing it to him. She acted according to his liking. Jahandar liked her very much. He asked her name. "Vedika," she replied. The next morning, he made all arrangements to keep her in that room. He bought her what she needed. He set a maidservant to do all service to her. Shahlalai was apprehensive that her father-in-law or her son might find out what her husband was doing.

That day, Jahandar went to the company happily. He walked majestically inside. After knowing that he would become the next CEO, all employees behaved with reverence and awe towards him. Since they acted with respectful humility, Jahandar felt happy. Everyone came to Jahandar and congratulated him on becoming the next CEO. He happily shook hands with them. Although all employees behaved with reverence and awe, his son didn't. At all times, a slight mockery could be seen on Khulus's lips. He thought that his son, who had only seen him with hatred all these days, had now begun to see him mockingly. He thought, "My father said that he himself confessed that he didn't possess enough qualifications for the CEO post. Isn't it? Then why is my son smiling mockingly like this? He regards me with derision, as if I don't earn this post through my skill and experience but have begged it from my father instead," and became angry with his son. Like all other employees, Khulus also met his father and congratulated him. Even while congratulating him, a mocking smile was found on his lips. It gave great fury to Jahandar. After that, whenever people chatted and laughed, he doubted whether they were talking about him mockingly and laughing. Then the great humiliation he had experienced at the company a few days before came to his mind. He felt that no matter how many days passed and how laboriously he worked for the company's growth, no one would ever forget that incident. If he heard a laughing sound anywhere, he felt as if stones were being thrown at him. His son had stuck on the notice board his defeat to him by a huge difference and displayed it to all. He felt

that no one would easily forget it. He thought that although he was in the top-most place at the company, no one respected him. He felt that only by meting out a fitting punishment to his son and all those who voted against him could he fix it. There were five hundred employees in that branch; of those, four hundred voted against him. He thought about how he could punish all those. Although he contemplated for a long time, no idea came to him. Then he saw the newspaper on his table. In that newspaper, an advertisement for a newly released superhero movie had been placed. He saw that advertisement. He thought that if he had any superpower, he would take revenge on all of them. Then, a thing which Jahandar had forgotten for many days suddenly emerged in his mind – he thought about the magical necklace that he once took from his father's room for Anahita. He thought that in his young age, he had asked for it several times to test its power, but his father never gave it to him, telling him that it was extremely dangerous and that it mustn't fall into the wrong hands, even by accident. He felt that if it were obtained, it could be used to punish all. But he didn't know how to get the necklace from his father. Since his father wouldn't give it to him if he asked, he pondered how he could get the necklace from him.

Jahandar resolved to steal the necklace. Five days passed; he arranged for a skilful thief. He told the thief the necklace's structural details and asked him to steal it and give it to him. He assured him a large reward if he did so. That night, Aadil happily went to his bed, thinking that the next morning he would deliver the birthday wishes to Khulus and would give him the necklace as a present. He thought that he had arranged a way to save the world for the reason he had taken his birth in it, and slept peacefully. That very night, the thief entered Aadil's house. He knew about everything – all kinds of locks, CCTV cameras, many kinds of security systems and the ways a man would conceal and safeguard various possessions. He had been steeped in thievery for many years. He first searched the 'office room' – where Aadil kept all company-related documents. The necklace wasn't there. Then he entered Aadil's bedroom and opened his wardrobe. There was a small locker inside. It was attached to the wardrobe and couldn't be taken out. He dusted some powder on the keypad used to enter the

passcode. He looked at which of the keys contained fingerprints. By analysing the fingerprints, he determined which direction the finger must have pointed while pressing those keys. He found out the sequence of the four buttons. On his very first attempt, the locker opened. He stole the necklace without making any noise. He gave it to Jahandar and received a large sum of money.

After looking at the necklace, all his old memories came to him. Although he had sex with many women, the first woman he touched was Anahita. He won't be able to forget her until his last breath. He wore the necklace. Once he wore it, it started glowing. He felt as though he were the king of the largest empire in the world. Standing majestically, he felt joy looking at his image in the mirror. He thought no one could win him. Since he was very happy that day, he asked his men to buy him cocaine. They bought it and gave it to him. He was in the bar room in his house. The room was large enough to accommodate a hundred people. It had a bar counter, four chairs nearby and no other furniture. A small family function or birthday parties would be hosted there only. Only in that room would he always drink. Jahandar had already taken cocaine, but he had taken it only in moderation; that day, unlike usual, he took more. The thought of becoming CEO had already intoxicated him. Along with that, cocaine's intoxication also joined. He roared with laughter. Looking at her husband laughing loudly without a reason, Shahlalai worried. Then she went to the bedroom. Although he carried sadness in his heart due to the humiliation he endured in the company, as a result of taking drugs, more dopamine was released in his brain, and that boosted his confidence and energy. He felt happy knowing he was the head of the company, with everyone beneath him – whatever else happened. After a short while, hallucinations began to occur to him. The servants' faces in his room changed into dog-like faces. Once he noticed that, Jahandar startled. He screamed, fearing that it was happening to him because of some paranormal power. To help him, a servant ran to him and asked, "What happened to you, sir?" There was a big tail behind the servant. His mouth and nose had protruded. His ears looked like two hillocks on his head. There were no eyelids on his eyes. While he was speaking, it seemed as though a dog took a human form and spoke to him. On seeing him close, he

screamed even more loudly. Other servants also came running to Jahandar. They tried to dispel his fear. The servants thought that since Jahandar had taken cocaine, something had happened to him. They gave water and asked him to drink. Jahandar, nervously looking at those servants, asked, "Why do all of you have dog-like faces? Your eyes, nose, mouth, ears – everything – are like a dog's." One servant, "Not like that, Sir. We remain the same." Another servant said, "Sir, I think you feel sleepy. If you want, I'll take you to your room." Another servant asked him, "Shall I call a doctor, Sir?" The tone of their voice had a ghostly effect – mildly reverberating as if bouncing through an empty hall. Even their tongue seemed like a dog's tongue. Jahandar screamed, "All of you, leave this place. Leave me alone." One of the servants told the other servants that he would take care of Jahandar and sent them away. Other servants left the room. The one who remained said, looking at Jahandar, "Sir, don't worry. Nothing happened to you. You're well. One might feel like this after taking cocaine. Don't panic. It'll get better with time. Understand that it's all an illusion. Everything is an illusion. Nothing is real. Whatever you believe to be real isn't real. When cocaine is taken more than the limit, one would feel like this. I'm an ordinary man. Your servant. You don't have to be scared of looking at me. I won't let anything happen to you." The servant continued to speak like that until Jahandar's fear was completely eased. Jahandar asked him to show his tongue. The servant displayed it, sticking it out. His tongue extended from his mouth to his knees. It was as wide as the palm of an adult. More saliva was dripping from his tongue. After seeing his tongue, he screamed more. Again, the servant talked more to relieve his fear. However much he talked, Jahandar's fear couldn't be allayed. The servant urged him to touch and feel his face. After telling him that he would realise everything was an illusion if he felt, he held Jahandar's hand and brought it close to his face, but Jahandar drew his hand out of fear. The servant implored Jahandar to touch him once, but Jahandar didn't have the courage to do it. Left with no choice, the servant thought of an idea. He told Jahandar, "A virgin girl was raped violently. Out of hatred towards men, she cursed all men. She cursed that every man's face should change to a dog-like face, and all men's faces changed like this. This is what I came to know, sir. Even your face has changed to a dog-like face. Hereafter,

men will have this face only." After that, Jahandar's fear was alleviated. Jahandar asked him, "Is it because of a woman's curse that we've changed like this?"

"Yes, sir." Jahandar believed what he said completely. The faces of all men in the world were changed to a dog-like face. Jahandar touched the servant's face and understood that nothing was an illusion and everything was real. Now, the servant screamed. Noticing that his face and Jahandar's face had indeed been changed to a dog-like face, he screamed and even ran out of the house. All men who were awake in the world screamed, noticing their faces had been changed to dog-like faces. Some fainted, and a few men even died. Then Jahandar touched his face and realised he was having a dog-like face. He found that even his tongue was three feet long. Then, standing before a mirror, he observed his face. In the mirror, he noticed something else as well. He saw highly beautiful, young women standing behind him without any clothes on. Immediately, he turned around and looked at them. There were more than fifty women in his room. All were asking Jahandar to come and embrace them. Those women were very sexy. Their bodies were highly curvaceous. All had wasp-like waists, and they were absolutely flat. They were full-figured – they had large breasts and hips like Marilyn Monroe. Their breasts were as large as a tender coconut. Even when they slightly shook their body, their breasts swayed gently. Their bum looked round. Some women brandished their butts. Some women brandished their breasts by holding them with their hands and moving them in an up-and-down or side-to-side motion. Some women joined their index finger and middle finger together and repeatedly dipped them inside their vaginal opening. Some women, in their sexual trance state, kept their eyes partly hooded and flaunted their bodies, rubbing them with their hands. Some women twisted their shoulders briskly from side to side, shaking their breasts and showing them to him. Shahlalai, who was sleeping until then, woke up. She headed to the barroom to check what her husband was doing. Jahandar believed whatever he was looking at was real, not an illusion. The hallucinations became real. When those highly beautiful women were doing such things, he was extremely aroused. At once, he removed all his clothes and ran to them. Those women ran towards

him. All yearned to embrace him. Within them, there was a heavy competition. They fought, shoved, and elbowed each other as they hugged him alternatively. Jahandar pleaded with them to come one by one, but those women didn't heed, no matter how earnestly he requested. Driven by ardent lust, they did various things to his body. When a water truck arrives in an area extremely affected by drought, all people who were living there will compete with one another, carrying large pots with a lot of determination to get the water. In the same manner, all women, to touch his body, to embrace him tightly, to hold his penis, and to insert it inside their genitalia, competed with one another murderously. He begged them not to rush but instead to enjoy him patiently. When someone goes to an area plagued by famine for many months and provides food for the people who are living there, they will brutally brawl around him, striving to get as much food as possible. In the same manner, those women tried very hard to rub their bodies against his body. Like people living through a famine would yearn, "Won't I at least get a single morsel of food?" those women yearned, "Won't I at least touch his body?" Those women tried to lick his body just the way dipsomaniacs, who remained abstinent for many days because of no means to drink, would compete when a drum full of alcohol was placed before them. Shahlalai came to the room. She was aghast at the sight. Since those women enshrouded her husband, she couldn't see her husband. It seemed that her husband had worn a mask. She felt greatly perturbed thinking that he was deriving carnal pleasure from those many women at the same time. She then returned to the bedroom, weeping. Like moving from one spot to another across a place crammed with people who gathered for the celebration of a festival, Jahandar moved with difficulty from the barroom to the cellar room, which was nearby. There were more than two hundred wine bottles in the room. He took the bottles one by one, opened them, and emptied them over their bodies. He bathed those women one by one, separately with wine as if he were carrying out a ritual bathing of a deity. Shortly after, those women took the bottles and poured the wine over themselves. All women were bathed with wine. If a group of monkeys were allowed to enter a banana farm, they would devastate the farm; likewise, those women emptied every wine bottle in the cellar. All the women laughed and were joyful. As and when women came towards him, he kept tightly

hugging them, rubbing their bodies, squeezing their breasts, inserting his fingers inside their genitalia, and vigorously shaking his finger, inserting it into their navels. Since he had a dog-like face, it was difficult for him to kiss them, tightly embracing them. Using his three-foot tongue, he tasted the wine on their bodies. Like towelling the body dry after bathing, he rubbed the wine on those women's bodies with his tongue. Simultaneously, his tongue rubbed three women's bodies. Since his tongue was longer and wider, it was easy for him to lick their bodies. He kept drooling. Already bathed by wine, those women were bathed by his saliva. He licked their breasts. He licked their waists. He licked their thigh regions. Using the full length of his tongue, he licked their vulvas many times, applying more pressure. He thoroughly licked them without leaving any woman. Those women felt great joy whenever he licked them. They greatly enjoyed that pleasure. They asked for more. As they asked, he kept licking them. He didn't leave even a single drop of wine in their bodies. Jahandar had always believed that he was virile. Prostitutes, to gain more money from him, look at him as if he were highly masculine and pretend to enjoy his touch more. Only for such feedback, he often went to a prostitute. He believed that he could satisfy any woman, and he believed that no matter how many times he released his semen, he could remain active for the whole night and enjoy himself with a woman. The necklace he wore made his beliefs real. According to those beliefs, he was able to have great sex with all those fifty women. His penis was always strongly erect. Those women competed for his penis. They fought within themselves, wanting to be the next one to take his penis into their genitalia. He made those fifty women happy by taking turns. After inserting his penis a few times into a woman's genitalia, she reached her orgasm. Some women even squirted fluid. The fluid mixed with the wine that had scattered around the floor. Jahandar didn't worry that his face had changed to a dog-like face. He thought about only the happiness of experiencing the greatest sexual pleasure. Shahlalai didn't get sleep and was weeping, lying on the bed. She thought, "His lustful desire is only increasing. Day by day, he is becoming more awful." Feeling discomfort from the necklace around his neck, he took it off. The instant he removed it, all those women disappeared. He got back his real face. All men in the world got their real faces back. He understood that all was a

hallucination due to the narcotic drug, and the necklace had made those real. He understood the power of the necklace well. After placing the necklace in a safe place, he went to sleep, feeling highly satisfied.

The next morning, Shahlalai asked Jahandar, "Do you want to have sex with so many women at the same time? Why did you do such a thing?" Since Jahandar liked her very much, he told her about the necklace and its power. After learning everything, Shahlalai telephoned her father-in-law and relayed to him all that her husband had told her. Aadil was cleared of his bewilderment about how all men's faces changed to dog-like faces last night. He asked his daughter-in-law to get the necklace from Jahandar somehow and give it to him. Then Shahlalai met her husband again. "The necklace is the father-in-law's, right? It is only proper to hand it to him. Please return it to your father," said she.

"Who told you the necklace is my father's?"

"My father-in-law himself. We don't want such a necklace. What wealth and comfort do we not have? Why do we want such a thing? Give it to him. If something happens to you by wearing it, I couldn't bear it."

"Why did you tell my father what you and I conversed about without asking me? Is this the respect you give your husband?" he asked and gave a tight slap on her cheek. Weeping, she said, "I wish that you would go on a good path and live with good health. That is why I reported this matter to my father-in-law. What I did was wrong. Please forgive me. Hereafter, I won't do this again."

"Don't stand before my eyes. Get away."

"What do I do when other family members see you being with so many women like this? I couldn't even bear the thought of others reviling you for anything. I feel like committing suicide," she said and sobbed her heart out. Jahandar said, "Let anyone see it. Every time you speak to me, you speak as though I'm a brute and you're an innocent. Let me be the brute, and let you be the innocent. You don't have to commit suicide; I myself will kill you. All others are humiliating me directly, but you're humiliating me indirectly like this. You're acting as though only you're teaching me how to live.

You behave as though you're conducting yourself very carefully and suitably towards one who is mentally affected. What are you thinking about yourself and me in your mind? Are you thinking that I'm an intellectually impaired person and you're skilfully handling even such a person? What're all the other matters you have said to my father like this? You must've said that to my father whenever I go to brothels. You're also a reason he became so angry with me. By acting in this way, did you not see that you yourself were inflicting harm on your own family members? For all other families, problems come from outside, but to my family, problems come through one of its members. Leaving you alive any longer is wrong." He held her neck and strangled. After taking off his hand, she tried to escape. He held her hand before she could run and kicked her stomach. She fell. Then, gripping her hair and dragging her, he went to the barroom where he was last night. He lugged her up to the bar counter. She begged him many times to leave her, but he didn't seem to leave her. Although he liked his wife, at that moment, he felt hatred towards her. The reason for that was the high pleasure he experienced using cocaine the previous day. After a child is given a cherished plaything and allowed to play with it joyfully for a brief time, when it is then wrested from the child, the child will clamour to get it back. In the same manner, a human would behave while experiencing pleasure in life. A man will be happier while experiencing a pleasure, but after experiencing it, hatred and anger take up residence in his mind. To the extent that he experiences pleasure, an equal measure of hatred and anger will be formed. He could be happy only while indulging in pleasure. He won't know why hatred is formed. Without knowing this, he keeps searching for ways to attain satisfaction. He'll think he can obtain contentment by either earning more money, attaining some object, or uniting with the loved one. Having sex, smoking and drinking alcohol are not the only pleasures; eating appetising food is also a pleasure. The more scrumptious a food is, the more pleasure one derives. Gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins. Since eating food is highly essential for human life, no one will see that as a bad thing. We should understand that gluttony is as bad as drinking alcohol. Watching porn movies causes more harm to one's mind than going to prostitutes. Why? Because only a wealthy man can go to prostitutes often, but anyone, for any length of time, can keep

watching the porn movies – all it requires is a smartphone and an internet connection. The more one immerses oneself in pleasure, the more harm one brings upon oneself. Will a person who has lived in a palace for many days live in a small hut? Some people say that it is not bad to watch porn movies, stating that, if watched, a man's desire will be subdued and no crimes will happen to women because of him. As one keeps watching porn movies, he will be cast into a state where he can gain happiness only by fondling a woman's body. Just as one who has no means to eat roams about for food, he will have to roam about like that. It is difficult to turn a woman into a prostitute by persecution or threats, but if the habit of using drugs is developed within her, she herself turns into a prostitute. This is the strategy handled by those who want to use women as sexual objects. Many addictions are invented to suck out the hard-earned money of people – chocolate, biscuits, instant noodles, pastries, etc. It is not necessary for a person to use only narcotic drugs like cocaine to release dopamine, which is otherwise called 'experiencing pleasure'; it is enough to watch porn movies or eat delicious foods. Even if it's not like taking a bath in giant waterfalls, it'll be like taking a bath in a bathroom shower. As already mentioned, like one living in famine, roaming for food, one who has experienced pleasure and finds no way to get it again will have to roam about for it. To get the pleasure again, he will be ready to do anything at all. This is the only reason for the ruin of a person's life. One who yearns for pleasure will be so ignorant that they consider pleasure to be more important than dignity. Near the bar counter, a servant was standing. Jahandar asked him to leave. Since all the wine bottles were emptied the previous night, new wine bottles were bought and placed there. She kept trying to escape from him. To prevent her from running away, he took a bottle and broke it on her head. Unable to bear the pain, she fell, clutching her head. Blood was oozing out of her head. After fetching another wine bottle, he went close to her. He tried to pour the wine into her mouth, but she kept her lips zipped and didn't open her mouth. He kicked her stomach many times. Even at that moment, she didn't open her mouth. He tried to thrust the bottle into her mouth. Even when he poured some wine into her mouth, she spat it out. He noticed a champagne flute placed on the bar counter. He took it, broke its bottom and converted it into a funnel.

Its broken bottom was very sharp. He stabbed her closed mouth using its sharp portion. Once she opened her mouth, he thrust the flute into her mouth. Its sharp portion pierced the interior of her mouth. Then, through the flute, he poured the wine into her mouth. She couldn't spit it. Since she was injured in the head, she couldn't struggle. Gravity made her swallow the wine. He took bottles one by one and kept pouring into her mouth. He poured the contents of fifteen bottles into her mouth. Each bottle contained six hundred ml of wine. She drank almost nine litres of wine. The wine had forty per cent alcohol. She drank almost three and a half litres of alcohol. She became completely unconscious. He took out the champagne flute, which was pierced inside her mouth and closed her mouth. He took a towel and blotted the blood trickled on her face and on her head. He had never touched her so kindly before. Then he hauled her with difficulty to their bedroom. With a lot of effort, he lifted her, who was on the floor, and laid her on the bed. He took a blanket and put it over her. Then, he fetched the emptied wine bottles from the barroom and placed them in their bedroom. It seemed as though she was sleeping peacefully after drinking all the wine. Jahandar summoned a servant and ordered him to wipe this barroom clean since his wife's blood was stained in the barroom. Then he summoned another servant and ordered him to pack the clothes needed for fifteen days immediately. The servant immediately packed and gave it to him. Without the slightest delay, Jahandar exited the house without anyone's notice. He took the necklace along with him. That afternoon, knowing that his father had the necklace, Khulus, along with his wife, came to Jahandar's home to retrieve it. Since that day was Khulus's birthday, he also planned to get blessings from his mother. At that time, Jadida, Sahla, Vedika, Shah-Alam and Parsa were there in Jahandar's house. Khulus told them he had come to meet his father. No one knew where Jahandar was. Although some of the servants knew it, they acted as though they didn't know. Khulus again developed hatred towards his father. Huda wished to meet her mother-in-law. They went to Jahandar's bedroom. It seemed like Shahlalai was in her deep sleep. Huda thought that her mother-in-law wouldn't sleep during the afternoon like that and wondered. Then, noticing the empty wine bottle in the room, Huda was shocked. Then she went close to her mother-in-law. A pungent smell of alcohol came from

her mother-in-law's body. Then, Huda noticed a diminutive blood stain on the pillow and trembled. To check whether her mother-in-law was alive, Huda checked whether she was breathing. There was no breath. Huda wailed. Khulus came near Huda. His mother appeared dead. He thought that his father, after killing his mother, went into hiding. Then, he informed the other family members that his mother was dead, but he didn't say that only his father killed her. All came to the room and saw Shahlalai's dead body; they wept, worried. No one noticed the blood stain and thought that she had died from excessive drinking. Khulus told his wife not to tell anyone about it. Everyone liked Shahlalai very much, so they were deeply worried about her death. They thought why Shahlalai, who had no habit of drinking, drank so much, and wondered what great sadness she had. Khulus felt like he had lost his soul. Even he couldn't bear it when his mother was getting scolded by his father; how could he bear to see his lifeless mother, who had been brutally killed? He didn't expect that his father would go to the extent of killing Khulus's mother. He couldn't see his mother in that state. Thinking that his father had tortured his mother, who had never thought of harming anyone, many times, and finally even killed her, he felt a hatred greater than the hatred he had carried all these days. There seemed to be a paper under the lamp on the bedside table. Something was written on the paper.

"I had advised Khulus several times to behave respectfully towards his father, but he never heeded. I couldn't bear his disrespectful conduct towards my husband. I've decided to end my life."

Everyone saw the paper. They thought that Shahlalai had committed suicide only because Khulus acted without obeying her words. When he thought that not only had his father killed Khulus's mother but also had gone to the extent of writing such a letter as though it had been written by Khulus's mother so that the blame would fall upon him, he felt intense disgust towards his father. The family members thought that they should somehow inform Jahandar about his wife's death, but they didn't know how to contact him since no one knew where he had gone. Huda didn't like the fact that all family members believed that Shahlalai committed suicide because of Huda's husband. She thought to tell everyone that it wasn't a suicide but a murder, but Khulus stopped her. All

hated Khulus, thinking that he had disrespected even his father and acted to such an extent that his mother committed suicide. Khulus didn't find it a serious concern. He felt nothing but anguish, being deprived of his mother.

Hearing the news of Shahlalai's death, Aadil came to see her corpse. Aadil showed more affection towards the first daughter-in-law. He often thought that she had addressed the void of not having a daughter. Khulus told his grandfather what would've transpired in reality. Aadil mourned exceedingly that Shahlalai didn't attain a peaceful death but died from excessive drinking, and that his son had even gone to the extent of murdering his wife. Then Aadil took Khulus privately to a room and said, "I have already prepared a will to enable you to secure the necklace after my death. You're its executor. While raising you, I raised you only in a way that the power of the necklace will be utilised for the good of the entire world when you wear it. I've made a big mistake. I told your father about the necklace's powers when he was young. The moment your father returns to this house, I'll retrieve the necklace from him and give it to you. You keep it safely then." Shahlalai's elder brother, Raja-al-Karem, grieved over his sister's death. Within the next two days, Aadil was admitted to the hospital owing to bad health.

Thirteen days passed. Jahandar came home again. His family member informed him of his wife's death and his father's admittance to the hospital. Upon hearing it, he fell as though he fainted. As Khulus kept seeing his father, he only grew more hateful towards him. It was very difficult for him to conceal it. Then the family members splashed water on Jahandar's face. He feigned as though he regained his consciousness gradually. "Whatever I heard now shouldn't be true. Oh God! She happily saw me off while I was leaving. How did she make such a decision so suddenly? No. I won't believe anything. There is no chance of her making such a decision," lamented he. Then the letter was shown to him. He saw the letter which he had written as though he was looking at it anew and read it. Then, looking at Khulus, he moaned, "If you're angry towards me, you should've shown it to me. Why did you act angrily towards your mother? If I were near her, I wouldn't have let such a thing happen. My beloved has gone, leaving me. She has gone, leaving me alone like this." Then, looking at the ceiling and as

though he were speaking to his wife, he moaned, "My sweetheart! Shouldn't you have taken me along when you left? Am I going to live in this world without you? Should you mete out such a big punishment to your husband?" Khulus found it difficult to control himself. He remembered what his grandfather had said – he shouldn't do anything his emotions urge him to do for any reason. Khulus somehow controlled his emotions. Some days back, before cremating Shahlalai's body, Huda tried persuading her husband to lodge a police complaint against her father-in-law, but Khulus didn't do it, thinking that her spirits had been torn countless times when she lived; even after death, her divine body would be dissected in the name of post-mortem if they prosecute Jahandar. Khulus knew that his father would be ready to give any amount of a bribe to the police to escape, and that if at all it was proved, he would make someone else in his place take the blame. All family members comforted Jahandar. Then, he went along with his recent crush, Vedika, to her room, maintaining a sorrowful face. After a few days, he decided to write a biography of himself, which he planned to publish after his death. While writing about Shahlalai in his biography, he mentioned, "What shall I write of her goodness and excellence? She had a mind for perfection, and she was so loyal to me that she would even sacrifice a thousand sons for one hair on my head. She constantly advised Khulus and tried to reason with him to be loving and loyal to me. When she saw it was of no use and there was no telling where it would end, she decided to take her own life out of zeal. She was incapable of tolerating the misconduct of her son towards me. She despaired of her life in a fit of madness and delivered herself of all pain and grief. With her death, given the attachment I had to her, I passed my days without deriving pleasure in any way from life or living. For four nights and days, I was so upset that I took no food or drink."

After a few days, Aadil died at the hospital. That news gave Khulus a big shock. He, who had clung only to his grandfather all these days, couldn't bear his death. Jahandar, who had been fearing whether he would face any troubles, was now at ease. He obtained both the CEO post and the necklace. He decided to make the entire world dance to his tune. Khulus thought he must somehow obtain the necklace from his father.

The power of the CEO post

Jahandar was exultant that he had acquired the CEO post. He didn't worry even a little about his father's death. The thought that he was greater than all others consumed him more; his father's death news didn't worry him much. Although he didn't worry, he pretended that he was deeply sorrowful about his father's death. After becoming CEO, he spoke about his father's greatness in every company meeting. He said he would follow his father's principles for the time he remained as CEO. Until that time, he, who was a slave to pleasures, started to focus more on his company's growth. As much as possible, he facilitated in a way that more customers would come to his company. For the past few days, he was pretending as though he was working hard to win over his father's trust, but now he really started to work hard. Although he spent his nights in brothels, in the daytime, he worked arduously. This change of his instilled wonder in the minds of his family members, his colleagues and his friends. His friends wondered whether he was out of his mind. Although Nurani's thoughts were buried in a corner of his heart, it didn't trouble him greatly. Upon knowing Jahandar had become CEO, Nurani thought that the incredible life that she ought to have received had slipped away and worried about it. At every instant, her heart throbbed, thinking that she could've become the world's wealthiest woman, but she was doing household chores – cooking, mopping, dishwashing, and washing clothes – instead. When she thought that she should've been living like a queen but was instead living like a queen's attendant, her heart attained great distress. She agonised over whether anything could be done to change her life. For a moment, she even thought, "Shouldn't death take my husband?" Only on those days, her menstruation didn't occur. Approximately ten years after marriage, she got pregnant. Jahandar busied himself with his company's work. He often asked his employees in his company whether they had any grievances. He tried to resolve those as far as he could; for that

reason alone, many employees like him very much. He not only followed his father's principles in the company, but he also dressed like his father. He wore similar shoes to what his father used to wear – same brand and model. A few employees felt like looking at Aadil while looking at him. The humiliation he suffered in his company was scarcely spoken of. Employees talked only about the change he had attained. Even if they had forgotten it, Jahandar couldn't forget it. Every now and then, that thought tried to transform him into an animal. One day, he suddenly desired to know the astrological predictions about his future. He met the famous astrologer in the city. He gave his horoscope to him and asked him how his future would be. He specifically asked him how well he would discharge his duties in his role as CEO. The astrologer saw his horoscope for a short while. At that moment, Jahandar awaited with excitement the astrologer's words. The astrologer said, "Your luck is at its zenith. You're not only the king of your company but also of the entire world. Your horoscope says that if you wish, you can make the entire world act according to your intention. Do you have any extraordinary power?" After hearing whatever he said, Jahandar felt immense joy. He felt that he must bestow some big gift or large sum of money after the consultation. The astrologer further continued, "Your horoscope is good now; although you'll dominate others for another two or three years, after that, someone will come to dominate you. Although Saturn is currently out of your horoscope, after three years, it'll be intense. There is only one way to save you from that." Jahandar's joyful face fell. Keeping his face dimmed, he asked, "What way is that?"

"No matter whatever money or post you have, whatever rare power you have, or whatever strategies you employ, until the time you're enslaved to desire, you can't escape from Saturn's intensity. Leave all your desires. Spend the money you have on a good cause. Help the poor. On seeing your horoscope, I can see that you're short-tempered, and you will punish others greatly, even if they commit some small mistake; even the CEO post that you've acquired recently, you didn't obtain it the right way but through deceit; there will be no good relationship between you and your father; you won't conduct yourself according to your father's expectation even

once." As the astrologer spoke, only one thought was running through Jahandar's mind: "How did he come to know so many things about me? Definitely, he has asked someone." To make Jahandar give up all his desire, the astrologer said, "You must understand that everything is impermanent in this world, including your own body, which has no use once the soul leaves it." Up to that point, Jahandar controlled his anger, but when the astrologer had said that, he felt uncontainable anger. After stepping out, he contacted his friend Biryar over the phone and asked him to kill the astrologer. Biryar sent four thugs to the astrologer's place. They killed the astrologer. Then, Biryar sent some of his thugs to stay with Jahandar constantly.

Khulus asked his father for the necklace many times, but Jahandar refused. Khulus suffered greatly because he couldn't get the necklace which his grandfather intended to give him. One day at the company, Khulus didn't attend the board meeting, which his father had asked him to. He couldn't even look at his father's face since he killed Khulus's affectionate mother. Only his wife was there to show him affection. Only a few days earlier, he felt happy he had everything in life; now, he found himself bereft of everything. All properties registered in Aadil's name were transferred to Jahandar's name, including the house where Khulus stayed. Thinking that he was in the state where he had to depend on his mean father for his living, he was highly distressed. The board meeting had been completed. To ask Khulus why he didn't attend the meeting, Jahandar came to his room. Jahandar found him to be deeply sad. He told Khulus, "I can understand your sadness very well. I was even in your state before arriving here. You're just one position lower than me. After my death, my place will come to you. You should've attended the board meeting. Hereafter, take part in all meetings."

"I have no desire for that post. Just give me the necklace. Even I'm not desiring money. It'll be enough if I get only what is essential to sustain my life. Even the necklace, I am not asking for my selfish gain."

"After my death, you'll not only get the CEO post but also the necklace. Until then, listen to your father's words and act

accordingly."

An annual meeting was conducted at the company. All employees attended the meeting. Jahandar spoke in the meeting, "Other companies think only about the profit. But according to my father's principle, we shouldn't do any work expecting the result. We should only think of how the work we do is going to be useful to others. Profit is necessary for any business. It is an undeniable truth. People will call only a business which generates more money 'good business'. But a company shouldn't think only about the profit. It is like focusing only on the taste while cooking a meal. A company should be concerned about its employees' health and the values provided to the customers. A food's taste is less important than how beneficial it is to our body." Seeing Jahandar blabbering something, Khulus felt angry. Jahandar said, "Employees working in my company should come happily while coming to the company every morning. While you step into the company, you should have a nice smile on your face. All other companies only expect their employees to be loyal, punctual and talented. But there is an important thing above all of those. They won't check whether their employees are peaceful. If that one thing is there, other things will come by themselves. Whatever may be affecting your peace, you can tell it to me without hesitation. Only if you are peaceful can you continue your work. Whatever hectic schedule you have, just stop doing it. Work only if you're peaceful. Please don't hesitate to talk to me directly. I know many are. For that, I have come up with an idea. Hereafter, you can report your grievances more easily. Today, you would've seen the post boxes placed in many places in our company. Write your grievances on paper and put them inside a postbox. It is not necessary to mention your name or employee ID. Just write your grievance alone; it is enough. Anyone can report complaints about anybody else. You can even report complaints about me. Definitely, efforts will be taken to fix your grievances. At the same time, don't misuse it. Only when there are no grievances will I continue my work." His speech was followed by vigorous applause and cheers. Khulus knew that his father wouldn't follow anything. Khulus knew that if anyone affected an employee's peace, it would be his father. Jahandar liked three things in the world – alcohol, women and providing justice to others. In the name of

providing justice, he actually hurt many people. Whatever his father did, it only grew Khulus's abhorrence towards his father. Jahandar acted in this way not only in the company but also in his house. Every morning, he would call his servants and ask whether they were facing any difficulties in their jobs or anything interrupting their work. Only if they say that they don't have any problem would they be allowed to do their work. Every day, on reaching the company, he would ask his assistant whether there were any grievances in the post boxes. If there was anything, he would fix those first, and only then would he do other work. Even if someone made even a small mistake, he would mete out a severe punishment for them – suspending them, denying promotions, or denying salary revisions.

Jahandar spent most nights with Vedika. Her waist enslaved him. Many times, he had unprotected sex with her. He didn't think about it. Thinking that her beauty wasn't permanent, that it would be esteemed only for another four or five years, and that if she got a child through Jahandar, she could use that reason alone to live like a wife with him throughout her life, she didn't stop him. Jahandar's favourite prostitute became pregnant. Knowing that, she felt more joy. She informed Jahandar of that. Jahandar became dispirited. Noticing his doleful expression, she said, "Please don't ask me to abort this child for any reason. I wish to raise this child."

"If so, carry it. But…"

"But what? Please tell me. Are you thinking about how you would tell others that you're this child's father? If so, I will stay in some other house. It is enough if you give some money to our child and me now and then."

"Why do you speak like this? I'm not worrying about that at all."

"Then tell me what you are thinking."

"I will miss your waist very badly. What will I do?" They both giggled. After that, he began moistening her waist. When a small amount of food is placed on a plate and given to a person who has not eaten for the past ten days, he will eat and completely lick it without leaving even a minute spot of food on the plate in a manner that one would suspect whether the food was placed on his plate or

not. Only using his tongue, he will make the plate pristine and shiny. Likewise, Jahandar licked her waist. Like painting a wall with a paintbrush, he rubbed her waist with his tongue.

Jahandar had a plan to punish all those who voted against him. According to the plan, he decided to expel all four hundred employees from his company first. Before deciding anything, he consulted his legal advisor, Mahir. Mahir was hired after Abu-Yousuf. Whatever Jahandar desired, Mahir would say how to execute it. Mahir wouldn't concern himself with whether Jahandar wanted to do a good or bad thing. He would suggest what issues he might face if he executed a decision, how he could do it and whom to use. Jahandar had a list that contained the details of who voted for whom. He filtered out only those who voted against him from the list. Mahir devised some strategies that Jahandar must follow to expel all four hundred people. Jahandar didn't fire them off. Instead, according to Mahir's suggestions, Jahandar decided to ruin their peace in such a way that they would even be scared to step into the company. He made those who voted for him superior and all others subordinates. Some superiors had less experience than their subordinates. Jahandar asked the superiors to treat their subordinates very badly. Those superiors disrespected their subordinates, bluntly spoke ill of them, made them feel as though they were unnecessary to the company, and made indirect criticism. To some naive employees, they even spoke ill of their families. Even if the subordinates acted perfectly at work, the superiors found many faults. Even if the subordinates arrived with a delay of five minutes, they were chided for at least half an hour. Instead of speaking about their faults in private, they spoke in front of others. The company hired some temporary employees only to perform this kind of ruinous work. They were henchmen in the guise of employees. They bawled at some, at least for an hour daily, so much that it even caused them trauma. They gave them black marks. No promotions were given to them. The victims had written so many grievances and put them inside the post boxes. None of their grievances was read. The postboxes were inundated with grievance letters. The victims took all sick leave out of fear. Those who voted for Jahandar carried themselves majestically, while others felt undignified. They were like walking corpses, losing all

esteem and respect. Thinking that if they left the job, their family would suffer poverty, they endured the imbroglio. No matter how patiently they conducted themselves, their superiors acted in a way that would make them lose their patience. Noticing all the unfair treatments, Khulus became deeply perturbed. The company gave high salary increments to all superiors and often rewarded them. Some victims, thinking that they were acting wisely, often exalted Jahandar and feigned hatred towards Khulus. They acted very obsequiously before Jahandar. Whatever they did, it proved futile. They were treated in the same way as other victims. Observing all those cruelties, Khulus spoke about it to his father many times. But Jahandar drove him away, giving him derisive comments or unrelated replies.

Those bad treatments were not given to three employees, who have voted for Khulus, alone – Shehyar, Khulus's wife's father, Miradi, and Shahlalai's brother, Raja-al-Karim. He left Miradi and Raja-al-Karem because they were related to him. Jahandar felt that he should speak to both of them. First, he called Miradi to his room, and Miradi arrived. Jahandar asked, "Do you want to stay in this company?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"You have voted for my son, desiring that my son should take this place, but it happened otherwise, so I asked."

"I shouldn't have voted for my son-in-law. I made a mistake."

"We are co-fathers, aren't we? There was no problem between us until this day. Your daughter lives happily in my home. I have not let any discomfort come to her. Then why did you choose my son instead of choosing me? Why have you acted in a way that would part a family?"

"I like your father very much. I have a big respect for him. Even your father intended to appoint my son-in-law to this position. Only for that reason. I took such a decision. Your father believed that showing compassion towards others is the best quality. That is very true. My son-in-law has that quality in greater amounts. I should be lucky to have a son-in-law like him." Miradi managed his questions tactfully – he let out his words so carefully that they wouldn't cause

any problems. Thinking Jahandar himself wouldn't let his father and son appear low in front of him, he spoke accordingly. Although his answers displeased Jahandar, he couldn't reveal it. Jahandar asked, "Fine. How did your mind change so suddenly? Is it because of my father's death?" Miradi faltered, not knowing what to reply to that question. He said, "Only later did I understand something – being compassionate is great, but to carry out your role properly, that one quality alone is not enough; it requires astuteness and acumen. Only because of that reason, your father has decided that you are the right person for this role. Leadership and political skills are indispensable for this role – something that my son-in-law doesn't have much of. I didn't think about it earlier." Jahandar chortled with glee at his remarks and said, "That is not true. You are seized by the desire to live like a rich man throughout your life. You were motivated by greed to afford a queen-like life for your daughter. Through your daughter, you want to lead an authoritative life. Only because of these reasons, you voted for my son, didn't you?" When Jahandar spoke like that, Miradi became irate. Until that time, he, who was speaking patiently, began speaking angrily, "I, too, grew up in an affluent family. When I married my daughter to your son, I gave more dowry money. I have always thought of giving something to my daughter, but never once got anything from her – not even a paisa. I will never covet power or others' wealth. Above all, I am so old. In my advanced age, why will I desire power or a pleasurable life? I don't have friends or relatives. My wife and I live alone. Since my wife's health condition is poor, we don't get out of the home. I don't have any bad habits. What am I going to do with the money? Tell me if you don't trust me; I will leave this company right now. I have enough money. I will sustain my life with it. I wish to work for this company. I wish to work arduously for the company's growth. Only that is true."

"I trust you – you're a good person. I'm very pleased that you said you wish to stay in this company only for its growth. Nevertheless, I can't understand your sudden change of mind." Miradi spoke in a gentle voice, "I took a wrong decision. Please pardon me." Although he apologised, Jahandar couldn't ignore the fact that Miradi spoke angrily to him. Jahandar couldn't bear it. He was so smug that he obtained the CEO post. The most important cause of anger is vanity.

Whenever a man can't uphold his vanity, he angers more. The more extravagant a person's conceit is, the more his anger will be. Even though Miradi was his co-father, Jahandar rebuked him harshly. To prevent separation of the family and his daughter from getting harmed due to separation, Miradi didn't react to his rebuke. After the stern rebuke, Jahandar spoke to him as though he was pitying him, "Don't hold whatever harsh words I spoke in your mind. I feel happy that you feel that I'm the right person for this position. I trust that you'll remain like this forever. Please leave for your place." Miradi stepped out of the room. Although he only desired his son-in-law to take up the position, he spoke otherwise to Jahandar. He thought that if the company were entrusted to a good person like Khulus, the company would have been great.

Then Jahandar wanted to speak with Shahlalai's elder brother, Raja-al-Karem, so he called him to his room, and Raja-al-Karem came there. Jahandar wanted to speak the same with him. He asked, "I wanted to know about something from you. You've voted for Khulus only, but he didn't become CEO. Are you still preferring to stay in this company? Or do you still think that only Khulus is suitable for this position? To be frank, I don't want to treat you the same way as I treat other employees who voted for Khulus. I'm speaking more candidly to you because you're a brother to my beloved wife. I'm wishing to maintain a good relationship with you."

"How do you say I've voted for Khulus? All votes were cast only anonymously. Do you know who voted for whom? How did you come to know? Why are you treating those who voted for Khulus so unfairly? Please treat them fairly."

"I don't want to speak lies to you. I know all the details. I can't tell you how. Now and then, the company will collect opinions anonymously from employees to gain their honest opinions, but somehow, we will find out who provided what. I can't talk about it. I really miss your sister. My heart throbs, yearning that somehow she should return from death. I like her so much." Then Jahandar let out a heavy sigh as though he really missed Shahlalai and continued, "If she said that she was about to commit suicide, I would've stopped her and given this position to Khulus. I would've

ensured there was no conflict between my son and me. I wouldn't have let her die for any reason. Only because of this position, she gave up her life. Nothing is greater than her in the world. She is everything to me. I hate this post as strongly as I've desired it. You have a similar facial appearance to your sister. I want to see you daily. Even if you don't wish to stay here, I'm not going to leave you. You should stay here only." Raja-al-Karem said that he would stay in the company. Then Jahandar dismissed him. Jahandar spoke like this to him out of guilt for having killed his sister, although Raja-al-Karem voted for Khulus.

One Sunday morning, two men went to Rita's house. Rita worked in the finance department at Jahandar's company. They rang her house's calling bell. After a few seconds, Rita opened the door. She hadn't seen them before. She asked them who they were. One man said, "We are working for a construction company. We can't say any other details. A customer had approached our company and your company. We infer that he chooses the company which offers a lower price to him for building his apartment. All you have to do is just tell us the quotation details your company quotes to the customer, and we will give you a fitting bounty." She felt scared to speak further with them. She didn't take them inside and thought of asking them to leave from the doorstep itself. She told them, "I'm honest. I can't do that."

"You have a desire to own a house. Don't you? You applied for a loan of twenty lakh rupees at a bank just a week ago. But it wasn't sanctioned. They told you they can offer you only ten lakh rupees. Don't worry, you get that money without applying for a loan. It's enough if you just provide a single piece of information." She was shocked, wondering how they knew that she had approached a bank and applied for a loan. The thought that they had tracked her for some days made her body tremble. At the same time, she felt a desire that she could own a house if she just leaked the quotation information. She was in a dilemma about whether to refuse the offer or make her dream come true. The two men waited for her response. The other man said, "We ensure that you don't face any problems. Just let us know the quotation amount. After that, you can live in your own house for the rest of your life. Don't you desire to own a house? How many days will you live in this rented house

still? Your life is going to change with a small piece of information that you give us." She reflected seriously for a few seconds and agreed to do it.

A few days passed. Jahandar greatly worried that he had lost a customer because his competitor's company gave a lower quotation amount than his company. The customer wanted to build a big apartment. He thought that if the customer agreed to build the apartment through his company, his company would acquire a good profit and more fame. He worried that the customer had chosen his competitor at the last minute. He thought, "Someone desiring an exiguous gain has leaked out the quotation information to the competitor. I should find who did it and mete out a fitting punishment to them." He met Mahir and asked him if there was any way to find out who did it. Mahir said, "Definitely someone in the finance department should've done it. It is difficult to find out by directly investigating the employees in the finance department alone. The culprit will act more carefully. Inform all employees of this disloyalty, and tell them you will bestow a fitting bounty on the one who finds the culprit. There is a big chance of the truth getting revealed." Immediately, Jahandar scheduled a company-wide meeting, and everyone gathered for it. Jahandar said, "We can even exalt the good enemies, lifting them on our heads, but we should crush the wicked traitors under our feet. There is a big traitor in our company. That wicked traitor has leaked quotation information to our competitor. Because of that, we've lost a good customer." Everyone gathered there began to speak to those who were beside them. Rita's heart pounded rapidly. But like everyone, she too spoke to the one near her, "Who might have done such a thing?" Noticing how others had been reacting, she too presented the same facial expression. She tried to conceal her nervousness as much as possible from outside view. When Jahandar looked in the direction where she was seated, her heart pounded more audibly. She acted as though she were hearing that anew and was slightly shocked, like others. After a brief pause of silence, Jahandar said, "The amount quoted to the customer by our company is one hundred and sixty crores, fifteen lakhs and twenty thousand rupees." After Jahandar mentioned the amount, everyone again spoke to the adjacent ones. They discussed that the customer was really a big

customer. Jahandar silenced everyone. Then continued, "The amount quoted by our competitor is one hundred and sixty crore rupees. Just for a slight difference – fifteen lakhs and twenty thousand rupees – the customer has left us. For a person who spends one hundred and sixty crore rupees, fifteen lakh and twenty thousand rupees is not a big deal. The customer might have thought that we're quoting him a large amount. Let me list out what we lost – know them: we have lost a good customer's trust, other customers that we might obtain through that trust, the fame that we will obtain by constructing the building, profit, and turnover. Our company is ranked first in our country. There is a chance that our company might drop from that place. Thinking all these, my heart burns. I want the one who did this to admit the guilt themselves. I swear to God that I will surely forgive them. I won't disclose the guilty person to others. Without finding out who did this, I can't sleep peacefully. If I find the traitor myself, the traitor will surely regret deeply that they haven't surrendered themselves to me. The one who finds the traitor will receive a reward of fifteen lakh rupees." Everyone shouted cheerfully that they would support him. Everyone wondered why Jahandar was rewarding such a big amount. Then Jahandar dismissed them all. Throughout the meeting, Mahir was keenly observing each one's face alternately to check whether he could see nervousness in anyone's face. But he couldn't suspect anyone. Throughout the day, everyone in the company was speaking about this. Many desired to find out the traitor and receive the reward. The clock struck 7 PM. Rita was packing up her things, ready to leave for her home. Rita's manager was reviewing the report submitted by Rita the previous day. In a paper in that report, a number was mentioned minutely with a pencil – 1601520000. He wondered why that number was mentioned there irrelevantly. He would leave for home at 7 PM, so to check the time, he saw his watch. The time was exactly 7 PM. The second hand on his watch was pointing to number fifteen. He suddenly remembered his CEO had mentioned that someone had leaked the quotation amount in the company-wide meeting that morning. He found that the quotation amount which Jahandar had mentioned and the number in the paper were exactly matching. He found Rita was the culprit. He felt overjoyed that he would receive fifteen lakh rupees if he reported to his CEO. Only at that moment

was Rita walking away from her place, holding her handbag. He called her and told her that he wanted to discuss an important matter with her. Thinking that others shouldn't listen to their conversation, he took her to a meeting room. He had been harbouring a desire for many days. He had always yearned to enjoy her body – wide-framed, chubby yet defined – whenever he saw her. He had never conveyed his desire to her in all these days. He decided to ask her out that day. He thought that if she refused, he could blackmail her, saying he would disclose that she was the traitor to the CEO. She had a flat waist. Her breasts were huge – as though two muskmelons were placed next to each other and covered by a cloth. While looking at her, any man's glance would fall over her breasts without his awareness. Any man would find it very difficult to speak to her without checking out her voluptuous breasts. He felt extremely joyful that he had got a chance to squeeze and play with breasts for a long time. He showed the paper in the report to her. He asked her what that number was. Her entire body trembled. Although they were inside an air-conditioned room, beads of sweat stood out throughout her body. She was dumbfounded. He said, "You placed this report on my table yesterday itself. Only this morning, our CEO mentioned the quotation amount. How did you come to know the amount earlier than that? You must have seen the confidential documents that only executives are permitted to view. You are the one who leaked the information to the competitor." She didn't know what answer to provide for him. At that time, there was no one in the company, and everyone had left. She began to weep. She begged him many times not to report it to the CEO. He let her beg him for some time, saying that he would surely report it to the CEO. The thought of tasting those muskmelons tantalised him so much. He looked at her eyes and her breasts alternately. Then he said, "What would you offer me for not telling this matter to the CEO? The CEO has mentioned that he would give a fifteen-lakh-rupee reward to the one who finds the traitor. Can you give me something more valuable than that?" He thought that he could blackmail her using that alone, enjoy her body for many days, and that once he had fully enjoyed her, he would report her to the CEO and get the reward as well. She told him that she would give him sixteen lakhs. He didn't expect that she would decide to give him such a big

amount. He felt that she must have got more money from the competitor. He thought, "I will be in trouble if I try to get money from her and the CEO. If I get money only from her, it will be only black money. If she is found guilty later, I will also be in trouble. Most importantly, I will miss the chance of enjoying her body. If I get the money from the CEO, it will be rightly earned money, and my renown will spread across the company. I can also tell the CEO that she is ready to offer an amount that is one lakh rupees greater than the reward that he promised for not reporting her to him." While they were in the meeting room, his hands itched to squeeze her boobs. Without asking her out directly, he wanted her to offer her body on her own. He told her, "I don't want money. If money is important, I won't speak to you for a long time. By this time, I would've been speaking to the CEO," and gazed at her with lustful eyes with a sly smile on his lips. For a man to enjoy a woman fully, she must come to him with full interest. He will not gain full pleasure by forcefully embracing her. To make her come to him on her own accord, either she should be attracted to him, or she should be in a situation where, only by bedding with him, she could fulfil her needs. She understood what he was expecting and what plan he had. For a few seconds, she thought about how to handle him. Then she came up with an idea. She said, "I didn't take my lunch. I'm feeling giddy and lightheaded. I feel like eating something. Come to the pantry along with me. We can have a coffee and some biscuits and talk about this. Let's sort it out." He went along with her to the pantry, thinking he should somehow make her yield to him, and that he shouldn't leave her without enjoying her. Like a dog moving towards a bone in attraction, he went along with her to the pantry. He thought that he should consummate his desire to enjoy her breasts. He wanted to nip many places on her breasts and squeeze them as hard as twisting a wet cloth to dry them. He felt like holding her breasts closely together and thrusting his penis between them. If a rat were shown to a cat, the cat would long intensely to get it. With the same intensity, he longed to play with her breasts. They both entered the pantry. She knew that no CCTV camera was fixed in the pantry, and that was why she took him there. There was one CCTV camera outside the pantry. He was tightly holding the coffee mug. With that hold, his ceramic mug seemed to break. First, she filled her mug from the coffee machine. He stood near

her, carrying the report file. When he pressed the button to fill coffee from the coffee machine, he pressed with so much pressure that the coffee machine budged back a little. She was wearing an olive green button-down semi-formal shirt, and it was tucked inside her black jeans. While he was waiting for the coffee machine to pour coffee into his mug, she placed her mug on the slab, suddenly turned around, gazed at him seductively and unbuttoned the top two buttons of her shirt. Saliva dripped from his mouth like coffee being poured into a mug from the coffee machine. He opened his eyes wide open, and it seemed like his eyeballs would fall out. Like the drums beaten in the 'March fast', his heart was beating, "dum… dum…dum…dum…" Her cleavage, which was like a stream between two adjacent mountains, was visible. Out of nervousness, his hand trembled slightly. His inner palms sweated. While he was drawing his hands towards her breasts as though getting a raw mango fruit from the mango tree, she gave a hard kick to his stomach. He fell, clutching his stomach. She immediately took the paper from the report, folded it and slipped it inside the bra cup. She plucked out the first two buttons from her shirt, pulled out her belt and pulled out the button from her jeans – put everything on the floor. Clutching the top portion of her shirt and screaming for help, she ran out of the pantry. She ran towards the security guards on the floor. She told them that her manager tried to rape her in the pantry. When pain was subdued slightly, Rita's manager somehow managed to stand up. Within that time, the security guards entered the pantry. A security guard made a phone call to the police station and reported it as a rape attempt. Rita's manager tried his best to explain to them what really transpired, but they were not ready to listen to him. Another security guard fetched Rita's belt, which was in the pantry, and gave it to her. Another security guard gave Rita safety pins. She collected those and went to the restroom, and corrected her dress. She tore the paper into many bits, put it inside the toilet and flushed it. Once she came out of the restroom, the security guard gave her her handbag, reassured her, saying not to be scared, and escorted her up to the entrance. She then left for home. She thought that even when her manager told the CEO that she was the culprit, she could handle it, saying her manager was blaming her because she didn't yield to his lustful desire. A few minutes later, police officers arrived there. They made Rita's

manager get inside their jeep and took him to the police station. He told the police officers that he didn't commit any mistake. The police officers decided to call Rita and investigate her first. They telephoned Rita and asked her to come to the police station. She wore a different dress and headed to the police station. On her way, she kept deliberating what to say to the police officers. She kept deliberating how to keep her face pitiful, at what moments she should let out tears, and what words she should speak stammeringly. Once she reached the police station, a woman police officer took her to a room to investigate her privately. The officer asked her to narrate the incident without missing any detail. She kept her eyes brimming with tears and spoke in a shaky voice, "My manager called me to have a coffee with him when I was leaving for home after finishing my work. Although I refused many times, telling him that I needed to get to my home, he insisted firmly on having a coffee with him. Since he compelled me, I agreed. There was no one in the company at that time. All left for home. While filling coffee from the coffee machine, he stood very close to me. Once I filled the coffee in my mug, he filled the coffee in his mug. When I placed my coffee mug on the slab and was about to get some biscuits, he suddenly pulled me towards him and embraced me tightly. I tried hard to push him away, but I couldn't. Then he started to behave violently. He tried to tear open my shirt – the buttons on my shirt came off. To cover my body and prevent him from touching it, I crossed my hands over my breast. At that moment, he yanked the belt in my jeans. When I tried to escape, he pushed me to the floor. I couldn't bear the pain. He tried to unbutton my pants. I kept trying to escape from him, kicking him away. He lost his patience. He tugged off the button on my pants. Since I fell, I felt so much pain that I couldn't scream for help. He used that moment to his advantage. He wrenched my pants and panties below my calves. He split my legs and placed his shins on my thighs. I felt as though strong woods were placed over my thighs. I couldn't budge. He unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his pants, unzipped them, and pulled down his pants and briefs. He tried to thrust his penis into my vaginal opening. I had no other choice but to hurt him severely. I caught hold of his scrotum and pressed it so hard that his testicles got mashed. He fell, unable to bear the pain. Immediately, I corrected my dress and ran out of the

pantry screaming for help. I went to the security guards and asked for help." Then the officer took Rita's manager to a room and asked him to narrate the incident without leaving out a detail. He narrated what really happened. To verify whatever he said was right, the officer made a phone call to the company, and she asked them to bring the report file submitted by Rita to her manager and CCTV footage showing the incident, if there was any. The company management staff recorded the CCTV footage on a cassette and reached the police station carrying it and the file. The officer gave the file to Rita's manager and asked him to show the mentioned quotation amount. He couldn't find the paper in the report file. He said that Rita would've taken the paper from the file. Then the police officer watched the CCTV footage. It only captured the entrance of the pantry and not inside the pantry. Only the entry of the two inside the pantry and Rita running out of the pantry after a few minutes, clutching her shirt and screaming, could be seen in the footage. Then a police officer made a phone call to the company and enquired about the conduct of the two at work. They said that Rita was honest and always properly finished the work assigned to her. They said Rita's manager would always leer at female employees and would give some lame excuses for his late arrival to work or taking unplanned leaves. After hearing that, the officers concluded that Rita's manager was guilty. Before filing an FIR, they wanted to speak with the CEO of the company to ask him whether he had any issues if the news was published in the newspaper or on the news channels. Some companies would think that such news would spoil their reputation. They would bribe the police officers, asking them not to publish the news. The police officers, desiring to get the money from Jahandar, made a phone call to him and told him that such an incident had happened. The police officers didn't provide all the details to him. Jahandar asked the police officer not to file any FIR and told them that he would come in person. Jahandar reached the police station after an hour. He told the officers that he wanted to speak to both of them in private. The police officers, thinking that it was enough for them if they received money from him, agreed to it. First, Jahandar went to the room where Rita was staying. Upon seeing Jahandar, Rita was appalled. Her whole body shook. Jahandar noticed her anxiety. He asked her what had happened. Rita recounted the same, which she had

narrated to the officer, to Jahandar. At that moment, Jahandar didn't know that she had written the quotation amount in the report file. He wondered why she was nervous looking at him. For a few seconds, he pondered what she had said, looking at her. Rita tried to conceal her nervousness, but she couldn't. Then Jahandar asked her to describe her manager's penis in as much detail as possible and asked her many questions, "How did it look? What was its colour? How hairy was it? How were its head and base – its length and girth? Is it circumcised?" She didn't know what to reply to those questions. She imagined how a male's penis would normally look and gave that description. As her manager always maintained a clean-shaven face, she told him that there were no hairs on her manager's penis. She told him that since her object was to escape from him, and at the same time, her manager's shirt was covering the upper part of his penis, she didn't note the appearance of his penis properly. She thought that if any of her descriptions were wrong, she would say that she didn't notice it properly. Then Jahandar met Rita's manager. He asked Rita's manager to narrate what had happened. Rita's manager narrated and told him that Rita was the culprit. Jahandar understood why Rita felt nervous upon looking at him. He found that Rita had spoken a lie; however, he wanted to confirm it, so he asked Rita's manager to show his penis. Rita's manager hesitated for a few seconds, then removed his undergarments and showed his penis to Jahandar. He had numerous hairs, and they were dense. Especially, there were a lot of hairs surrounding the scrotum. Jahandar thought that surely one would feel the presence of hair on touching his scrotum. Then, Jahandar appreciated Rita's manager for finding out the traitor. He assured him that he would take him out of the police station and also offer him the reward money. Then he stepped out of the room. He asked the police officers not to take any action against them and that he would give money for that. The officers happily agreed. After asking the officers to release both of them, he left the police station. The officers released both of them. Jahandar called thirteen out of many of his thugs. He asked them to go to Rita's house and rape her until she dies. The thirteen thugs went to Rita's house, broke down the door to gain entry and entered. For two days straight, those thirteen thugs raped her alternately in a violent manner. Then she died.

After a few months, a male child was born to Vedika. She already felt that she would get only a male child. She named her child Shahkam. She felt overjoyed looking at her adorable child. She thought, "I have lived all these days not knowing what real happiness is. There is no greater happiness than becoming a mother." Then she spoke to her baby, "I carried you just to get out of the prostitution work. The best thing I have ever done in my life is give birth to you. Before conception, I lived like prey. Many predators of men come to quench their lustful hunger. Even your father has come to me like that, but in truth, he is like a child. A child with more lustful hunger," and chuckled. Then she felt happy touching her son's cute hands and legs. Tears kept flowing from her eyes. She felt that her life, which was meaningless before, had got meaning. After a few days, a female child was born to Nurani. She and her husband named their child Ladan. Even though she carried and gave birth to a child, her beauty didn't diminish even a little. Likewise, her desire to live a luxurious life didn't diminish even a little.

Unable to bear the humiliation, the four hundred employees left the company. They decided that their mental health is more important than their work. They understood that it would be fruitless no matter how much they struggled. They joined other companies. Jahandar hired new employees instead of them. All employees in the company conducted themselves with awe, reverence and fear towards Jahandar. Jahandar hadn't completely exacted revenge on the four hundred employees, and he had just fulfilled only a part of his plan.

Khulus's one-month-old baby died. He, who was already extremely sad, grew more despondent. Huda was deeply worried. Khulus consoled her.

Jahandar's trial

A few months passed. Khulus entered his room. His wife was reading a novel very curiously, oblivious to her husband's arrival. Khulus was curious to know what she was reading. He called her name. She was slightly shocked. Only then did she see her husband standing inside the room. He asked her, "Did you not notice my arrival?"

"I was reading an interesting story." She showed the romantic novel she was holding. On its cover, an image of a male's lips joined with a female's lips was depicted. Khulus asked her to narrate the scene that she was reading now. She started narrating, "Hero slipped surreptitiously into the palace where the heroine was staying without getting noticed by any guards at the entrance. Without anyone's notice, he managed to step into the room where the heroine was staying. Upon seeing the hero, twenty handmaidens, who were staying with the heroine, left the room, giggling. At that moment, the heroine's heart pounded at full speed…" Before she could continue further, he plucked the book from her hand and threw it away. Then he joined his lips with hers.

Khulus had asked his father for the necklace many times, but Jahandar didn't want to give it to him. He thought it was futile trying to get the necklace from him by asking him, and that he should obtain it in some other way. Khulus had two best friends – Hoshang and Abdun Nasir. Khulus met them and shared all his mental sufferings with them. He told them, "My father doesn't have even one good habit. He hasn't achieved anything great in his lifetime until now. He has acted in a way that all employees in the company would fear upon seeing him. Everyone was giving him undeserved praise. He is not only seeking praise in the company, but he also seeks it from everyone who knows him. He is bribing newspaper and magazine companies often and making them publish many news articles eulogising him. Not only that. He is also giving many interviews for the news channels. Everything is scripted in those interviews – what questions they should ask and what answer my father should provide for each question. He maintains a

separate team in the company for creating such scripts. What if others praise him or not? Why does he have to do so many things? I feel only disgust whenever I see my father. He stole the necklace which my grandfather was intending to give me. I don't know how to get it back from him. He has more money and henchmen now. Suggest to me if you know any way to obtain the necklace from my father." Hoshang asked, "What is so great about the necklace? Why does your father have to steal it from your grandfather? If your father wished, he could buy any kind of necklace." Khulus didn't say it was a magical necklace, but said it was a lucky necklace. Hoshang said, "Why do you worry so much about it? Buy some other lucky necklace. Simple."

"I can't ignore it like that. Before my grandfather died, that was the last thing he wished to give to me. If I wear it, I feel like my grandfather is always with me."

"Why is your father refusing to give it? Why does he have to steal it instead of asking his father? I can't understand anything."

"My father has a strong belief in astrology. An astrologer said that only good things happen to the one who wears it. So he is refusing to give it."

"Only hard work gives all good things to a person – nothing else. If your father refuses to give, lodge a police complaint against him. There is no other way. Even that has a problem. You should have some evidence that says your grandfather only wished to give the necklace to you, or your father himself has to admit that he stole it from your grandfather. You should've lodged a complaint at once when your father stole it. Has it been long since it was stolen?"

"Yes." Khulus got the remembrance of the day when his mother was murdered. Then suddenly he remembered a thing – his grandfather had said that he had written a will, and Khulus was the executor. Immediately, Khulus said, "My grandfather has written a will. He said I'm its executor. He also said he had mentioned in it that the necklace should belong to me. Only now I remember that. At that time, since I was worrying about my mother's death, I forgot about it."

"Submit the will to the court and probate it. Your grandfather

should've written it after understanding your father's character well." Then Khulus submitted his grandfather's will to the court to probate it. The court sent a notice to Jahandar's house to surrender the necklace and transfer half of his company's shares to Khulus's name. Jahandar felt that his son, who had been quiet all these days, had again started to provoke him. Immediately, he asked his men to prepare a fake will as though his father had written it. He instructed them to mention in it that he was the sole owner of all his father's property and wealth. He submitted the fake will to the court and said that it was the real will. Khulus didn't expect that his father would do such a thing. Jahandar had bribed all the officials to make the fake will real. Khulus, who had believed that he would regain the necklace, faced disappointment again. He met his friends again. Hoshang said, "Don't worry. It is enough if we prove that the will your father submitted is fake. It will be enough if we can prove that your father had bribed the officials to prepare the will. But one who receives it knows how to receive it without getting caught. It is very difficult to prove it. There is only one way for this. While your grandfather created the will, two witnesses would have signed it. To identify which will is the real one, the court will call the witnesses to the court to do a credibility test. If the court finds the witnesses credible, you will receive the necklace." Abdun Nasir said, "Find a lawyer to represent you in legal proceedings. We should safeguard the witnesses. If you have their phone number or address, give it to us. Hoshang and I will keep the witnesses in our home and protect them." Then Khulus gave the witnesses' contact details, which his grandfather had noted, to them. Then they visited the witnesses and told them they were in need of the legal proceedings. They told them they needed protection and took them to their homes.

The following day, Khulus went to the court and met a lawyer named Aaban. He told him that his father had prepared a fake will and was claiming it as real. He asked him if there was any way to prove the will his father gave was fake. Jahandar's acquaintance worked there as a lawyer. He was a friend of Aaban. Upon seeing Khulus, he found out that he was Jahandar's son. He immediately made a phone call to Jahandar and informed him that his son had come to the court to file a case. Jahandar asked him to collect the details of the case his son was about to file. Then, Jahandar's

acquaintance signalled secretly to Aaban. He gestured to Aaban to come aside, asking Khulus to wait. Aaban told Khulus that he had important work and he would be back within five minutes, and he came aside to meet his friend. Aaban's friend told Aaban that he knew Khulus's father, that Khulus's father would give more bribes, and that Aaban could make more money in a father-son fight. People say, 'Whatever you're able to secure from a burning house is a gain'. Aaban decided to make more money using the case. Then Aaban's friend asked for the details of the case that Khulus wants to file, and Aaban told him the details. Aaban's friend again contacted Jahandar by phone and relayed what Aaban had said. Upon knowing Aaban was near, Jahandar wished to speak to him. Jahandar asked Aaban to take the case and also assure his son that the victory is sure. He promised to give money if Aaban followed his instructions. After speaking with Jahandar, Aaban returned to his place. He spoke to Khulus as instructed by Jahandar. Then Khulus left from there. Jahandar thought, "My son believes that he can win over me. Fool. Let me have some fun with him." Khulus thought that Aaban would ask about the witnesses, but he didn't ask. Khulus wondered greatly about it and resolved to speak about the witnesses to his lawyer himself. He made a phone call to Aaban. He asked him whether the chance of winning was high if he brought the witnesses to the court. Aaban said, "Yes. They will have to come to the court. Please don't worry about anything. I will take care of everything."

"I have safeguarded the witnesses in my friends' houses. My friend said that if I bring them to the court for the credibility test, then I have a high chance of winning this case."

"You'll definitely win even without the witnesses. Remain peaceful." Then they ended the call. Then Aaban phoned Jahandar. Through Aaban, Jahandar learnt that his son was relying on the witnesses to win the case and that his friends were helping him with the case. Jahandar grew angrier with his son's friends than with his son. He thought they were acting without fearing him a little.

After a few days, a notice came to Jahandar's house from the court. It was mentioned that a case was filed against Jahandar for submitting a fake will to the court and that he had to appear in

court in another two days to present his arguments. To have fun with his son for a few minutes, Jahandar went to his father's house and met Khulus. He kept his expression as though he were shocked after seeing the court's notice. He told his son, "Why did you go to the court? Whatever it may be, you could've spoken to me. Family issues should be resolved within the family, shouldn't they? Only then will the family's honour not be ruined. Shouldn't you have known that? After your mother committed suicide because of you, every other family member has hated you. If they come to know that you've filed a case against me and are again fighting with me, no one will respect you. Are you sure you want to make your father appear for litigation?" Khulus smiled and said, "It's really funny to hear that you're worrying about the family's honour. I don't want to speak about my mother's death. I know what would've happened in reality. I don't care when other family members hate me. If they come to know that you have submitted a fake will, they will only hate you, and you will lose their esteem."

"Do you have evidence to prove my will is fake? How will you win this case? You will lose for sure."

"You fear that you will lose. That is the reason why you came here and was speaking to me. You're trying to stop me." Jahandar smirked inwardly. Jahandar spoke as though he had become very emotional, "Don't you have affection towards your father? You're my eldest son. After my death, only you'll receive the CEO post and the necklace. Perhaps I might live for another twenty years. Can't you wait until then? Won't you think about letting your father live happily until death?"

"I have already told you that I don't desire the CEO post. I can't wait even twenty days. If you have the necklace, this world will face innumerable troubles. Just give the necklace."

"Even our employees won't respect you if you act this way. I'm speaking for your own good. Withdraw the case. There is another problem with it – if it's known to others that the father and son of the world's wealthiest family are contending for a mere necklace, everyone will suspect that there is some mystery about the necklace. Didn't you think about it? They'll try to know about the mystery. After that, protecting the necklace will be difficult."

"You're trying to change my decision by saying many things. My grandfather's will not only states that the necklace belongs to me, but also that you must give me half the company's shares. Others will believe that I filed this case to get those shares. You don't feel like giving the necklace or half of the shares. Do you have to live with such selfishness? I won't withdraw the case, no matter how much you speak to me. I won't leave until I win." Jahandar didn't know whether to laugh at his innocence or get angry with him since he was still acting disrespectfully towards Jahandar.

Khulus was more aggressive, thinking that he should win the case. He went to his friend Guzeen's house. Guzeen was a great astrologer. He could predict future events with unfailing accuracy. Although Khulus didn't believe in astrology as strongly as his father did, he wanted to know whether he would win the court case. Guzeen felt joy looking at Khulus. Khulus shared his mental sufferings caused by his father with him. After hearing it, Guzeen felt sorry for him. Then Khulus told him that he wanted to know astrological predictions. Guzeen fetched the cowrie shells, prayed to God and threw them. He said, "It seems that you'll surely have the lucky necklace. It will come to you by itself. You don't have to do anything for it. Don't get onto the wrong path to obtain it for any reason." After hearing those words, Khulus felt overjoyed. He believed that he would surely win the case. With that happiness, he left his friend's house.

After two days, Khulus's case was investigated in the court. Jahandar and Khulus were present inside the courtroom. Khulus was highly nervous. Jahandar was cool without any nervousness. Aaban asked Khulus to call the witnesses, telling him that they may be investigated. Khulus phoned Hoshang and asked him to bring the witnesses to the court. Hoshang told Khulus that he would reach the court within a few minutes. Khulus told him to bring the witnesses very cautiously. During the hearing, Jahandar couldn't contain his laughter whenever he saw Khulus. Khulus believed that if the witnesses were brought to the court and investigated, he would surely win. He didn't know Jahandar had even bribed the judge. Everything was already scripted – what lawyers from both sides should argue and what the judge should say at what time. Khulus didn't know that everything was happening like a stage drama.

Hoshang and Abdun Nasir hid the witnesses inside the trunk of the car and headed to the court. Now and then, Khulus glanced at the entrance to see whether his friends had arrived with witnesses. Jahandar already made arrangements to capture Khulus's friends on the way to the court. Even if the witnesses were brought to the court, only Jahandar would win the case. Khulus didn't know these things. If Jahandar had wished, he could've killed the witnesses at the time when he heard about them, but he decided to kill them at the last minute for more thrill. Jahandar's thugs easily found the car and blocked it. When witnesses weren't found in the seat, they opened the trunk. Like killing an ensnared rat, they killed them and closed the trunk. Jahandar already told his thugs not to kill Khulus's friends and that he wanted to give them a different punishment, so Jahandar's thugs didn't kill them; instead, they tied their hands and legs and abducted them. The judge asked Aaban to bring the witnesses. Aaban asked Khulus when his friends would bring the witnesses. Khulus said, "They should've reached by now. I don't know why they haven't reached yet."

"If they didn't come here, the judge would decide that the will given by you is fake. It is enough if we just show them to the judge." While he was saying so, Aaban found it difficult to contain his laughter. He somehow managed to contain it. Khulus looked like a child had gone missing, losing its parents in a heavily crowded place. He didn't know what to do. Looking at his innocent face, everyone present there felt like laughing. A faint, mocking grin rested on everyone's lips. Khulus kept looking at the entrance. After a short while, the judge said that she was ready to provide her judgment. Khulus's eyes were brimming with tears. The judge provided her verdict that Jahandar wasn't guilty, and the will he submitted was the real one. Khulus was heartbroken.

Khulus waited outside the courtroom for his friends' arrival. He stood there like an orphan. Jahandar came near his son, laughing. Jahandar said, "Why are your friends not to be found? I'm scared you would win the case. If you had brought the witnesses, you could've won the case. I would've gone to jail. You would've become CEO and also received the necklace. Are you wondering why you were not sent to jail? I personally told the judge that my son is innocent and asked her not to give any jail sentence," and laughed

again. Khulus understood that all were bribed by his father. Then Jahandar said, "You look piteous. Come along with me to my home, and I'll ask your stepmothers to prepare some sweets for you. Your friends will not arrive, no matter how long you wait," and left from there.

Jahandar's revenge

Jahandar told Mahir that he was going to kill all the ones who voted against him. Mahir asked, "You've already expelled those four hundred employees from the company. You humiliated them in such a way that they wouldn't forget it in their lifetime. Then why do you say that you are going to kill them? Is the anger with them not relieved still?"

"All of them would have searched for another job by now. Whether they remember the humiliation that happened to them or not, they won't forget the humiliation that happened to me. Humiliating them and thereby making them leave the company wouldn't have hurt them much. When I lost to my son, they all laughed mockingly at me. Their laughter was like spitting saliva on my face. It was like throwing cow dung on me. I felt like standing nude in front of them. It was like I was fastened to a post and beaten up by a whip. I can't live peacefully. I feel like something is missing in my life. Whenever I think of them, I only remember the humiliation that I faced in front of them and not the problems which I created for them. I can attain peace only when I kill them. Not only that, my son is not respecting me still. He always looks at me with contempt – like looking at something foul. After killing the four hundred people, I have to make my son witness their corpses."

"Please change your decision. If you wish, give them troubles in some other way."

"That will not suffice. They are not dependent on me now. I can't give them any great trouble now."

"Is killing them your resolve?"

"Yes, not only them, their family members as well."

"If you do such a thing, you'll have to face many problems. The death penalty is certain. Not only our country, but all countries will speak only about such a heinous crime. If no punishment is given to you, people will come to the streets and protest for it. The relatives

of the dead won't be mute. Sitting in the entrance of this company, they will protest. There are many organisations for protecting human rights and fighting against human injustices and cruelty. They will all speak only about that. They will speak as though the dead are Gods and you are a monstrous demon. If you wish, just kill five or six and settle your resentment. We can say that they were killed in an accident."

"I have to kill them even without leaving one. I have an idea how to do it in such a way that no one will question it."

"What is your idea?"

"I can't tell it to you."

"How is it feasible? Please tell me. It might contain any risk that you might have overlooked."

"I thought about it very clearly. There won't be any risk." Then Mahir went to his room. Even though he mused about it for many hours, he couldn't think of any way to do it without facing problems. Jahandar asked his men to somehow scour a police constable in the city who was the most foolish and also the most petrified. His men went to every police station in the city. They asked the higher officials in each station about which constable in their station was the most foolish and scared. Jahandar's men promised them a large sum of money if they pointed out such a person. To know how foolish whichever constable they referred to was, Jahandar's men enquired about some of the foolish acts done by him. The high officials desired to get the money by pointing out a foolish person in their station. Jahandar's men investigated, visiting every police station in the city, and prepared a list of all easily frightened constables along with their foolish acts. They didn't know why Jahandar was asking them to do it. Jahandar just told them that just as a goat is sacrificed to a temple deity, a sacrifice is required for a major undertaking. Jahandar collected the list from his men and patiently went through it. While reading about a constable in the list, he felt that only he was suitable for his plan. It was mentioned that he often claims the police department fails to bravely fight against injustices, police officers act dishonestly, and police officers receive more bribes from criminals;

he also asserts that if he became a higher official, he wouldn't allow even a single crime in the city. Jahandar decided to promote him gradually from the constable post to the superintendent post. He did all the required arrangements and bribed all the corresponding officials for it. The constable was promoted to senior constable and then to head constable. The constable thought it was a reward for his competence. Then he was promoted to assistant sub-inspector, then sub-inspector and then inspector. The constables who worked with him were astounded, and they wondered how he was getting promoted each week since it had never happened to anyone in police history before. Then he became deputy superintendent, then additional superintendent and superintendent. An ordinary constable became a superintendent in two months. Although others were astonished by his growth, the constable didn't wonder much. He decided that he shouldn't let even a single crime happen in the city. Then Jahandar asked his men to abduct the wimpy constable and bring him to his place. His men abducted him. A separate room had been prepared for him in the Jahandar house. His men confined him there. Jahandar arranged for an eloquent man to brainwash the wimp. The eloquent man went to speak with the wimp. He introduced himself as a leader of a group. He said his group would fight against all the injustices happening to the people. He spoke disapprovingly about the police department, "The police officers are not working for the people but for the criminals. They were even ready to eat the criminals' ordure for money. Male police officers are like seedless dates, and female police officers aren't even capable of doing household chores. The only thing that they do properly in their lives is to salute others. Even if an injustice happens in front of their eyes, they act as though they didn't notice it. Only because of that, groups like ours have been formed. We punish the guilty. People trust us more than the police department. They believe that if a problem is reported to us, they will surely get justice. The reason for abducting you is that we want to show how wretched the police department is. We'll release you once you've understood it. We believe that, after releasing you, you'll be a great police officer. If there exist more great police officers, there is no need for groups like us. People are more unsympathetic than the police officers. They are not worried until they face a problem. What's more, they don't worry even if their relatives or their friends

suffer from a problem. Only when a person speaks for another will our country develop. There's no such thing that can't be questioned. Only by questioning will a problem get a solution. People have to understand it. People have to consider others' problems as their own. Some people are cowards; they can be forgiven. Many are ignorant; they shouldn't be forgiven. They should be punished until their ignorance is removed. After a big incident has occurred, if a small distraction is made, they'll forget the incident – foolish people. If a frog is put in scalding water, it'll hop out immediately. When the same frog is put in water at room temperature, and the water is gradually heated, it won't feel like hopping out. It will stay in the water and die. That is the state of ignorant people. If we have any ailment in our body, it should be treated at the initial stage itself for faster recovery. If it is not treated for a long time, it will be difficult to recover from it. The same happens when people fail to react to the injustices. Upon seeing an injustice, people should question it. Please forgive us for abducting you. We don't see any option to make this country right. We believe that, as you hear the injustices happening to the people approaching us, you'll understand the people's sufferings clearly. We believe that because of you, one person, this country will be elevated. Now you've become a superintendent. If you wish, you can do anything easily. We believe that you'll bring more police officers like you into existence." Now and then, he met the wimp and told him that someone had faced a severe injustice, and neither the police nor others were bothered about it. Fine meals were provided to the wimp at proper intervals. He was just confined in a room, and Jahandar didn't cause any harm to him. Now and then, they frightened him; even that was done not directly but indirectly. Only when he was frightened would he value Jahandar's men more. Only when he valued them would he believe whatever they would say – those things would imprint in his mind as though engraved on a stone. There is a high chance that he would believe a thing when it is told many times in many different ways instead of being told once. They did a few things to frighten him indirectly – they forcefully pounded on the door of the room where he stayed before opening it, they hammered the ceiling of the room now and then, and they made a wild dog bark outside the room. There was an attached bathroom in the room. Every day when he bathed there,

they made raspy, guttural sounds as though spitting or vomiting. Gradually, they instilled an inferiority complex in him. At the same time, the eloquent man presented himself as an intelligent man. Gradually, they changed the wimp to the state where he would believe anything that was said to him. To show the foolish wimp, they created many fake videos of news reading. They built a film set similar to many popular news channels and brought many talented new readers. They filmed as though many crimes were happening around the world, the police hadn't taken any action towards them, and those incidents were reported on the news channels. They placed a television inside the room where the wimp stayed. They said they've given a cable connection to the television. The television was made to show only the content they filmed. Whatever the channel the wimp changed to, it only showed the fake news reports and the incidents that were filmed as though they had happened somewhere in reality. To make their filming more real, they showed advertisements in between. Even the text news which appears at the bottom of the news channel was fake. To avoid suspicion, they filmed the fake incidents with reference to the incidents that happened in reality, making some minor alterations. In addition to the things that he had to believe, they also included some cinema-related news. They filmed the contents as though the entire world were afraid of the criminals, and the police department, military and any other powerful force were afraid of taking action against the criminals. They filmed more content relating to that. They made the wimp believe that the police department or the press were even afraid to go to the crime scene. The wimp couldn't turn off the television. It'll be kept on from 6 AM to 9 PM. Through the camera fixed in the room, Jahandar's men continuously observed to what extent the wimp believed the content shown to him. Jahandar could've selected any fool, but he specifically chose a police constable because he knew the law. He knew how the police department would respond to a crime. So he could understand whatever they would say related to it. For the next three months, they kept doing this. After that, even if the wimp heard a slight sound, he shuddered. Then Jahandar brought many notorious thugs from all over the city to his place. More than one hundred and fifty thugs gathered in his place. Jahandar spoke to them as he was speaking in a company meeting, "If you do the

work I give you, I will pay each one crore rupees." When he mentioned one crore rupees, everyone shouted cheerfully. He continued, "Like killing animals in a slaughterhouse, you may have to kill many people. Don't worry. It's my duty to protect you from any danger." After speaking with them, Jahandar gave the magical necklace to his men and asked them to put it around the wimp's neck. They couldn't understand why Jahandar was asking them to put the necklace on his neck. Jahandar didn't say anything about the necklace to them. They put the necklace on the wimp's neck. After putting it on, it started glowing, and everyone was stunned. The wimp even fainted. Jahandar asked his men to ensure the wimp doesn't take off the necklace. Then he brought fifteen forty-foot container trucks to this place. Then he gave the addresses of the four hundred employees to those one hundred and fifty thugs and asked them to forcefully load everyone in the employees' families into the container trucks. Dividing themselves into groups of ten members, they got into the trucks. Each truck was driven to more than twenty-five addresses and abducted everyone in those houses into the container. No one stopped the trucks when the members of those families were abducted. There were around seventy people abducted in each truck. More than a thousand people were abducted. As per Jahandar's instructions, they drove the truck to India Gate. Another truck came loaded with more than a thousand fifteen-foot-long spears. Some drillers also reached the place to drill holes in the road. As per Jahandar's instructions, they began drilling three-foot-long holes every six metres on each side throughout the Kartavya path, extending from India Gate to Rashtrapati Bhavan. The drilled holes to erect the spears. Those one hundred and fifty thugs opened their truck's container. They took out one person at a time, undressed them, made them lie on the ground, four thugs held their hands and legs to prevent them from moving, another two thugs stamped them to the ground to prevent them from raising, another two thugs fetched the fifteen-foot-long spears, and they thrust the sharp edge of the spear through their anus until it came out through their back below their neck. Two thugs made sure no one escaped from the container. Like piercing a portion of meat onto the barbecue skewer, they pierced it onto the spears. Then they erected those spears into the holes drilled by the drillers, as though a tree at the roadside. A river of blood ran at that place. No

one questioned them. The power of the necklace didn't allow anyone to question them. The thugs prepared the human-pierced spears faster than the drillers could drill the holes for erecting them. So thugs got some free time in between – fifteen skewers were made simultaneously. In their free time, they took some rest and enjoyed the beautiful women in the abducted group. First, they killed all men, then the elderly people, then children, and finally young women, left with no choice. They took quite a long time to kill seventy members in each truck. They began by 10 PM and finished only by 4 AM. All one hundred and fifty thugs were exhausted. Jahandar asked his assistant to give one crore rupees to each thug. They had erected the spears for a distance of three kilometres.

Jahandar told Mahir that he had killed all the four hundred employees along with their family members. He told him that no one was bothered about it and no one would. Mahir couldn't believe it. He wondered greatly, thinking how that was possible for Jahandar and that the news wasn't published anywhere – in newspapers or on news channels. He asked Jahandar many times what magic he did. But Jahandar refused to say. He asked him to take his son to that place and make him see all the dead bodies. Mahir agreed to do it. After losing the court case, Khulus was very sad. He worried greatly that he couldn't fulfil his grandfather's wish. He didn't know how to get the necklace from his father. At 8 AM, Mahir came to Khulus' house. Khulus wondered why he was coming there at that time. He and his wife welcomed him and asked him to enter his house. Huda was pregnant at that time. Khulus asked him whether he had taken his breakfast. After telling him that he had taken it, Mahir asked the same question to Khulus. Khulus told him he had taken it a short while ago. Mahir told Khulus that he wanted to take him to the world's greatest exhibition. Khulus asked, "What is so great about it?"

"You'll enjoy it more only if I don't say anything about it. You won't have seen such an exhibition in your life. If you see it once, you won't forget it in your life. Come along with me without asking many questions." Khulus thought, "What could that be? Could it be something done by my father? Did he do something because he won the court case? Let me check it out." Mahir brought a cabriolet-type car, and its roof was fully retracted. Mahir and Khulus got into the

car. Khulus even felt a headache, continuously wondering what that exhibition could be. He asked Mahir again. Mahir said, "You'll savour it more when it is shown as a surprise. Within a few minutes, you're going to see it."

Mahir took Khulus near the India Gate. They reached the Kartavya path. In the road where parades were conducted, nude dead bodies were impaled on the spears and erected on two sides. Mahir guffawed and told Khulus, "This is the exhibition. Your father has prepared it. Only to show you all the dead bodies, your father has made this great arrangement. Just see what punishment they received for being cheeky toward your father. Poor things, they have suffered such a grisly death. If they had known they would suffer such a condition, they wouldn't have conducted themselves without respect towards your father. Definitely no one would've voted for you. For the sole reason of voting for you, such a situation befell them. Like clothes left to dry hanging on a clothesline, they are pierced on the spear's edge." Mahir slowly drove the car down the Kartavya path. On seeing those dead bodies, Khulus's head reeled, and he felt nauseous. He opened the car's door while the car was moving, stepped out, ran to the roadside and vomited. The breakfast he took came out. Once he got out of the car, Mahir stopped the car. He already knew that such things would happen, so he carried a water bottle in his car. He went near Khulus, taking it. He gave the water bottle to him and asked him to clean his mouth. Khulus got the water bottle and cleaned his mouth. After he cleaned his mouth, Mahir asked him to get back to the car. Khulus asked him to take him back to his house. Mahir said, "Only your father abducted your close friends. Even if you don't see a single dead body out of these thousand, your friends will suffer the same. Come back to the car," and went to the car. Khulus came back to the car. Mahir said, "See the dead bodies on both sides alternately. After seeing all dead bodies, you can return to your home. You shouldn't close your eyes. If you do, I will stop the car immediately. I will keep watching whether you're seeing the dead bodies or not." Khulus couldn't see the insufferable sight even for a second. He again opened the car door, ran to the roadside and vomited. Mahir again gave him the water bottle. Khulus cleaned his mouth. Then both got inside the car. Mahir brought a cabriolet-type car so

Khulus could get a clear sight of the dead bodies. He kept the roof retracted. While the car slowly moved, Khulus saw the dead bodies on both sides. The dead bodies, which were impaled on the spears, presented a horrendous sight. The hands of most dead bodies were raised aloft, as if refusing out of fear, looking at something threatening. The eyes were wide open and reddish. Khulus felt his throat choke as if his neck were tightly wrapped by a chain. He couldn't even swallow his saliva. His face looked as though he had run at high speed for a long distance. Mahir again guffawed and said, "You won't forget this exhibition in your life. Will you?" There were no police or press there. After some time, Khulus couldn't see it. He closed his eyes tightly. He pleaded to take him home. Mahir stopped the car immediately. He said, "Is it okay for you if your friends experience the same? Only when you see all the dead bodies will I take you back home. Only because of you, such a situation happened to them. Who asked you to conduct the election in the company?" After taking a deep breath, Khulus again opened his eyes. Mahir started to move the car. Khulus again saw the dead bodies on both sides. Mahir kept watching him, checking whether he was seeing the dead bodies. It was the job assigned to Mahir. He slowly drove the car as if it were being driven in a newlywed procession. Men, women, kids, and elders had been killed indiscriminately. Two-year-olds and three-year-olds were also seen in the spears. Upon seeing it, he felt like his heart burst into a hundred pieces. He hit his head with his two hands again and again. Tears kept flowing from his eyes. Thinking that just for voting for him, they had experienced such a painful death, he hated himself. He hated himself more than his father. He saw all the thousand dead bodies. Since he saw the dead bodies on both sides alternately, he felt a great neck pain. Once Khulus had seen all the dead bodies, Mahir took him back to his house. He asked Khulus to have some food and take a rest. Khulus got out of the car. He couldn't even walk properly. Mahir left from there. Khulus thought, "There could be no one in the world more despicable than my father. I don't know how many people he is going to kill like this. I have to get the necklace from him as quickly as possible and bring peace to this world. If I don't do that, the souls of the dead won't rest in peace. My friend Guzeen told me that I'll get the necklace. Why didn't it happen as he said? All have conspired for money.

Because of those greedy people, many people have lost their lives. The voting machine operator should've given the information of who voted for whom to my father for a negligible gain. Because of his act, so many people have died." Greedy people won't hesitate to do contemptible things. Like in the Terminator movies, AI from the future is not necessary to obliterate the people. People themselves kill each other out of greed. That period is not far. Then all those dead bodies were removed. Jahandar wanted to give severe punishment to Hoshang and Abdun Nasir for helping Khulus. Jahandar met them both and said, "I killed everyone who wanted Khulus to become CEO. They just voted for him. I didn't torture them much before murdering them. Although they suffered a painful murder, they died immediately. The help which you both offered to my son is not a simple one. So a punishment must be given according to that." Jahandar asked his men to shave their heads. His men did it. Then Jahandar asked his men to remove all their clothes, leaving only their briefs, and his men did it. Then Jahandar asked his men to paint their bodies with white paint and dot all over their bodies with black paint. His men did it. The two were looking like Dalmatian dogs. Then Jahandar asked his men to make Hoshang sit on an ox and Abdun Nasir to sit on a donkey and take them across the city for two days. He told his men not to give food or water to them. His men began the journey as per Jahandar's instruction. No one questioned it. The police or the press were afraid to take any action for it. Still, the wimp was wearing the necklace. Many people watched the two. The two felt intense humiliation. They thought Jahandar could've killed them instead of doing this. Within the ten minutes of their journey, they hated their lives. After twenty hours, Hoshang died. Jahandar's men phoned Jahandar and asked him what to do with Hoshang's body. Jahandar asked his men to remove Hoshang's head, pack it in a box, gift wrap it and send it to his son. His men did it, and one of his men, disguised as a courier deliveryman, went to Khulus's house and delivered the box. Khulus was already in a state of tremor after witnessing the thousand dead bodies. Khulus saw the gift box. The name 'Hoshang' was mentioned in the 'From' address. Khulus couldn't find where his friends were all these days, so he felt a little joy thinking that his friend had sent a parcel. He eagerly opened to know what it was. Inside the box, his friend's shaved, white-

painted, dotted with black paint head was found. After seeing it, he fainted and collapsed. Huda saw her husband collapsing. Immediately, she came near Khulus. She noticed the separated head inside the box and screamed. Hearing her scream, a servant came running to her. Within that, Huda closed the box. Huda asked the servant to bring some water. After the servant brought the water, Huda asked the servant to throw the box outside of the house. She splashed water on Khulus's face and comforted him. She consoled him. She asked him to have his dinner. He didn't feel like eating. She fed him some food and took him to the bedroom. She made him lie on the bed. While they were sleeping, in the middle of the night, Khulus thought about his friend's head and screamed out of fear. Huda didn't know what to do at that moment or how to comfort him. She fetched a glass of water and asked him to drink. He felt dreadful. She said, "We can't revive the dead. Don't fight with your father anymore. Your father is killing all your supporters." The next day, fully, Jahandar's men took Abdun Nasir in the streets of Delhi. Abdun Nasir was about to die, but didn't die. Jahandar's men phoned Jahandar and asked him what they should do next. Jahandar asked his men to take Abdun Nasir to Khulus's house, show him to his son once and drive Abdun Nasir away. Jahandar's men then took Abdun Nasir to Khulus's house at midnight. They rang the calling bell. Huda opened the door. She startled, looking at those standing outside. She pleaded with them, asking them to return, saying that her husband was already enduring severe mental agony and he couldn't bear another affliction. One of Jahandar's men told her that if her husband didn't come out, they would bring him out by force as per Jahandar's instruction. Left with no options, she brought Khulus to the entrance. While bringing him, she asked him to have a stone heart. Khulus saw his friend who was about to die. His friend couldn't even open his eyes. Khulus begged Jahandar's men to leave his friend. Jahandar's men freed Abdun Nasir. Relieved that he somehow survived, he started to run towards his home. Khulus called his friend. He wanted to offer food, wash his body, and give him some clothes since he was clad only in briefs. But his friend ran without even looking back. Khulus couldn't bear that he had lost his close friends. Jahandar felt happy that he had killed everyone who acted against him.

Jahandar asked his men to abduct his son and bring him to his house. His men went to Khulus's house. A postman was standing outside the house. They plucked the post from him and drove him away. They entered and abducted Khulus. Huda saw her husband being forcefully pushed into Jahandar's men's car. Within the time she could run to them, Jahandar's men left from there. Huda's entire body shook. Huda too went to Jahandar's house. But she was stopped at the entrance by Jahandar's men. "Please let me in," she told them, kneeling before them. She wasn't allowed to enter, no matter how she pleaded with them. Then she tried to push them away and gain entry. Five well-trained and strong men stood there, and she couldn't push aside even a single man. "Father-in-law, please don't do anything to my husband. Take my life instead," she shouted. Finally, she touched those men's feet to allow her to enter, but even then she was denied entry. Then she hurried back to her home. She phoned her father-in-law's mother and informed her of the matter. Mardhiah phoned Jahandar. "Under no circumstances should you kill Khulus. If you do, you will not see me alive," she said. Jahandar said, "Don't worry, Mother. I won't kill him." Then again, Huda reached Jahandar's home. She wailed, standing at the entrance, asking her father-in-law not to harm her husband. Jahandar asked his men to make Khulus sit in a chair and tie his hands and legs. His men did as instructed. Khulus felt apprehensive about what would happen to him. He closed his eyes to ease his fear. Then Jahandar ordered his men to bring a red-hot, thick iron wire. His men got a thick iron wire and heated it on the stove in the kitchen. The man who heated the wire wore safety gloves while heating it. While they were heating the wire, Khulus, shaking with fear, thought that Jahandar was going to mark his body with it as a punishment for his actions and as a warning against any of his plans. Jahandar's men brought the red-hot wire to the room where Khulus was seated. Jahandar asked them to place the heated wire on Khulus's eyes. His men looked at him as though they were asking if he was sure. Out of fear, Khulus shouted at his father, "How can you do this to your own son? Remove my ties. You became CEO and got the necklace too. Above all, you violently killed all those who voted for me, along with their innocent family members. You killed my friends, too. Is that not enough for you? Are you even a human? Let me go." Jahandar commanded his men again, but this

time more firmly. Then a man held Khulus's head tightly so that he couldn't move. The man who was carrying the hot wire pressed the wire against Khulus's eyes. Khulus shouted in pain, and his cry resounded throughout the entire building. Hearing her husband's scream, she felt as though her heart was about to shatter. She cried out to those men to allow her inside. She was dripping her saliva on the floor while crying. Those men stood like pillars. She then fainted. He was writhing and screaming, unable to bear the pain. Only then did Jahandar pity his son. He asked his men to untie Khulus. Upon hearing that Khulus's wife had fainted, he ordered his maids to take her to a room and lay her on a bed. Then he brought a doctor to his house and asked him to relieve the pain for his son. The doctor gave some strong painkillers to Khulus and asked him to take the prescribed medicines for the next three days.

Then Jahandar's men showed the post, which they snatched from a postman in Khulus's house while abducting Khulus. Jahandar opened that post. He checked the sender information. The name Guzeen, his profession as an astrologer and an address were mentioned. Then he read that post.

"I hope you have won the court case which you filed against your father. I had done a special prayer to God for it. No doubt, you would have won the case. You are a good man. No one can defeat you. Your father is going to experience many miseries like every other bad man. Yours lovingly, Guzeen."

He felt that he had left out one without killing. He always believed in astrology, so he decided to get predictions for his future first and then kill him. Jahandar ordered his man to abduct Guzeen and bring him to his house. His men brought Guzeen. Jahandar asked Guzeen to provide predictions about Jahandar's future. Guzeen refused to do it. Jahandar let out a big sigh and said, "I thought of getting my future predictions before killing you, but I can't." Then he asked his men to kill him, and his men killed him. Then the necklace was removed from the wimp's neck.

Even after blinding his son, Jahandar didn't let him free. After Khulus's eye pain was subdued considerably, he was confined in a big room with almost all facilities. Khulus's wife pleaded with her father-in-law not to torture her husband any more. Jahandar said,

"He had behaved disrespectfully to me, but he is my son, after all. I won't kill him. Food will be served on time. I have appointed one servant and a nurse to take care of him. The nurse will help him do things like changing his dress and doing morning routines, and the servant will take care of every other need he might have." Huda said, "I, his wife, will do all those necessities. You have deprived him of seeing this world. Is that not enough for you? Even after blinding him, do you really have to confine him like this? Do you think he would still act in a way that displeases you? In that case, let me speak with him. I will make sure that he doesn't get involved in your matters. Please send him to our house."

"If I let him out, I am sure he won't be silent. I know him very well. I had to confine him. If anyone else had done this, I would certainly not have let them live. I didn't kill him only because he is my son."

"Then confine me along with him. We live the rest of our lives inside that room. I am his wife. Please let me in at least for that reason."

Jahandar let out a heavy sigh and told her, "You are pregnant now. You will have to take care of yourself. You can come here anytime and visit him for a few minutes, but you can't take him out."

Jahandar was highly affectionate towards his son, maybe out of the guilt that he had offended him very badly. Every now and then, he would check whether the servants were serving the Khulus's needs properly.

A match made in heaven

Huda often visited her husband. One day she asked him, "You were once a board director in your father's company. Important decisions were taken after consulting you. You once held such a high position, but now you're kept confined in a room without anything. You're so talented, intelligent and have a good heart. Should such a situation befall you? Somehow escape from here. We can go to some other city, do some work and lead our lives."

"I know many who have led a more superior life than I and lost everything in their life. Some have even lost their family members. I just lost my eyesight and my job. My father is taking care of me well."

"What happened to you? You should be ashamed of being like this. You should be leading a comfortable life. You're living and taking food from the one who brought you into this state. Is there any other great humiliation than this? Your father has put you in a condition where you have to endure anguish for your entire lifetime."

"My father has done only good to me."

"What are you saying? Your father separated you from your family, damaged your eyesight and confined you in a room. What good are you seeing in this? Even the prisoners in jail would get opportunities to speak and get acquainted with fellow prisoners. But you don't even have someone to speak to. Did you see this as good? Is it enough if you're provided with food at the correct times and your basic needs are served? In the age of playing with grandchildren, he is living happily with three wives, but he has confined you like this. He didn't have the thought that his son should live with his family. To show such hatred towards you, what betrayal have you done to him? Whatever may be, you're his son; at least for that reason, should he not think that your life should be

good? In living such a life, what good did you find?"

"Not seeing any evil itself is good. Because I lost my eyesight and because I'm kept confined in a room like this, I won't see bad things, I won't hear bad things, and I won't speak bad things. When you speak to me, speak only about the good things."

"I can't understand whatever you're saying."

"I've decided to sacrifice my life for the good of this world."

"Are you still desiring to get the necklace?"

"Yes. If I get that, the situation that happened to me won't happen to anyone else."

"Even after all the things that have happened, you didn't change? Why are you so adamant?"

"If the necklace is worn by someone who believes the world would cease to exist, then the whole world will vanish into nothingness. That is the power of the necklace."

"Fine. Do you believe that you can get it from your father?"

"My friend has said that I will get the necklace, and I believe that I'll surely get the necklace."

Munaqqaa conducted tuition for small kids and yearned a little. As soon as she received some money, she would donate it to a children's home. Her father would always ask her why she gave that money to charity and why she didn't want to spend it for herself. She would give him the same reply every time: "Giving gives me more happiness than getting. There are more poor people in this world who don't even have a single meal a day. How could my heart allow me to waste money on needless matters rather than offering it to them?" Asaad would always feel proud of his daughter's compassion.

A few months passed. Jahandar came to know that Nurani had a brother, and her brother had a daughter. Jahandar waited until his beloved's brother's daughter's puberty. He thought that she should be married to his son before she gave her heart away to anyone else. In the guise of arranging his son's marriage with his beloved's

brother's daughter, he wanted to strengthen his chances of getting to his beloved. He got his beloved's brother, Asaad's, consent. Asaad felt elated that his daughter was going to live in the world's richest family. Jahandar then spoke to his son about the marriage he had decided upon. Shah-Alam wasn't interested at all, and he didn't even care to see the bride's photo. He was only fifteen years old then. Jahandar got his son's consent, saying that the bride's father was very talented and the bride was beautiful, well-cultured with a deep appreciation for classical music, arts, and literature, well-educated, refined, and also well-mannered. His son didn't agree with his whole heart. His son's attitude was one of letting things be carried out according to his father's wish. Since Munaqqaa loved her father and considered his wish her own, she too agreed to the marriage. Munaqqaa was only one year younger than Shah-Alam. To mark an auspicious date for betrothal and marriage, Jahandar visited a priest. The priest said, "You can conduct the betrothal in this month itself, but you have to wait another five years for the marriage. The bride and groom shouldn't meet or communicate, even indirectly, before their marriage. They must remain completely separated. Otherwise, some unfortunate circumstance might happen to them." Jahandar wasn't worried about a delayed marriage. He thought that if somehow the betrothal were conducted, his beloved would become a part of his family.

After a few days, the betrothal was arranged very grandly, and it was sponsored fully by Jahandar. At the event of betrothal, Shah-Alam seemed uninterested. He didn't even look at the poster or the name board. When Shah-Alam's friends and cousins saw Munaqqaa's face on the poster, they felt highly jealous of him. The rites and rituals that were to be performed before the bride's arrival on the nuptial stage were all completed. Then Shah-Alam saw Munaqqaa for the first time when she was being escorted to the nuptial stage. He hadn't seen such beauty in his lifetime. Until then, he had been unwilling. The moment he saw her approaching from a distance, he became like a statue, like a devout devotee who had seen God in person. He deeply regretted thinking, "I was saying no to her without even seeing her divine and loving face all along." He who had been sitting with dislike bloomed like a bud unfolding. His entire body felt goosebumps. His heartbeat kept increasing as she

walked towards him. Each of her movements, even the slightest one, poured love into his heart abundantly. He was in such a state that he would happily accept if he were asked to walk carrying her, with her feet placed on his, for the rest of his life. She came near him and sat beside him. For him, everything around him became enveloped in darkness. To his eyes, only she appeared as a living being besides himself. She sat near him with her head bowed as a sign of respect towards him. At that moment, he felt as if he had lived his entire life completely. The photographer asked them to look at the camera. Only then did she raise her head, and he didn't want to look at anything other than her holy face. He thought that for the rest of his life, he shouldn't go even for a second without seeing her. He decided that he should spend the remainder of his life only for her sake. Just sitting with her on the stage for a short while, he felt as if he had lived with her for many years. He thought that in this entire world, it would be enough if just he and she existed. Many of Shah-Alam's relatives and photographers kept asking him to look at the camera. Finally, he came out of his love-struck daze. Everyone laughed at him. Both Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa felt a little bashful. Shah-Alam felt blissful that she got betrothed to him. Shah-Alam had seen many women who had well-defined and well-toned bodies. He felt only lust towards those women. He would grade those women only thinking about which body type would give him the most pleasure in bed. To be precise, his gaze at them resembled a predator's gaze upon its prey. He had never seen in his life a girl like Munaqqaa, one who would evoke such a divine feeling. He surrendered to her the moment he saw her. He thought that he could lose anything for her. So profound was her presence in his heart that he wouldn't hesitate to give up his life at the cost of a single glance at her. He thought that those flawless, well-proportioned women wouldn't even equal the dust beneath her feet. He would've barely spent one and a half hours standing near her on the nuptial stage in his betrothal function. Neither the relatives nor the friends who gathered at the nuptial stage to bless them caught his eye. Although their blessings and playful banter reached his ears, they failed to affect his state of being hypnotised by love. It would take only a tenth of a second to blink an eye. He felt that he shouldn't miss seeing her even for that brief span of time, so he didn't blink even once. He observed her

long, properly braided black hair, the fragrant Spanish jasmine flower on it, her coloured lips, her dense eyebrows, her peace-making big eyes which seemed to instil peace even in a wild beast, her long nose, her cheeks which mirrored a quarter portion of the moon and her long neck. He thought about what good he had done to deserve a girl who seemed like the very embodiment of love, as his wife. The betrothed were invited to take dinner. His attention towards her was never distracted, even on the way to the dining hall. He wasn't concerned about what others thought of him. He wasn't hungry one bit. He longed to touch her hands, adorned with a beautiful henna design, but stopped, fearing he might lose her esteem for him. They entered the dining room. He watched all her actions lovingly — pulling back the chair, then sitting gracefully on it while pulling it forward, opening the banana leaf which was placed before her, drizzling water on it, brushing away the droplets from the leaf, thanking the ones who served her food, and tasting the food. He liked everything she did. He loved every cell of her body. If he had to choose between being a single hair on her skin or possessing this entire world without her, he would surely prefer to be that single hair on her skin. He would be ready to just behold her for his entire lifetime. Everyone left the function hall once the betrothal event ended. Munaqqaa too left. He felt like his soul was separated from his body. He longed for their bodies to be fused in a union so inseparably that they couldn't be parted. Even though they got parted physically, they stayed close mentally.

The obstacle is removed

Qutaibah's mother died. Upon hearing that news, Jahandar was deeply worried. He decided to carry Qutaibah's mother's corpse from Qutaibah's home to the cremation ground. Jahandar was very affectionate towards Qutaibah's mother. He liked Qutaibah's mother more than his mother. Qutaibah's mother was the one who made Jahandar understand what affection was. When Jahandar apprised Qutaibah of his decision, Qutaibah said, "My mother was just a wet nurse to you. Why do you want to carry her corpse to the cremation ground?"

"The things which I'm about to do will not even equal a thousandth part of what she has done to me." Then they carried Qutaibah's mother's corpse. Qutaibah held the head side of the deathbed while Jahandar held the leg side of the deathbed. Another two men helped to carry the corpse. Although Jahandar spoke very emotionally, he just held the deathbed slightly. The other three were the ones who actually carried the deathbed. Jahandar couldn't hold on for even half of the path, so he asked another person to carry it instead of him. After reaching the vicinity of the cremation ground, he again held the deathbed. Although Qutaibah noticed it, he acted as though he didn't notice. All arrangements were made to burn the corpse. Jahandar told Qutaibah, "Although she is your biological mother, she raised me only as her first child. I wish to set fire to her funeral pyre. You must give that honour to me." Qutaibah happily agreed to it. He said, "I always see you as my real brother. I, too, wish that only you should do this." Jahandar performed all rituals in the place of a son. Before setting fire to the funeral pyre, he touched the feet of Qutaibah's mother and pressed his hands on his eyes. Then he set fire. He stayed there until the entire pyre burnt down to ashes. Jahandar told Qutaibah, "No matter how bad the situation gets, no matter how badly you conduct yourself towards me, I won't separate from you."

"You're saying whatever I want to say." Then they embraced each other and mourned their mother's death. They showed brotherly affection towards each other.

Huda was fully-term pregnant. Before her husband lost his eyesight, and when they had been together, she had become pregnant. She was deeply worried that her husband wasn't even fortunate enough to see his child, which was about to be born, and that her husband wasn't near her at that time. She went to her father-in-law's house and met her husband. Huda worried that her husband unnecessarily fought with his father and thereby lost his eyesight. She spoke, sobbing, "You could have shown compliance with your father. Then you, our child, and I would have led a happy life. If you get your vision back, no one will be happier than me. I always think of our good old days and long for their return. I am praying to God, wishing they could come back. Will it ever happen? In trying to gain what we don't have, we lost what we did have." He hugged her before she finished talking. She too hugged him back. Both of them were wetting each other's shoulders with their tears. Huda asked her husband, "What's the point of you being sad? Are you eating properly? Your body is becoming increasingly emaciated."

"I can't even bear a single minute of my life being wasted. This world will be at peace if I get the necklace. My father uses that necklace solely for his own selfish ends. Even though he possesses much wealth, he uses it solely to satisfy his excessive desire and to destroy his enemies."

"You just take care of your health. That necklace will surely come into your hands one day." A son was born to Huda. Even then, Jahandar refused to let Khulus out of the room. Khulus couldn't go to the hospital to be with his wife and his newborn child.

After a week, Huda came to her father-in-law's house to meet her husband, carrying the newborn. She met her husband. His child's cry gave him more joy. Huda placed the child on his hands. Although his wife spoke happily, he could feel the intense suffering she was carrying in her heart. Khulus said, "Don't worry. You are my eyes. I'm going to live under your guidance. The necessity of your being with me always, as my eyes make me happy. Indeed,

happier than my worry at my loss of vision." Then gave the child to her, and he searched for her cheeks. She held his palm with one hand while holding the child with the other and pressed it against her cheeks. At that moment, a single drop of her tear fell on his hand. He gave a kiss on her forehead, telling her not to worry.

Shehyar was also one of the four hundred employees who voted against him. Jahandar removed his name from the list. Because Shehyar was Jahandar's angel's husband. After killing those four hundred people, Jahandar again started to think about Nurani. Although Jahandar had a humongous mountain of hatred towards Shehyar, he didn't inflict pain on Shehyar, not even in the amount of a small mustard seed. Jahandar desired to have Nurani without harming Shehyar. Jahandar had a childish plan – to send him somewhere in the name of a business trip often and persuade Nurani, in her husband's absence, to yield to Jahandar's desires. First, he made Qutaibah the head of Shehyar. He asked Qutaibah to send Shehyar somewhere often under the pretence of a business trip. Qutaibah acted accordingly. Whenever Shehyar went on a business trip, he took his wife along. It grew Jahandar's hatred even more.

Jahandar felt Shehyar to be a big obstacle. He tried to have Nurani without harming him, but he couldn't. For an instant, he thought about whether to kill him also but decided against it. Then he got an idea. He thought he could ask Qutaibah to act very harshly towards Shehyar; when it was done, Shehyar would develop more hatred; when hatred was developed in his heart, he might show it towards his wife; when he did so, Nurani would come to Jahandar. So Jahandar asked Qutaibah to act harshly towards Shehyar even if he made any small mistake. Qutaibah agreed to it. Qutaibah always gave difficult work to Shehyar. He waited until Shehyar made any mistake. But whatever difficult work Qutaibah gave Shehyar, he completed it with ease. Shehyar acted so perfectly that no mistakes could be found in his work. A few days passed in this way. Qutaibah lost his patience. He told Jahandar that he couldn't find any faults with Shehyar. Jahandar didn't know what could be done to Shehyar. Qutaibah couldn't bear to see Jahandar worrying. Qutaibah resolved that he should find many faults in Shehyar's work, even if there were none. All these days, Qutaibah acted

friendly to Shehyar, hawkishly waiting for an opportunity to attack him. Shehyar liked Qutaibah. When Qutaibah knew that Jahandar was worrying because of Shehyar, he began to act harshly towards Shehyar. He micro-monitored every single work that Shehyar did. He found faults with whatever Shehyar did. He fed hatred to Shehyar as much as possible. Shehyar couldn't understand why Qutaibah was suddenly acting in such a way to him. Shehyar acted with patience as much as possible no matter what Qutaibah did. As Shehyar acted patiently, Qutaibah acted even more harshly. Now and then Qutaibah would enquire of him about his progress in his work. He prevented him from working by repeatedly asking whether he had done his work. He didn't allow him to remain peacefully. Qutaibah did many things indirectly to make Shehyar angry, but he couldn't do it. One day, he decided to speak ill of his family directly and make him angry. He called Shehyar, and as though he were angry with the fault he made in his work, Qutaibah spoke ill of his family. Shehyar couldn't tolerate it. He pulled Qutaibah by his shirt and slapped him hard in his cheek. Qutaibah's head reeled. Shehyar spoke angrily, "I know you're Jahandar's foster brother. Your mother had been Jahandar's wet nurse. For that reason, he is keeping you with him like a pet dog in the name of a brother. You must understand that. To enjoy Jahandar's wealth, you're wagging your tail for him. How dare you speak ill of my family? You should be ashamed of leading your life on another's money. You can instead live by begging," and stormed out of his room. Qutaibah was shaken to the core; his cheek turned red, tears were continually flowing from his eyes, and when he feared that someone could notice him in that state, his entire team was looking at him. He never expected to face such humiliation. He couldn't bear it. He didn't know how to face his team and communicate with them thereafter. He decided to kill Shehyar. But he didn't tell Jahandar that Shehyar had slapped him and that he had taken such a decision. Shehyar thought, "Surely Jahandar was behind Qutaibah. Aadil was a great man, and I don't know how his son can be such a scumbag. Why is his father's good nature not seen in Jahandar, not even in a minute amount? One would say that the wisdom of a son is the same as the wisdom of his sire, but Jahandar's wisdom doesn't contain even a trace of his father's wisdom. Really strange." The next day, Shehyar went for an

inspection of the apartment building, which was constructed by his company. He felt that he should behold the sight of the entire city standing on the roof. To fulfil the desire, he walked to the elevator. From the ground floor, he headed to the fiftieth floor. As he went to the top, he felt more excited. He reached the fiftieth floor. It would be approximately seven hundred and fifty feet from the ground. After he reached the roof, someone came to the roof. Shehyar felt that the man was about to tell him something. The man returned to the elevator as though he had forgotten something. Shehyar didn't think about it much, and he began savouring the sight. He could see the entire city. The sight was wonderful. The place was windy. He breathed deeply and savoured it. He searched for his house. He saw the place where his house could be. Then pigeons were flying around the building in groups. As though he were going to speak with it, he reached the edge of the roof. Pigeons flew just a short distance from him. Then he heard a sound similar to a door creaking. He thought that the pigeons wouldn't make such noise. The sound kept increasing. He felt that the sound was coming from behind. He turned around. A two-foot-tall load shifter carrying seven to eight large cement stones was approaching him at high speed. It came as though it would dash him, make him fall over it and take him to heaven. Shehyar immediately moved aside and stopped the load shifter from falling with much effort. Only one stone, rolled from the load shifter, fell from the roof to the ground. It travelled for a long distance, then fell on the ground and disintegrated into several small pieces. He was relieved that he didn't fall and the stone didn't hit anyone. He checked who pushed the load shifter towards him. There was no one there. He couldn't remember the face of the one who followed him to the roof. It is doubtful that he could identify him even if he saw him again. He wondered who would've done that and who was desiring to kill him. He hadn't developed such enmity with anyone in his life, so he couldn't think of anyone. He decided to ignore it completely. The next day, Shehyar went to the construction site and was checking if everyone was doing their duties properly. While he was inspecting a place on the ground floor, a worker scooped some blistering hot tar from a metal drum in a metal ladle and walked gently without making noise to the spot behind Shehyar's back, carrying it. Shehyar felt that someone was approaching from behind. He turned

around. He saw a worker carrying a hot tar to splash on him. The worker was standing three feet away from him. To prevent him from doing whatever he was planning to do, Shehyar removed his helmet and hurled it at his face. As the helmet hit his face hard, he fell on his back. Since he drew his hand back to splash the tar on Shehyar before the helmet had hit him, the hot tar got poured on him after he fell. Shehyar didn't expect that such a thing would happen. Thinking that the tar shouldn't be splashed on the persons standing behind, he threw the helmet instead of running away. Shehyar was deeply worried about it. Qutaibah was deeply worried that Shehyar had escaped for the second time. Within a few seconds, all workers came there. Shehyar unintentionally looked in a different direction. He descried Qutaibah looking at him with hatred from a long distance – from the third floor of a nearby building. When Qutaibah found that Shehyar had noticed him, he disappeared from Shehyar's sight. The one who poured on himself writhed for a few seconds and died. Everyone saw him piteously. Shehyar found that it was Qutaibah who was trying to kill him. Although Qutaibah tried to kill him twice, Shehyar decided to forgive him. But Qutaibah couldn't sleep peacefully. The words spoken by Shehyar affected his peace. The next day, as usual, Shehyar went to the construction site and began his inspection. He was standing on the second floor of a building. He saw the ground floor through the empty space left for the lift. In that place, more six-foot iron bars were erected. He wondered why those iron bars were erected there, where the lift would be placed. He called a worker and asked him why those iron bars were there. The worker had no idea. He sent the worker away. Then he saw six stout men approaching him. They weren't looking like daily wage workers. They wore worker uniforms. Shehyar understood that Qutaibah had arranged those men to murder him. Those six men tried to beat Shehyar and throw him over the iron bars. But they couldn't even give a single blow to Shehyar. Shehyar beat all those six guys. Those six guys ran from there. Shehyar thought that he shouldn't leave Qutaibah anymore and that he must kill him. Qutaibah was also at the same construction site. Shehyar went to the place where Qutaibah was standing. Once Qutaibah saw Shehyar, he was frightened. He thought about how Shehyar had managed to escape that time also. Qutaibah feigned that he was busy with important

work. Shehyar met Qutaibah and told him that he wanted to speak with him for a few minutes. Although Qutaibah refused many times, Shehyar didn't leave him and remained stubborn. Qutaibah asked to say anything in that place itself. But Shehyar said that he wanted to show a place in the construction site secretly to him and speak about it. He also said that he suspects that there would be some treasure in that place. Out of fear, Qutaibah told all his team that he was going to speak with Shehyar in private and went along with him. Shehyar took him to the secluded spot. After reaching there, he punched Qutaibah's stomach many times, and Qutaibah fell, unable to bear the pain. Carrying him, Shehyar went near the place where a road roller was parked. He laid him there on the ground. To prevent him from shouting, he put some cement into his mouth. Within the time Qutaibah could spit the cement out fully, Shehyar crushed him under the road roller. Qutaibah was flattened as though rolling roti dough. Then he covered his crushed body with gravel stones. The next day, a foul smell was emitting from there. When the gravel stones were removed, the crushed body was found. People couldn't identify whose body that was. Seeing the clothes, they identified as Qutaibah. Immediately they informed Jahandar. Jahandar came there and saw the crushed body. When he saw Qutaibah's body in that state, he was deeply worried. Jahandar thought that Qutaibah had no enemies and wondered who would've done such a thing. At that time, Qutaibah's teams approached Jahandar and said that it was only Shehyar who took Qutaibah privately, saying that he wanted to say something to him, and they also told him that a few days ago Shehyar had slapped Qutaibah in the company. Although Qutaibah was his foster brother, he didn't want to cause any harm to Shehyar because he was Jahandar's angel's husband. Jahandar told Qutaibah's teammates that Shehyar was a good employee, had won many awards, had won the most prestigious 'Most Important Person' award several times and wouldn't do such a thing. Jahandar said that it must've been an accident.

After a few days, Jahandar went to a construction site. At that site, workers were shifting heavy loads from one place to another using a crane. A worker by mistake tied a heavier load than the maximum load the crane could lift onto the hook. The crane showed the

warning light and beeped while lifting the load. But the crane operator didn't notice it. Jahandar was standing in the spot where the loads were shifted. Shehyar was also at the same construction site. As the load was heavier than the capacity, the boom couldn't be moved, and it stopped halfway. Only then did the crane operator see the warning light. Jahandar was standing exactly below the hanging load. The entire crane began to shake back and forth. The foundation rose above the ground, and the crane seemed to topple. The crane operator, thinking that if the entire crane toppled, the damage would be greater, decided to release the load midway. He didn't have much time to decide. So he prayed to God that no one should be harmed because of it and released the load. Shehyar watched the crane jittering and the load being released from the hook. Thinking the load shouldn't drop on Jahandar, Shehyar ran at lightning speed and reached Jahandar in a second's time, held him and darted to the safe place. They both fell on the ground. Since Shehyar was staying near Jahandar, he was able to save him. Jahandar escaped very narrowly. The load was dropped from a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. As it fell on the ground, it produced a thunderous sound and blew out a heavy wind of dust. Both Jahandar's and Shehyar's bodies were covered with dust. They felt that their ears had deafened. It took a few hours for Jahandar to recover from the shock. After Jahandar became normal, he met Shehyar and thanked him for saving him. Until the time Shehyar saved him, Jahandar was carrying only hatred towards Shehyar. But after that, the hatred was changed into friendship. He promised Shehyar that he would give a promotion, a salary increment and a large bonus. He asked Shehyar to get along with him, as they were thick friends thereafter. Shehyar was overjoyed. Then he dismissed Shehyar. Jahandar thought that he should kill the crane operator. He asked his men to drop the same load from the same height over the crane operator. His men adjusted the crane's counterweight accordingly and killed the crane operator as instructed by Jahandar. Although Jahandar's life was saved by Shehyar, he still couldn't be completely comfortable with him because his angel, who maddened him unlike any other, had been claimed by him. Jahandar couldn't digest the fact that Shehyar was possessing the woman to whom he would serve as a slave, dwelling at her feet, staying near her like a submissive dog that

would constantly wag its tail and keep its mouth open with its tongue hanging out, for his lifetime solely for her ethereal beauty. Although Jahandar was friendly with Shehyar, he often felt a little pang in his heart that Shehyar had married the ultimate sex goddess named Nurani.

Shehyar reached home happily, and when Nurani opened the door, he dashed towards her and hugged her so tightly that not even air could pass between them. She too wrapped her arms above his shoulders and pressed herself firmly against him. He held her for a long time, and before she could ask him about his merriment, he locked his lips with hers. He lifted her in his arms, with her legs wrapped around his waist and her hands touching his cheeks. After kissing her for a minute and while she was catching her breath, he told her, "I saved my CEO's life today." With apprehension, she asked, "What happened to him?"

"Nothing to fear."

He explained the incident to her and added, "He was highly grateful towards me and told me that I should consider him my best friend." Although she smiled cheerfully with him and kept a bright face, she carried within her the worry that what she had hoped for might not come true. She believed that Jahandar would kill him to attain her but never expected that he would develop a friendship with her husband. She strove to conceal her worry as best she could. She thought, "I anticipated that whenever he saw my husband, jealousy would arise in him, and that jealousy would eventually turn into murderous rage. How can he develop friendship with my husband? I don't want this middle-class life anymore. I am sure Jahandar still desires me, and he will chase after me if I stay alone. It will be all too easy for me to lead him to the decision of marriage, driven by his lustful desire." She asked him to be cautious and never trust Jahandar, saying, "Anyways, all these days he hasn't been nice to you. You told me that he treated you badly through Qutaibah. After doing that, now he pretends to be good to you." He said, "He was like that, but I have saved his life. From now on, he will behave well towards me." It seemed as though her dreams had been set on fire. Although Shehyar loved Nurani deeply, took great care of her, and fulfilled all her wishes without leaving one, Nurani always

longed for a life of luxury. Nurani knew that she could easily subjugate Jahandar and live a luxurious life, so the thought of continuing in an ordinary life filled her with resentment. No matter how much a dog is bathed, placed in the middle of the house and given royal treatment, its mind will still be on eating excrement. Similarly, although Shehyar held Nurani in the palm of his hand, doted on her and showered her with affection, Nurani remained yearning to live in Jahandar's wealth and splendour.

Nurani went to Jahandar's company under the pretence of seeing her husband. She thought that she could present her beauty to Jahandar if possible, and make him go crazy for her beauty again and make him think that he would do anything to attain her. Dressed in more seductive attire, she went to Jahandar's company. She went there approximately thirteen years later. The same receptionist was there at the reception desk. The receptionist remembered the old memories upon seeing Nurani. Nurani was looking enchanting in the same way she looked thirteen years ago. Men who saw her went crazy. They felt like showering all their money over her head. Many things have changed in the company. Many decorative objects and many artistic pictures were placed inside. Even small objects looked more artistic. Even the landline phone on the reception desk had artistic appeal. The reception was well perfumed. Although the receptionist identified Nurani well, she acted as though she couldn't identify her. The receptionist welcomed Nurani with a smiling face and asked about the purpose of her visit. She said that she had come to visit her husband, Shehyar. As usual, the receptionist asked Nurani to wait in the lounge and contacted Shehyar through the intercom and informed him of his wife's arrival. The sofas in the lounge were changed. The interior design was done as though it were some holy place. The sofas resembled the look of a sofa used by ancient kings. Even the centre table was beautiful. There was a cupboard near the sofa. In the cupboard, there were many newspapers from different vendors, many magazines and story books. A Buddha statue was placed in the lounge. It looked calm and peaceful. She felt as though she were inside some holy place. On seeing every object in the company, she worried that she had missed a chance to live a luxurious life. She wanted to use the restroom. She went to the reception desk and

asked the receptionist for directions to the restroom. The receptionist showed her the way. On the way to the restroom, she saw some rooms of the company. Each room had a different theme of interior design. Many indoor plants were placed. There were many different kinds of furniture in the workplace. Every place was maintained cleanly. It seems that the employees liked staying in the workplace more than staying at home. She entered the restroom. Even the restroom looked more beautiful. Everything – faucets, basins, hand showers, and paper towels – seemed like objects which are used by rich people. The paper towel, which she had used since then, would disintegrate into small bits on contact with water, but the paper towel kept there felt so soft and absorbed the water effectively – it almost felt like fabric. Then she came out of the restroom. The company was looking like a palace. She yearned for a wealthy life. She thought, "Do I have to die without experiencing such luxury? No. It's enough living a middle-class life." She couldn't meet Jahandar that day. She met her husband alone and returned home. The receptionist understood her yearning well. She smiled inwardly.

Nurani couldn't withhold her patience any further. She decided to kill her husband herself, but doing so wouldn't be an easy task for her. She would be found guilty if she mixed poison into his food. It should seem like an accident. A few days passed. He didn't arrive at his house at the usual time. Usually he arrives at 6 PM, but that day he reached his home only at 11 PM. She served dinner for him as soon as he came home. Since he was famished, he ate more and at a fast pace than usual. "May I ask why it became so late today?" asked she. He replied he had more work to finish. Struck by a sudden thought, he looked at her with concern and asked her, "Have you had your dinner?"

"When have I eaten without you eating first?"

"If you go without eating for a long time, it will affect your health." He stood as he finished his dinner. He told her that he was having a severe headache while washing his hands. She asked, "Shall I get you some coffee?"

"No thanks, a little sleep will make it better," he told her while walking towards the bedroom. He said, "Golden one, have your

dinner first," and he entered inside. She felt neither hungry nor sleepy. Nurani's two-year-old daughter stayed with Nurani's mother-in-law. Only two were in the home. She suddenly reflected the word 'Golden one' he uttered lovingly. A plan to murder him came to her mind. She went to the bedroom carrying sesame oil. He saw her husband had already fallen into a deep sleep within a few minutes. Without turning on the lights and making any noise, she took some of her clothes out of her wardrobe. She applied a thin layer of the oil on many spots of the dresses. She applied it on the bed too. Then she looped those dresses around his legs and hands delicately and tied them in a way that would be difficult to untie. Two to three dresses were tied to each hand and leg. He didn't stir even slightly from his sleep. She had a plan to act as though she was engaged in some playful act with him, should he awaken. Then she went to the next room and got a candle. She lighted it from the stove placed in her kitchen. She then came back to the bedroom. She carefully set the candle on one of the dresses she tied at his legs so that the dress would ignite immediately upon contact. Then she ran out of the room, closed the door and latched it outside. He wailed, unable to bear the heat. He tried to remove the fire on his body. Fire kept spreading more and more since there were many clothes on him. The fire spread across his entire body. She waited until his voice faded away. Then there was only the sound of fire burning. She then opened the door. She found his charred body near the door. She confirmed that he was no more alive with her eyes. The entire room was burning. Then she went out of her home with an affected cry and slammed on her neighbours' doors and told them the matter. Some neighbours called the fire service. Her neighbour just stood at her house entrance, and no one dared to enter it. A few minutes later, the fire service arrived at her home. All the while, she didn't stop screaming, asking her neighbours' help to save her husband from the fire. The fire service carried her husband's burnt body outside on a stretcher. Within a few seconds, they put out the fire. The fire service informed her of her husband's death. On hearing that, she let out a piercing scream while striking her chest. Even though the expected thing had happened, she wailed as though an unthinkable calamity had struck. Her neighbours were deeply moved and felt sorry for her. After hours of her masterful performance, she was finally approached by her neighbours. They

took her inside her home, offered water and asked her to speak to her relatives. She phoned her mother-in-law and informed her of the matter. Then the neighbours asked her how it happened. She narrated her cooked-up story, "My husband has been in mental distress for the past few days. He would often tell me that his superior had ill-treated him in his office. One day, I asked him why he was not considering switching to a different job. He replied that he had great respect towards the late CEO Aadil and that he would even lose his very life rather than be removed from that company. He reached home only at 11 PM from yesterday's work. We didn't converse much, as he had a severe headache. In the middle of the night, I had stomach pain. I found I've run out of my stomach-pain tablets. I didn't want to wake him to buy tablets, and I thought of buying them myself. So I left for the nearby pharmacy. It was at that moment that he made such a decision. Only when I reached the pharmacy did I remember that I had left my wallet at home. I returned home only to witness this heart-wrenching sight. I then called you all," she spoke as though forcing the words out, pausing again and again. To every inquiry thereafter, she narrated the same story.

Yearning for love and yearning for lust

Nurani mourned loudly in front of her husband's body to create the impression that her husband's death was indeed an accident. Mirsab phoned Jahandar and informed him of the matter. Jahandar told him that he would visit his employee's house within a few hours. Under the pretext of going to see the dead, he planned to see his exquisitely beautiful queen, unable to remove her from his mind. Dressed well, with his face and hair neatly adorned, wearing perfume, and carrying in his shirt pocket a lovely red rose as if to point towards his beloved, he set out with excitement. He went as though he were a chief guest at a grand festival. Under the guise of offering consolation, he thought he might converse with the one who had stolen his heart and stubbornly refused to return it. Through his gaze and words, he wished to make her feel that he was the greatest admirer of her body and that she could come to him whenever she desired. To him, it was the joy of regaining a rare and priceless treasure once last. Before leaving, he went to his son Shah-Alam's room and informed him about his betrothed's aunt's husband's death. Shah-Alam worried for his unnatural death. He spoke sorrowfully, "I spoke with him just four months before in my betrothal function. He was a nice guy and looked healthy. He and his wife looked like a match made in heaven. They were young, cute and beautiful." Hearing his words, Jahandar felt as though a sharp needle had been driven into his heart. He tried to maintain a calm face and said, "They married thirteen years before, and they have a daughter." Shah-Alam said, "That is really sad. How will she raise her daughter?" Jahandar thought to himself, "Even if she bore a thousand children. I myself would raise them for her." He said, "Don't worry. I will arrange for a good job for Nurani and make sure that her daughter doesn't face any financial trouble." When Munaqqaa was informed of her aunt's husband's death, she mourned, "This shouldn't have happened to my aunt. How will she live alone? It is most unfortunate that such a pitiable situation has

come upon her." Her father, Asaad, consoled her, "Nothing is permanent in this world. One who understands this won't worry about anything."

In his life, Jahandar had never stood before a mirror for more than two minutes to do his makeup, but that day, he spent over half an hour and made sure he looked great. While on his way to Shehyar's house, he asked his car driver to stop near a bouquet shop. His car reached a bouquet shop. When Jahandar entered the shop, the shopkeeper asked him for which occasion he was searching for a bouquet. Jahandar replied that he wanted a nice bouquet to give to the love of his life. The shopkeeper showed him many bouquets with a simple arrangement of flowers, but he didn't like them. Finally, he showed a bouquet which had a heart-shaped arrangement of Gypsophila flowers, tightly packed to form a fluffy, pink heart. It was wrapped in soft pink paper with metallic pink ribbon trim and tied at the stem with a pink tulle ribbon and a small white tag that read "LOVE LOVE LOVE" in pink letters. The whole setup was highly romantic. He chose that bouquet. When he received that bouquet, he felt as though he were holding Nurani in his arms. Then he got back to the car. His car reached Shehyar's house. He stepped out with the bouquet, and the people were puzzled as to why he had brought that kind of bouquet, since only sympathy bouquets are generally given for condolences. Nurani expected his arrival. He went inside and didn't even care to look at Shehyar's body. He looked at her. Nurani knew very well that he had come and was standing there, watching her. She kept her head bowed and continued to cry, as if unaware of his presence. She acted as though she was oblivious of his presence, purposefully to increase his desire for her. If she had shown that she noticed his arrival, his attraction towards her would have diminished a little. But she would only intensify that attraction and never allow it to fade. The longer she would ignore him, the stronger his desire would grow. He kept gazing at her, yearning for her glance, even if only for a second. She sat there with her hair unbound, unbathed, and tears streaming down her cheeks. Yet, even in that state, all his eyes could see were her slender waist and her flawless rounded breasts. He longed to clasp her as she was, pressing her against his chest, brushing his lips gently against her earlobes, inhaling the

scent of her hair, and offering consolation in a gentle voice into her ears, "Don't worry about anything...I am here for you…don't worry...don't worry...I am here..." He felt he must keep speaking thus. A man experiences greatest gratification in a woman's embrace when she holds on to him to ease her fear or sorrow. There were many people in that house who came to see Shehyar's body. After a few seconds, he called her and offered the bouquet. She approached him to collect the bouquet. She was in her so-called wretched look. Even in that look, she was looking like a Barbie doll with a dull instead of a dazzling dress, uncombed hair and no makeup. She received the bouquet. The moment she received it, he felt as though he were in her hands like a child being held. She told him that she wanted to speak to him in private. He felt as though the god of love had shot an arrow into his heart. He nodded yes. Even his pupil got dilated out of excitement. She walked in front of him towards an empty bedroom. She even walked slowly to make it seem as though she were mourning deeply. Just as one lures a little child by tempting them with the promise of candy, she led him along. And like that child who follows with firm belief that the candy will surely be given, he followed her. After entering the room, she didn't even face him and just looked at the floor. She placed the bouquet in the bed and told him, "I appreciate your presence, Sir." He moved closer to her, telling her not to address him as "Sir." She immediately stepped back. He felt let down because he couldn't even touch the candy. If given the opportunity, he thought of embracing her body under the pretence of offering solace for the loss of her husband. Just as a child sleeps peacefully, soothingly embracing a soft toy, he longed to tenderly hold her, to attain the deep pleasure of his soul. He wanted to comfort his alluring beauty, so he asked her a question which would bring out her sadness: "Are you worried that you couldn't save your husband from the fire accident?" Understanding his motive and wanting to tease him, she replied, "No, not at all." He got confused and wondered why she concluded the conversation so suddenly. She continued, "I did whatever I could. I called out my neighbours, and they called the fire service. Sadly, my husband died before the arrival of the...fire service. If I had stayed at home, I wouldn't have let him commit suicide." When she mentioned the word 'fire service', she slightly reduced her voice and uttered it slowly in a

way of stirring his lustful desire. She teased him, although she was speaking about a serious matter, knowing that he was interested only in her body. At that time, he felt an urge to pull her into a tight embrace. Although he acknowledged hearing her words, they didn't enter his mind. A thought ran in his mind, "When am I going to carry this extraordinary beauty away? She is not with her husband and has to spend her nights alone. Should such exceptional beauty be wasted without belonging to anyone? No. Not a single night should be wasted." She could understand very well that he was deeply aching for her, aware that she was living alone without her husband. To deepen his aching, she spoke as though she had no desire in life, "For a second, I thought of joining my husband in fire and living together with him in heaven. I restrained myself from entering into the fire, thinking, 'Who would take care of our daughter if we both died?'" said she, letting out a drop of a tear. It was only then Jahandar realised she had a daughter. He thought, "You and I should kindle a fire of love and draw warmth from it for many years. That is heaven for me." He didn't reply. Although she spoke of such a sorrowful matter to him, she could notice only lustful yearnings throughout his body. As she looked at it, she pressed her lower lip beneath her upper teeth, hiding the mocking smile. He got highly smitten by lust seeing her bitting her lower lip. He spoke, "Luckily, God didn't take away my beautiful angel from this world. I should thank God for making you remember your daughter at that moment." She remained mildly sobbing as though she didn't hear his words, 'My beautiful angel'. Thinking he wouldn't get a more fitting moment than this, he gently held her cheeks with both hands. Pretending to rub away her tears, he stroked her cheeks with his thumbs. As she continued sobbing softly, he gently yet quite firmly rubbed the tears away, feeling her smooth skin. To give him the chance of stroking her skin, she let out the tears. Thinking that he shouldn't get satisfied from it, she acted as if she suddenly felt his touch and gently removed his hands. While he was thinking of using his lips instead of his fingers, his hands were removed from her cheeks. After thoroughly entrancing him, she pricked at his anger, saying, "His absence causes me great sorrow." The thought that she spoke about her dead husband after his touch made him feel like the one who was scorched by fire. For him, who got completely captivated by her stroking her cheeks, her words

pricked him sharply as if stung by a bee. The fact that his touch stirred no feeling in her caused him great pain. Her husband got burnt by real fire, but Jahandar was burnt by her words. The pain experienced by him was far greater than the pain experienced by her husband. She believed firmly that stirring his lustful desire, then belittling his manliness, thereby provoking his anger and making him think of winning her, was the sure way of making up his mind to marry her. He then took out the chequebook from his pocket and wrote a large amount – enough to buy a new house. He stretched out the cheque to her, thinking to grab her once she received the cheque. She didn't receive. He asked her to receive it and told her that he would give some amount every month to take care of her expenses, such as her house rent and her daughter's school fees, still stretching out his hand. She told him, still facing the floor, "I won't accept free money from anyone."

"We belong to the same family now. My son got betrothed to your brother's daughter. Your father is a long-time employee in my company. Your husband contributed a lot to my company. I am not a stranger to you."

"Sorry. I offer my heartfelt thanks for the sympathy you have shown. The reason I called you privately was to ask if you could arrange a job for me."

He thought, "You are my queen, and I should be serving you for a thousand years for every inch of your heavenly body; yet you are the one asking me for employment... Someday, you will end up in my hands," and told her, "Okay, I will arrange for good work for you." She thanked him. He asked her whether she liked the bouquet. She didn't answer that question and just said, "I am grateful for your presence. Sorry, I have to get back," and left the room. The real reason she took him alone was to tempt him, and she was careful not to give him even a little satisfaction. He felt deeply disappointed that, even though he was taken into an empty room with her, she didn't even look him in the eye. Even a moment of eye contact could've quenched a considerable part of his thirst for her. It is hard to catch a fleeing chicken; his condition was nearly identical. He longed terribly to savour her completely.

Shah-Alam, deeply immersed in the sea of his yearnings, would

think about when he would meet her again – the girl who stole his heart and was tormenting him, never allowing him to involve himself in any other activity other than thinking about her; the girl who would become his wife after five brutal years; the girl who evoked love feelings in him for the first time; the girl who wouldn't kill him in a single strike but would take it little by little; the girl who claimed his soul, leaving behind his body; the girl who didn't allow him to sleep even for a second; the girl who stopped his time; the girl who made him utter only her name. He would often think about how many more days his life would be confined to imagination. He felt it difficult to pass each single minute. He cursed time so much that he ran out of words to curse it. He wondered, "Even a single minute was difficult to endure; how could I endure five long years?" He cursed the priest too for having separated them for so many days. He could pass days without taking food or without sleeping, but he couldn't pass even a second without thinking about her. He always saw her photos, which were taken at their betrothal function. For that period of five punishing years, only those photos should save his life. His mother was his favourite person in the world until the moment he saw Munaqqaa, but after that, Munaqqaa was his favourite. He wouldn't have seen her if the betrothal had also been postponed for five years. Then he wouldn't have to experience such agonising days. The time he knew that he was getting married to a peace goddess, he couldn't pass even a single minute peacefully without her nearby. He would stay up nights without even a bit of sleep only to have swollen eyes. He always ponders about what she would do in that moment: "Is she sleeping? Is she eating? Or is she thinking about me like I am thinking about her?" What use was there in confining their love only to their hearts? They should express it. Even if it was not expressed in words, at least it should be expressed with eye contact. Seeing her photo, with an overflow of love, he would think, "To live the heavenly life with you, do I have to undergo such a hellish torment?" Then he would give a prolonged and firm kiss. Then he would scold lovingly, "My sweet tormentor!”

Munaqqaa distracted her mind as much as possible with other activities such as singing, dancing, playing musical instruments, learning a new language, and writing poetry, but she couldn't resist

her urge to see or speak with Shah-Alam. Whenever she remained without focusing on anything or engaging her mind in any demanding work, her mind thought of Shah-Alam. Shah-Alam occupied her mind. She often had imaginary conversations with him. Love feelings didn't allow her to sleep peacefully at night even though she was physically exhausted from being involved in various activities. In her imagination, she was already living a family life with him. Thinking of him, she planted kisses on the pillow again and again until it grew damp. Believing she was embracing him, she clutched the pillow so tightly that its cotton burst out. She pressed his photograph against her chest. "Why do you torment me like this?" she would scold him now and then. Whenever she held a pen in her hand, she felt like writing his name. And she didn't stop with writing – it was followed by a firm kiss upon the letters. Day by day, her body got emaciated. Her hunger for love was far greater than her hunger for food. She always thought about how long she could survive by drinking only the water of his memories. Every moment, she longed for the day when he would come to her as the true nourishment to satisfy that hunger. She would often pray to God that the waiting time before marriage might quickly come to an end.

Shah-Alam told his stepmother, Sahla, "I don't believe the priest's words. He prophesied that only when we are separated for five years will we live happily for many more years. But I think I will die before we get married, unable to endure the pain of love. Unable to kill time, I might end up killing myself. I can't wait any longer. I'm going to meet the priest and ask him if there is any way to reduce these five years." She said, "Don't worry. Only waiting makes your love stronger. I completely believe the priest's words. Because, in these five years, your love will gain a strength that nothing can break." Whenever Shah-Alam spoke with Sahla, he felt as though the pain in his heart had lessened.

A few months passed. Shah-Alam somehow passed one year out of five years. He had to pass another four years without even looking at Munaqqaa. Shah-Alam couldn't wait for his marriage. He decided to ask the priest if there was any other way to marry her immediately. He went to the priest's place. The priest asked him what he needed from him. Shah-Alam said, "I can't wait anymore. I

want to marry without any further delay. Is there any way to avoid another four years of waiting? It doesn't matter how arduous it may be. Do I have to eat only one meal a day? Do I have to pray to God for ten hours each day? Do I have to tread on fire? I am ready to do anything for my love. Please tell me a way."

"You have passed a year. You have only four more years to pass. Passing these four years is easier than all the ways you suggested. You are just sixteen. You are still a young boy. Count it not as a matter of great weight. Only those who know how to wait will get the rarest fruit. With patience you can even conquer this earth." Shah-Alam grew angrier as he talked. Out of anger, he lashed out at him with harsh words. Although he spoke harshly, the priest didn't lose his patience. Closing his eyes, he prayed to God, "God, he is a young boy. He loves his betrothed very much. He spoke to me in this way because of his deep love towards her. Please forgive him. He mustn't be affected by any sin. Their divine love must be spoken of throughout the world."

Like a pond which has only one fish and many swans which are all preying for that single fish, many men of swans in the city pursued Nurani, who promised paramount gratification to men with her exquisite form and was staying alone after losing her husband, in the hope of having her in their beds. Although the sky has many stars, it has only one moon. Likewise, though there were many glittering women in the city, all men desired only the most shining Nurani. Many expressed their desire for her through their eyes, some expressed it through indirect speech or actions, and some directly asked her. They longed to be with her, whether as a secret lover or as a husband. They were ready to shower their wealth on her head. They were ready to give ten times the money they would give to a most sexually appealing prostitute. She didn't want to get showered by sporadic light rains but by a very heavy, forceful and continuous rain with thunder and lightning. She knew only Jahandar could give that kind of shower for her entire lifetime. She wanted to be caught solely in the net cast by Jahandar. Like a tiger which wouldn't eat the grass however hunger it may be, she rejected all other men. They would get greatly disappointed at not being able to ensnare the most delectable fish. She behaved in a stern manner to other men, but to Jahandar, she conducted herself

in such a way that gave him hope that he could attain her. Jahandar just wanted to provide money without giving her any work, thinking not to hurt her delicate body against anything except a soft bed, but she wasn't ready to accept his free money. When he learnt through his men that she was chased by many men, he decided to give her a job in his mother's home. One day, when she put her daughter in the play school and returned home, Jahandar went to her home, knowing she was alone. He believed that his chance of having her was higher when he encountered her alone. He knocked on her home's door. She saw him through the door's lens. At once, she ran towards her wardrobe, removed her dress, which was ordinary, and wore a dress that displayed the graceful curves and contours of her body without any concealment. Then she swiftly coloured her eyes, eyebrows and lips. Then she touched up makeup on her face. She knew that she was watched by Jahandar's men. She thought he must not know that she had changed her clothes only for him since, just a few minutes before, she had been outside to put her daughter in the play school. So she wrapped a bath towel around her hair to make it seem as though she had just stepped out of the shower. In that appearance, she looked even more beautiful. She deliberately made him wait outside her house for more than ten minutes. He knew that she was inside but couldn't understand why she didn't open the door. If food is served at the first hint of hunger, its true value won't be felt. Only when hunger gnaws at the belly does one truly appreciate the meal. Whenever she got a chance, she made him wait for her, and thus she raised ever higher the value he placed upon her. Jahandar lost his patience, and when he was about to return, thinking she was not at home, she opened the door. For a few seconds, he looked upon her amazing body, scanning from head to toe without blinking. Although she applied makeup, she maintained a melancholy face and kept her head bowed to make it seem as though she was still worried about her husband's death. When Jahandar had finished scanning her, she softly called him inside with a sorrowful voice. He followed her as though a starving dog were being taken to food. She would only feed the dog after tying the chain of marriage around its neck. The very thought that he was alone with her in the home raised his heartbeats. When she walked before him, he enjoyed the sight of her bum. She asked him to sit on the sofa in the living room

and went inside the kitchen to get some water for him. She came back with a glass of water. He thought of rubbing her fingers when getting the glass. To heighten his passion for her, she placed the glass on the centre table instead of giving it to him, and that worried him since he missed the chance of touching her fingers. Just as tiny drops turn into a great flood, she believed that these small disappointments of his would one day compel him to make the big decision of marrying her. His disappointment was revealed in the heavy sigh he let out. She stood before him as though she didn't notice his disappointment. He told her, "A radiant beauty like you living alone with a daughter is not easy. I know there is no one other than your father to support you financially. I have a good job, as you asked me that day. I am indeed searching for a person to take care of my mother. She is very advanced in age, so she needs a caretaker. I believe you are okay with it, and you will take good care of her. You can stay with her. A room will be allocated to you and your daughter. Food will be provided to you both. You will be given a monthly salary. In addition to that, your daughter's school fees will be paid. I will send your daughter to a big school. I ensure she pursues whatever education she wishes. You and your daughter can enjoy all the luxuries at my mother's home. I assure you won't face any more difficulties." Nurani thought to herself, "He is planning to keep me at his place and make me his own under the pretence of visiting his mother. Under the pretence of serving his aged mother, I will make him fall at my feet. I will make it necessary for him to marry me if he wants to win me." She expressed her gratitude towards him. He thought, "By saying yes to me, you will have a hundred servants at your command, yet you're being so stubborn about not coming to me." She said, "I won't forget your kindness. I will treat and take care of your mother as my own mother. It is my responsibility to always keep her happy. I will never allow the grief of losing my husband to reflect on my duties. I will always act with a sense of responsibility." Jahandar was happy hearing her words. She thought, "I will rule your entire empire."

After a few days, Jahandar again went to Nurani's house when she was alone. Nurani looked as though she were just twenty, though she was thirty. He told her that he would take her and her daughter to his mother's home in the evening and asked her to be ready to

depart. That evening, he came again to her home and took her and her daughter in his car. Nurani and her daughter were brought to Mardhiah's house. For the first time, Nurani entered a rich house. Everything she saw was expensive in that house. She was in astonishment without even realising it. All her life, she wished to live in such a luxurious palace-like house, not as a servant but as the lady of the house. She decided that her life would be the most luxurious one the moment she came to know about Jahandar. She thought to herself, "I won't lead a normal life hereafter under any circumstances. I know how to make him fall at my feet. Not only over this house but over his entire fortune, I will be the ruler." He introduced them to his mother. Nurani began her performance the instant she stepped into the house. She behaved with much kindness towards Mardhiah, and Mardhiah grew fond of her within a short time. Before stepping out, Jahandar checked out Nurani from the top of her head to her feet at a measured pace, as though she were a Christmas tree lit in wonder. She allowed Jahandar to behold her whenever and for as long as he wished, as though she were a toy displayed in a shop window. Then Jahandar visited his mother every two or three days. Whenever he got a chance, he would meet Nurani in private and speak with her. She wouldn't allow him to touch her, and at the same time, she wouldn't refuse him completely. Like feeding a fettered goat destined for sacrifice, she bound him with her charms and nourished him with sweet words. Like a spotted deer that leaps away to escape its predator, she was careful never to be trapped in his arms whenever he sought to touch her driven by burning desire for her. Although she escaped from his grasp, she gave him the feeling that he should endeavour to get the most delicious prey ever. Each time she escaped from him, she would playfully let out a sly smile of mockery, thereby intensifying his frustration. She believed that once his frustration crossed a limit, he'd suddenly make up his mind to marry her.

A few months passed. At the time of consultation for marking betrothal and marriage dates, the priest had said, "The bride and groom should never communicate. The groom's thoughts, words, and deeds shouldn't be told to the bride, and her thoughts, words, and deeds shouldn't be told to him. Otherwise, they might face some life-threatening situations." Both Jahandar and Asaad held his

words in high esteem. Even Shah-Alam knew about it; he would meet Asaad often by visiting his father's company and keep piling up the questions to him, "Had she taken her food properly? Is she happy? How was she this morning? Is there something she desires? Had she slept seven hours yesterday? Which colour dress did she wear today? Did she wear more makeup or less makeup? Did she smile at you today? Did she look fine when she woke up? What jewel was she wearing today?" Asaad would respond patiently but with untruths that would reassure him that she was doing fine. For the question, "Did she enquire about me?" too, he would reply with falsehood. He remained careful not to contradict the priest's words. He asked her daughter to remain inside the home since he thought that even by mistake, they mustn't meet. When Asaad reached back home from the company, his daughter would pile similar kinds of questions about Shah-Alam to him. He would respond in the same way he would respond to Shah-Alam. Both Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa enquired about one another through Asaad and felt happy to know their beloved was well and not suffering the torment they themselves endured. That was the only happiness they could get until their marriage.

Like how Shah-Alam was aching with love, thinking about Munaqqaa, she too was experiencing the same pain thinking of him. She, too, yearned to speak with him or at least see him at a distance. She too couldn't sleep at night. She longed to sleep, embracing him. She yearned for him more than he yearned for her. She desired to fondly run her fingers through his hair, to smile with him, sleep on his chest, and playfully bite his cheeks. As she was a woman, she kept her desires concealed. If she were allowed to speak with Shah-Alam before marriage, she wouldn't express her desires. If a man does it, it is not considered wrong, but if a woman does the same, the world will speak ill of it. She would think sometimes, "Why is it that men may have feelings for women, but women are not allowed to feel the same towards men?"

Munaqqaa's thoughts didn't allow Shah-Alam to get involved in any activity. He always thought of spending time with her instead of suffering the pain of love alone. He would think that anything once lost could be regained, except time. He didn't want to live with memories of that single day – betrothal. He wanted to create more

memories with her. His heart was beating restlessly with this rhythm: "Go to her, go to her, go to her, go to her." Sahla saw him throbbing with memories of her. She asked him to write a diary about all of his thoughts about her and suggested that he could give that diary to her to share how he felt when he was alone. It seemed to him the most perfect idea.

Even though days and time passed, they didn't pass for Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa. Yearning for when they would finally unite. Anger flared up for Shah-Alam whenever he thought about the priest. He would scold him inwardly, "This torment is because of him." If that priest happened to come before him, Shah-Alam wouldn't hesitate even to kill him. He would check the time on his watch, on the wall clock or on the computer at least three times a minute. He would get disappointed whenever he saw the same time. He would even wonder why time didn't move to the next minute and why it was taking more time for it. He would think that he had to pass many more days before his marriage. Sometimes he would count the number of days remaining, and sometimes he would count the number of minutes remaining just to kill time. One day, he decided to learn all the musical instruments just to distract his mind. He started learning piano, drums, tabla, guitar, violin, and vina. But they actually raised his love feeling instead of lessening it, since there is no tune without love. A heart beats seventy to ninety times a minute, which is less than his repetition count of her name in his mind. Sometimes he yearned to hug her tightly, sometimes he yearned to kiss her highly adorable and lovable cheeks, sometimes he yearned to hold her feet, and sometimes he just wanted to lock his eyes with hers closely. It was impossible for him not to think of her face, which was overcome by divine love.

A few months passed. Only to behold his enchantress, Nurani, Jahandar went to visit his mother. He was so unenlightened that he didn't know he would only get a chance to behold her and speak to her, but nothing else. He came to meet her every time with a desire that he somehow get an opportunity to meet her in private; if he got such an opportunity, he would embrace her tightly, place many kisses on her body, and undress her; he would have sex with her until his desire was quenched fully, until she would try to stop him and say 'Enough', and until she would scream out of pain. But she

didn't permit him to touch her body even once. If she allowed him to, she would have to live as a housemaid for her entire life. She desired to become the lady of the home; she didn't want to spend many days to achieve that; she wanted to fulfil her desire immediately. To the equal measure of Jahandar's intense desire to enjoy her body, Nurani desired to enjoy his wealth. When a man, whom a woman tries to lure, doesn't show attraction towards her, she would do a few things to gain his attraction. She will try to make him believe that he is terribly yearning to attain her and he is ready to do anything for it. The best course she follows is to make him appear inferior in front of her. She conducts herself as though he is not worthy enough to attain her. She will make him think that he can't attain her easily and that he has to try harder for it. As she conducts herself in that way, his attraction towards her keeps increasing. Nurani conducted herself in the same way to Jahandar. She would dress and do makeup in such a way that it would kindle lustful hankering in him. Her words would contradict sharply with her actions and appearance. While speaking, she would speak as though she were a woman who follows propriety, but her appearance and looks would contradict that. She would use enchanting perfumes. She would use shimmering, glossy lipsticks. She would wear body-hugging clothes. She would ensure that the contours of her breasts, thighs and bum are visible clearly. Her shadow would seem as though she had not worn any dress at all. A woman believes that men feel more kick to behold the body parts which get revealed unintentionally than the body parts that are shown intentionally. Nurani sometimes wore long tops and exposed the contours of her thighs and her pubic area beneath the tops as though she had uncovered them unconsciously. Although she would wait for his arrival, she wouldn't reveal it to him. She would act as though she were distancing herself from him as much as possible. If a woman reveals to a man that she is waiting for him, he will not feel attracted towards her. Only when she feigns to avoid him can she inspire attraction. As usual, Jahandar came to his mother's home. This time, he bought many flowers and gold jewellery for Nurani. For Jahandar, it was not a big expense at all. For Nurani, it was something she wouldn't get easily in her life. He bought those things, fancying that if he gave those things to her, she would get highly enticed by them and offer herself to him. After speaking with

his mother for a short while, he went to meet Nurani. He entered her room. She was wearing a highly captivating dress and was sitting on the bed, looking at the floor. Hiding those he bought behind him, he said, "Can you guess what I have bought for you?" She acted as though she wasn't excited about his arrival. She sat as though she weren't interested in looking at those he bought. She didn't even look at his face. After a short while, she began looking out through the window. She had done perfect makeup, so she displayed her face for his view. While he looked at her, he felt like pushing her back onto the bed, climbing over her and having sex with her. He asked her to see what he bought. She, who was looking out through the window, apathetically turned her face towards him and saw those things he bought. She feigned disinterest in those things. But in reality, she hadn't seen such expensive jewellery in her life. Then she looked at him and said, "You have to stop meeting me like this. I can see that you're yearning to enjoy my body somehow. Understand that I can't yield to your desire. Although my husband is dead, I always live thinking about him. I didn't desire any other men. After my husband's death, many men in the city yearned to attain my body. They did whatever they could. But I ensured that even their shadow didn't touch me. Leave your desire right this second. Don't think that you can attain me by doing something. You think of me as an object of sex. Please remove that thought. It seems like you bought these things to have sexual pleasure with me. Please leave thoughts like those. I came to this house only to take care of your mother and not to yield to your desire." She shed tears while she was saying so. She made it appear as though he were hankering ardently to attain her, and he was doing many things for it, and she finds them troublesome. She also made him believe that he was yearning to attain her body. Wiping away her tears, she spoke, "Please take back whatever you bought for me." Jahandar was heartbroken. Like how muscles will break and be replaced by stronger muscles again and again through exercise, thereby making the body stronger, whenever a man faces such disappointments, his attraction towards the woman he desires will get intensified. With deep distress, he left her room carrying all the things he had bought for her. Jahandar was confused. "Her demeanour suggests to me to grab her, but while speaking to her, she speaks as though she were uninterested,"

he thought. After he stepped out of the room, standing in front of the mirror, she checked how she appeared to his eyes. She checked whether her appearance would've provoked ardent lust in his mind. That was an immense victory for her. If he hadn't bought anything for her, she wouldn't have achieved such a victory. If he had bought an ordinary thing, she couldn't have caused such distress. The more disappointment a man experiences while doing something for a woman, the more he desires to attain her somehow. Although her words bespoke her not being interested, her voice, clothes, and face makeup suggested, "Carry me away. Shouldn’t you experience the beauty of someone like me?" She felt that Jahandar would develop a thought of attaining her somehow thereafter and that she would dwell in his mind firmly. After that, Jahandar began visiting his mother often. Nurani feigned escape from him to the extent to which Jahandar yearned for her and did something for her. She conducted herself towards him in the same way kids would go around a catcher, whose eyes would be masked, while playing; challenging him to touch them, pushing him and asking him, "Can you catch me?" Jahandar, who wasn't well-versed in writing poems, wrote a poem for her.

“I am like a parched land, and you are like the rain-bearing clouds. At times, your memories strike me like thunder and lightning, wounding my heart. When will you rain upon me? When will you quench the drought of love-longing with the waters of your touch? When will you merge with me? When will we together make the flowers of joy bloom in abundance? Delay no more – you must come to me soon and be with me.”

Nurani helped her five-year-old daughter to get ready for school, packed her lunch, sent her off to school, and went to have a bath. The room where she and her daughter stayed had an attached bathroom. While she was taking a bath, thinking there was no one inside her room, a manservant came to clean her room. While he was cleaning, he heard the bathroom door latch opening. Since she had taken the clothes that she intended to wear that day to the bathroom, she came out wearing that. As she came outside, she noticed the manservant who was anxious because he had entered her room while she was inside. Without saying a word, he bolted out, panic-stricken. Looking at him running out of her room in

panic, she laughed out loud. Then she dried her hair, and when she was putting on her makeup, that manservant came and stood by the threshold of her room. He faced the direction opposite to her room entrance and called her, "Mother." Wondering who was calling her 'Mother', she went near the door. Without seeing her and facing the opposite direction, he said, "Please forgive me, Mother. I entered your room thinking there was no one inside. It happened unintentionally."

"That's okay..." Before she could finish, he ran off from there. Seeing him run out of fear brought laughter to her again. The age difference between her and that manservant would be only two or three years, yet he called her 'Mother', which filled her with wonder. Then she thought that perhaps he called her that because she was with her daughter. That day, Jahandar came to visit her. Whenever he came to visit her, he bought some gifts and flowers, but that day he didn't even buy flowers. It seemed to Nurani that Jahandar had lost some of his attraction towards her. She wanted to awaken his lustful feelings by lashing them firmly with the whip of fear of losing her to someone else again. While thinking it, she suddenly remembered the incident that happened after her bath. Using her imagination, she narrated it with some alterations in a way that it would induce a fear of loss of her for Jahandar; it would give him a feeling that she was an innocent woman; it would stir his jealousy by saying that a man more manly than him is desperate to have her; it would show that she had protected her chastity from a bad man; and it would increase his esteem for her. She said, "This morning, after I had finished my shower, I came out of the bathroom to find a burly manservant standing in my room. I shuddered when I saw him. Luckily, even though there was no one in the room, I wrapped a towel around myself that covered me from below my neck to above the knees. If I had come without even wearing that, what would've happened? – he would've checked out my whole body. I shouted, clutching my towel, 'Get out, you dog!' After a few seconds, he slowly moved out of the room without taking his eyes off me. It was very difficult for me to come out of that shock." Then she put on a sorrowful expression. Jahandar's eyes turned red in anger. Even if Jahandar had paused a second to think clearly about what Nurani had said, he would've definitely known it

was untrue. Since all servants who were working in his house were well-trained in how to behave with household members and guests. Even if there were no mistakes on their part and even if they were spoken to harshly, they would always act with great patience. Every morning their manager would remind them about their code of conduct and ensure that they've understood it clearly. Only then were they allowed to begin their tasks. The reason that Jahandar had failed to think that such a mistake wouldn't have happened to Nurani was that his mind didn't work at all when it came to Nurani. Blinded by excessive lust for her, he believed everything she said. Moreover, he had already lost her to Shehyar and had experienced severe mental agony. He absolutely won't be able to accept it happening like that again. From the instant he saw her, all the cells in his body were repeatedly calling out her name. Although he had touched and experienced many beautiful women in the world, he couldn't find a woman like Nurani. Even if she reflected back a thousandth part of the feelings that he was expressing towards her, he would attain supreme bliss, as if he had displaced a large mountain. Even if she gave him a single wink of the eye, he would swallow her wholly. He spoke in a thunderous voice, "Show him to me now." At that time, the manservant was cleaning another room. She took Jahandar along to the room where he was cleaning, then, as though she were afraid of seeing him, she held Jahandar's arm and pointed her finger at him. That manservant didn't notice the two. As she seemed fearful, Jahandar asked her to go to her room. Jahandar went to the window in that room and called his man who was standing down, and he came to Jahandar. Jahandar showed that manservant to his man and ordered him that every part of that manservant's body be cut off and thrown away separately. His man proceeded to execute his order. Jahandar couldn't assuage even a little of his lustful feeling that he carried towards Nurani. Although she flirted with him, she had never allowed him near her. She kept telling him in his ear that she was not the kind of woman who would sell her body for money. Jahandar bought her costly jewellery and said he would build a house for her and that he would arrange something for her to live in luxury for the rest of her life, but she was not swayed by any of his offerings. She behaved in a way that indirectly conveyed to him that only if he married her would she allow him to touch her body. One or two of her features

– graceful curves of her beautiful body and its movements, sweet voice, charming speech, sharp intellect, hairstyle, eyebrows, look, beautiful lips, neck, shapely breasts, long and flat waist, wide hips, contours of the genital area which never failed to steal his heart, sexy tapering thighs – might be found in some women, but he had never seen everything in one woman except Nurani. Jahandar was able to attain anything with his money and the magical necklace but not Nurani's heart. Although Jahandar believed Nurani had many rare features, he only desired her body. There was only one reason for his desire for her – her statue-like form. He would desire anything appealing to his senses – objects, art, women. Just like how he would own artistic objects, he desired to own Nurani by marrying her.

Shah-Alam couldn't stop thinking about Munaqqaa. He desired to start living with her. Rather than enduring another two and a half years of hellish torment waiting for her, he thought he could face any challenge with confidence after marrying her and that even a single day of life with her would be enough for him. He wanted to hold her cheeks in his hands, kiss her on her forehead, hug her tightly, place her fingers between his, make sure her feet never touches the floor, press her hands on his cheeks, run his nose over hers left to right and right to left, and walk a longer distance lifting her. He always longed to do such things to Munaqqaa. Though he was at an age where he could even swallow stones and digest them, he didn't eat properly. Jadida thought that her son was always dwelling in thoughts of his betrothed, and she wondered what spell was cast upon him by Munaqqaa. She always advised her son not to be lost like that in thoughts of his betrothed. But nothing stopped him from thinking about her. He always looked at the photos of the betrothal. Jadida even thought of snatching the photo album from him and tearing it when he was longingly looking at Munaqqaa. When Jadida approached him, he, knowing her intention, protected the photo album and said, "Tear me up if you feel like doing it, but not these photos. I am using this album as a guard from death." She turned back with sorrow that her son was so helplessly ensnared by her charms. The cover of the album had her photos, so he would always sleep embracing the album. He got emaciated and lost about seven kilograms of weight after his betrothal just because he

couldn't see his beloved. One day, he was just looking at the food, not eating it, which was noticed by Sahla. As he had not been right for the past few days, she wanted to speak to him about that. She told him, "You are not taking your food properly. When I was at your age, I used to eat a large pot of rice, but you are not ready to eat two handfuls of rice. Lights were turned on even in the middle of the night in your room. You always think about something. You had good academic records, but you didn't score well on your recent exams. You lost your focus on studies. You are not caring about your body. Your mother always worries, thinking about you. You have become so slim. What do you have to suffer at your age?"

"I would like to marry my beloved right now. Why do I have to wait another excruciating two and a half years? I can't wait any longer. If she stays near me, all my problems will be resolved. Even if she couldn't stay near me, at least if I could speak to her over the phone or see her from a distance, that would be enough to quell my suffering. I can't find a way for even that. Why do I have to listen to some priest's prophecy? I'm going to her home, and I'm going to meet her. Otherwise I can't be involved in any activity." She smiled and said, "You have to have some patience. There should be some good reason for the priest's prophecy. Moreover, you're just eighteen now. You will marry her when you're twenty, and that is the right age for marriage. There is a benefit even in not seeing her and not speaking to her. If you happen to see her or speak to her, there is a chance that you two might end up fighting, as both of you were very young. As you keep waiting, love will continue to grow in both your hearts, and that will ensure you both remain bound to each other. You have experienced the pain of living without her in these two and a half years. So you will not dare to hurt her when you start living with her. You'll never turn your back on her. She too will behave the same way towards you. There is no life more blissful than that in which husband and wife truly love each other and shower affection upon one another. Such a life is going to be yours. You should be happy thinking about that. Eat up to your stomach's fill. Sleep well. Gain more friends and remain cheerful. Importantly, concentrate more on your studies. Waiting in love is also a joy. You and she will definitely live a magnificent and lovable life." Hearing what she said brought comfort to his heart.

He placed more food on his plate and began eating. Sahla brought Jadida and showed her son, who was happily enjoying his meal. Jadida felt very happy looking at it.

Shah-Alam was only eighteen years old. He was in his prime youth. He had a good physique and enjoyed every comfort and convenience. Generally teenagers like him would take pleasure in the company of women. At the very least, they would flirt with many women. But Shah-Alam didn't even want to look at any women other than Munaqqaa with love or lust feelings. He was living with Munaqqaa in his imagination. Sahla wondered, thinking that Shah-Alam was unlike other boys his age. She thought that Munaqqaa must be lucky enough to get a husband like Shah-Alam.

Jahandar couldn't bear seeing his son, Shah-Alam, who always seemed to be thinking about Munaqqaa and wasting away his youth. Jahandar worried that his son was not enjoying his youth and was always lost in thoughts like the old people. Jahandar thought of showing many enjoyments in life to his son. One day Jahandar decided to take Shah-Alam to a VIP pub. Only that pub had highly intoxicating liquors and women. Jahandar, not telling Shah-Alam where he wanted to take him, told him that he wanted to take him to a delightful place. Even after Shah-Alam asked Jahandar about that place many times, Jahandar didn't say anything and just said that it would give him more delight. To Shah-Alam, who was experiencing pain, unable to see Munaqqaa, it gave him a little happiness thinking that he was about to witness something delightful. Like a mother bird who would dare not leave her nest even to search for food, knowing that even a moment's absence might endanger her chicks, Shah-Alam suffered just as deeply, bound by the astrologer's words and unable even to see Munaqqaa in person. Their car reached the pub. Shah-Alam understood what was on his father's mind. Shah-Alam told his father, "This place would only intensify my suffering. However, if you wish I should come in with you, I will."

"If you don't come in, it will give me suffering. Nevertheless, if you wish not to come, we can return home." Shah-Alam agreed to come in. The fire of the sun can't be quenched by the water of a few pots, and that water would evaporate into steam before even reaching

the sun. Similarly, Shah-Alam firmly believed that the memories of Munaqqaa, which were deeply etched in his heart, couldn't be erased by a few prostitutes. They both entered the pub. Jahandar ordered the best wine. When it was brought to the table where they were seated, Jahandar asked Shah-Alam to drink it. Shah-Alam spoke angrily, "I agreed to come in for you. Don't ask me to do anything else." Jahandar, telling Shah-Alam, "Okay, then at least have some fruit juice," ordered a watermelon juice. There was a reason why Jahandar asked specifically for the watermelon juice because drinking it would induce more libido. Shah-Alam thought that his father had ordered a juice without asking which fruit juice he wanted, but anyway he decided to drink it for his father. Within a few minutes, watermelon juice was served. Jahandar waited until Shah-Alam had finished drinking that juice. Then he asked him, "I am going to dance on that floor. Do you want to join me?" Shah-Alam, without giving him any reply, looked at him as if to say that he had already made himself clear. Jahandar, understanding his look, told him, "Okay, if you need anything, tell our men. They will be staying near you." Then after a brief pause, he said, "Whatever you do here, they won't pay much attention to it, nor will they tell me about it." Then he headed towards the crowd of men and women, scantily dressed and dancing chaotically. Shah-Alam couldn't understand the last thing his father said. Jahandar thought that his son was shy before him, so he told him that while leaving him alone. Even at that time, Shah-Alam was thinking about Munaqqaa walking in front of him at their betrothal event. He didn't like to see any girls in that pub. Jahandar moved towards the crowd as though he were going to mingle with them, but instead, he hid at a different spot and watched his son. Jahandar waited to find out what sort of body type his son preferred so that he could arrange a woman for him to suit his taste. But Shah-Alam didn't seem to admire any women. Thinking that he shouldn't wait any longer, Jahandar gave a huge amount of money to the three sexiest prostitutes in that pub and sent them, telling them to do whatever it takes to plunge his son into sexual pleasure. Those prostitutes have spent most of their lives mastering the art of gratifying a man immensely in sexual pleasure and in preparing every inch of their body parts to be as soft and well-toned for that purpose. They have learnt the art so well that it was firmly imprinted on their

subconscious minds – how they should touch a man's body at which places with what amount of pressure, how they should use their lips and tongue, how they should look at a man in a way that makes him feel proud, and how they should twist and display their bodies in a way that captivates a man's mind. Those three went to him to wash away his love feelings and take him to the dark world of sexual pleasure. He was sitting on a sofa. One woman sat at his right side, another sat at his left side, and another rubbed her large buttocks mildly against his penis. Those three ran their fingers over his body, trying to arouse his lust. Generally they would make a man's penis as rigid as an unbendable iron rod within a short span of time. But their touch only caused disgust in him. Those women had never experienced such disappointment from anyone. Even the perfume those women used could make the sternest man lose control. One who sat on his lap, then turned around to face him, and wrapped her legs around him, pressing close for intense body contact. Then she held the two palms of Shah-Alam, placed them on her breasts, and helped him to press them. He could no longer bear those women touching his body. He was in such a state that he felt the same revulsion as if a cockroach in the lavatory had crawled onto his body. Pushing those women aside, he left the pub. Jahandar's men followed him. Jahandar couldn't understand his son's behaviour, thinking that generally men of his age wouldn't reject such pleasures. When Shah-Alam thought that all that was his father's arrangement, it only gave him anger; in his rage, he came outside and got into their car. He asked the driver who was standing beside the car to take him home immediately. Jahandar, understanding his son's anger, signalled the driver to drop him at the home. Once Shah-Alam reached home, he ran to his room, took his betrothal photo album and gave a firm kiss on Munaqqaa's photo.

A love marriage and a loveless marriage

A few months passed. Shah-Alam completed his school studies. Jahandar asked him to work part-time in the company and pursue an undergraduate course part-time. Thinking that he could meet his love goddess's father when he joined the company, Shah-Alam provided his consent for it immediately. Jahandar assigned the 'General Manager' post for Shah-Alam. He gave some documentation to him and asked him to go through it. In the happiness that he could meet his beloved's father, he read all the documents quickly. He was highly excited to be at the company. Whenever he could meet Asaad, he met him. He would believe Asaad's lies. Asaad was careful and acted according to the priest's words. He was so careful that he ensured his daughter and Shah-Alam didn't communicate through him even by mistake. Every now and then, Shah-Alam would give some gifts and greeting cards to Asaad, asking him to give to Munaqqaa. Asaad collected those and hid inside a suitcase without his daughter's notice. Since Shah-Alam gave many gifts, Asaad needed many suitcases to store them. Asaad found it very difficult to hide them from his daughter's eyes. Asaad planned to give those suitcases after their marriage. Shah-Alam had a good rapport with many engineers. He understood about the construction processes well. The power of love that he carried in his heart made him learn about many things at a quickened pace. One day, Jahandar met his son to know how much his son had understood about the construction processes. He was astonished when he found Shah-Alam to be knowing many things about it. Jahandar thought that Shah-Alam was the suitable person for the CEO post after him.

Suddenly, the income tax department requested Jahandar's company to submit the financial report for the past ten years. Jahandar asked the finance team member to prepare the report that was needed for auditing purposes. Mirsab became apprehensive

when the report was requested. He looted the company's money by creating many wrong entries in the financial books. He was fearful that all of it would come to light. While preparing the report, his team members identified the wrong entries created by him. Mirsab was positioned at the top level in the finance department, so his team members reported the issue directly to Jahandar. In his room, Jahandar was sitting with his son Shah-Alam when Mirsab's embezzlement was reported to him. Jahandar started to ponder what should be done next. But Shah-Alam immediately asked the finance team to bring Mirsab to Jahandar's room. Then the finance team left, and Mirsab entered Jahandar's room. Shah-Alam shouted at him, "How daring you must have been to touch the company's money?" He spoke furiously, although Mirsab was the grandfather of his betrothed. Jahandar asked him to remain calm, explaining the family bond they had with Mirsab, how long Mirsab had worked in the company and that Mirsab was much more advanced in age. Shah-Alam couldn't control his anger and asked his father to fire Mirsab. Then Jahandar asked Shah-Alam to wait outside, and Shah-Alam left the room, giving a dead stare at Mirsab. Jahandar spoke to Mirsab, "You have been with the company for more than thirty years. You are holding a high position in the finance department. A lot of responsibilities have been given to you, based on the trust placed in you. We accept your reports – no questions asked. Your work and talent have been rewarded at all times. Even so, how did you feel inclined to do such a thing?"

"Everything you have said is true. You have never, in any way, made me feel lacking. Out of greed for money, I committed such a mistake. In my desire to make quick money, I ended up doing this. Please forgive me."

"You have to return the money you stole from the company."

"I am unable to repay the full amount right away. I will repay it little by little." Jahandar asked him to repay the amount within six months. Jahandar just asked him never to repeat such a mistake. He told him he pardoned him, saying he had been working with the company for many years, but the real reason for pardoning him was he was the one who sculpted the beautiful statue named Nurani; he was the one who brought the human incarnation of the lust

goddess, who would make any man her slave with her immense beauty; he was the one who fashioned the weapon that was a radiant woman called Nurani, who wielded her gold-shining form like a saw to cut through men's hearts; and he was the one who brought her from some celestial world to the earth realm, upon seeing whom even the heavenly maidens would doubt their own beauty. Then he asked him to leave. Shah-Alam didn't understand why his father wanted to retain him. The only reason Jahandar showed humility to Mirsab was because of the tormentor of Jahandar's mind, Nurani.

Jahandar spent a few days pondering how to suppress Shah-Alam's longing to see Munaqqaa. At that time, a small construction company was seeking to partner with his company. When speaking with the owner of that company, it was found that he had an unmarried daughter. At the time of signing the contract, the company's owner was persuaded by Jahandar to consent to marry his daughter to Shah-Alam. The fact that Shah-Alam was already betrothed to another woman, with their marriage planned for two years hence, worried him. Even though Shah-Alam was to marry another woman, he believed that his daughter would become his first wife and therefore had the right of precedence in everything. He consoled himself in this belief, thinking there was no better way to advance his company and family. Then Jahandar informed Munaqqaa's father that he had found another woman for Shah-Alam to marry and assured him that this wouldn't impede the upcoming marriage between Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa. Asaad only desired Jahandar's wealth, and moreover, he believed that Shah-Alam would become the next CEO after Jahandar, so, without a moment's hesitation, he immediately agreed. Since Munaqqaa was the kind of daughter who would accept whatever decision her father made, she too didn't raise any objection to that marriage. Although she didn't object to it, the thought that her beloved was going to marry some other woman tore her heart into pieces. After Jahandar had completed all the wedding arrangements, he informed Shah-Alam of the matter: "I can no longer bear to see you longing for the woman you are about to marry, unable to see her. So I have arranged for you to marry another woman. In two years' time, marry your girlfriend Munaqqaa as well." Shah-Alam couldn't even imagine

being with any other woman. He said, "I love her with all my soul."

"I've spoken with Munaqqaa's father, and he provided his consent immediately. The new bride's family has consented to your marrying again. All that is left is your consent."

"Has Munaqqaa consented?"

"As I said, only your consent remains."

"She definitely wouldn't have agreed to this. If I go through with this marriage, I will be betraying her, and because of that, I will become a lifeless corpse. Instead of uniting with her in that state two years later, I would decide to stay true to her, disregard the priest's warning, and join her now without waiting for another two years – whatever the consequences may be."

"You didn't think about yourself? Fine. What will you do if something happens to her by marrying her straight away, disregarding the priest's warning?"

"The pain that she would experience when I marry some other woman is worse than death. Rather than marrying someone else like this, it would be better to marry Munaqqaa. Somehow I've got through three years waiting to marry her; I'll just get through the next two years somehow."

"As long as you remain in this state, I can't get through those two years." Thinking Shah-Alam wouldn't listen to anything he would say afterwards, Jahandar said, "Only if you're happy, your father can be happy. At this advanced age, if I remain worried, I might even die."

"Please don't talk like that. I always wish for you to be in good health. I agree to this marriage, as you wish." Jahandar somehow showed his fatherly affection and got his consent. Shah-Alam hated himself, thinking that he was going to betray his beloved Munaqqaa. He felt that she would never forgive this one mistake for the rest of his life, no matter how he might apologise to her. Both Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa sacrificed their divine love as a cost for their affection towards their fathers.

Shah-Alam was very sad on the day of the marriage. He seemed

like one who hated his life completely and was about to commit suicide in the name of marriage. Kania could understand that Shah-Alam was totally disinterested in this marriage. Even though Shah-Alam looked sad, she found him handsome. The wedding was over. They made arrangements for the first night. They sent the wedded couple into the room arranged for the first night. Shah-Alam was sitting with a guilty feeling that he had betrayed his love. Although he appeared to be one unit, inside he was shattered to pieces. He cried so much that his eyes were red and puffy. He was so consumed and worried by the thoughts of how much his beloved must hate him that he didn't even notice his wife enter the room. There is no greater pain in the world than being hated by one's beloved. He was experiencing that pain, and the thought that he was no longer deserving of her love made him utterly miserable. His wife touched his feet to get his blessings. Only then did he realise that she was inside the room. Just as one pulls back the hand upon accidentally touching a scorching-hot pan, he jerked his legs away the moment she touched them. His guilt scorched him. She thought he didn't even like her touching him. He blessed her and asked her to sit. She said, "I know you're not interested in this marriage. I know you got betrothed to some other woman already. I realised how sacred your love is the moment I touched your feet. I will certainly not stand in the way of your love. Even if you decide not to touch me, I'm okay with it."

"Do you not desire to experience all the joys of married life? Are you going to lead your married life without your husband's love? Are you not concerned about living such a life?"

"Only a woman can understand another woman's heart. If I were Munaqqaa, I definitely wouldn't forgive the one in my place. She would be suffering a hundred times more than you are. By now, her heart must feel as though it has been cast into fire. Although I married you first, she is the one who was betrothed to you first. I will remain your wife only in name."

"Then why did you agree to this marriage when you have such thoughts?" Crying, she said, "There is no other way for me. My father was on the verge of shutting down his company. To handle that situation, he merged his company with your father's. He said

that if I refused this marriage, my family would have no option but to die together. I have committed a great sin against Munaqqaa to save my family. Munaqqaa will never forgive me." Seeing she was feeling guilty, just like him, he said, "I like you. I will assume that my marriage to Munaqqaa was never meant to be. I won't think of her anymore. It is not just the two of us who are at fault – she is as well. She didn't raise any objection to this marriage." He quickly wiped his tears, resolving to forget her. She asked him, "Why do you have to forget your love?" He told her, "My love died the very moment I wedded you," and pressed his lips on hers.

A few months passed. Mardhiah really wondered why her son had often come to her home for the past few weeks. She wondered what could be the reason for his sudden affection towards her. Then she discovered that it was only after the arrival of Nurani, who was appointed as her caretaker. Then the way Nurani presented herself in Jahandar's presence flashed in her mind – her glittering makeup, her dazzling and revealing dress, her purposeful intrusion whenever she and Jahandar were engaged in discussion. She understood why Nurani did everything. She thought Nurani had cast a net on her son, ensnared him, and soon she would take him to the shore. She didn't know whether Jahandar was planning to share only his bed or his entire fortune with her. Although Nurani is thirty, Mardhiah hadn't seen a woman with such a perfect form. Whenever Mardhiah looked at Nurani, she would think Nurani may face trouble from manservants, but she never expected that her son would face trouble because of her. She thought when Jahandar married her, who even at the time of raising a daughter was flaunting her body and trying to lure a man, her family's reputation would be severely damaged. From that day, she asked Nurani to always wear simple, fully covered clothing. Then whenever she spoke to her, she would indirectly allude to her birth in a poor family and her attempts to enchant another man after her husband's death. Nurani understood the reason for Mardhiah's change in behaviour towards her, but she carried herself as if unaware. She has to be patient until she meets her end. She would even endure when she was treated disrespectfully by Mardhiah. She would act as though she didn't understand Mardhiah's indirect mockery of her. The way she conducted herself with patience no matter how much insult was

caused to her with the words made Mardhiah think, "She is not just beautiful but sharp and has the high capacity to bear pain. She would easily lure any man with her charms. She won't struggle much to lure Jahandar." Jahandar came to meet his mother. At that time, Mardhiah purposefully spoke in a voice that Nurani, who was staying in the next room, could hear, "I have selected a bride from a wealthy family for you. There were more than a hundred servants in her home. Only a girl of such a kind can be a suitable bride for you." Jahandar was delighted at heart about the marriage, but he feared revealing his delight, thinking Nurani would hear him. He stumbled for a reply and didn't know whether to say yes or no. That time Nurani entered their room carrying a tray with a tea mug and two cups and saucers. Mardhiah sat sideways to Jahandar's gaze. Nurani stood facing Jahandar and placed the tray on the centre table, which was before them. While pouring tea in the cups, with calculated intent, she bent forward more than necessary and revealed a hint of her cleavage to Jahandar. Just looking at it sent a mild shudder through his body. He then gave the reply to his mother in a loud, shaky voice, "I am not planning for another marriage." Nurani concealed her smile and walked outside the room swiftly. He seemed as if he had seen lightning right in front of him. Only after a few seconds did he regain his consciousness. The sight that met his eyes surpassed what he had expected from Nurani on that day. He told her mother that he would meet her after some days and left her.

Jahandar went to meet Jadida after a long time. He expected that she would embrace him the moment she saw him, since after the death of his first wife, he had spent more nights with her. But she remained uncommunicative. Jahandar was surprised to see her withdrawal. He neared her and asked, "What happened to my sweetheart?" She sulkily returned, "Your first wife died, and you spent more time with me, as I expected. But for the past few months, you have greatly reduced seeing me. You were not with me or Sahla but with some other woman. You were always off to see her. She doesn't look like a good woman." Jahandar believed that Jadida was unaware of Nurani, and thus he wondered whom she was talking about, so he asked her, "About whom are you talking?"

"Don't you know whom I am referring to? That servant woman."

"Which servant?"

"You have kept a woman in my mother-in-law's house to take care of my mother-in-law. I am referring to her. When I went there to see my mother-in-law, I saw her. It was only then I realised why you often visit your mother's home nowadays, overflowing with maternal affection. You go there just to spend some nice time with that woman." Jahandar let out a heavy sigh and thought to himself, "I can't make her mine till now. I believe it will happen soon." Seeing his silence, she confirmed that the doubt she had was indeed true. With anger, she asked him, "Are you planning another marriage?" Her disrespectful, angry tone displeased him, and it drove him into fury. He didn't even mind when she spoke mockingly of his love for his mother. He spoke in anger, "Yes, I love her, and I want her to be my wife." She burst into tears hearing those words. Jahandar's sudden anger dissolved in her tears. He calmly asked her, "Why do you say that she is not a good woman?" She said, "She seems like a woman raised in a poor family. It is evident from her face and her limbs that there is no fat in her body. Deceit flows in her veins. One can easily notice her yearning for a life of riches, looking at her gaze. Are you going to marry someone whose heart is ensnared by the lust for riches? Don't get carried away by her well-adorned, enticing appearance and the way her dress reveals certain parts of her body."

"Don't speak like this. She is a very intelligent woman. It is hard to find a woman like her. If she becomes my wife, nothing else could make me prouder than that. I will definitely marry her." She started to lament, "He got infatuated with that woman and is ready to lose everything to her. Surely I committed some serious offence in my past life, which is why I am suffering so much in this birth. Even though I was born into an affluent family, I was destined to be his second wife. Even though he has already been married three times, he says he will marry again, and I am unable to stop him. Why should all this happen to me?" Looking at her lament, he spoke, "Even if I marry another woman, I will spend more time with you," and hugged her tightly.

Jahandar went to meet his mother as usual. His mother, unwell, was resting in her bed. He got worried looking at his mother's

illness. He asked her to take a rest and headed towards Nurani's room in high spirits. He thought he could spend more time as his mother was resting. He entered Nurani's room. Having polished herself, Nurani was waiting for him. She increased his lustful desire with her polished beauty. He moved close to her with an unwavering gaze. Without speaking any words, she just gestured for him to take a seat on her bed. The way she behaved, it didn't seem as though she worked for him; rather, it felt as if he worked for her. Like an obedient child who submits to his mother's words, he sat where she pointed. Each time he came to see her with an expectation of enjoying her, but each time he was left only with disappointment. No matter how many times he was disappointed by her, he didn't realise that the same disappointment awaited him once more. It was no different this time. He was like a crocodile with a tightly sealed mouth. She was like the most delicious prey, circling round the crocodile's sealed mouth when it was filled with ravenous hunger. Nurani continued only to inflame his desire. After he sat, she sat close to him in such a way that her hands mildly rubbed his and her thighs mildly rubbed his. The fragrance of the flower in her hair spread through his body as lust. Just as hair stands on end during goosebumps, his hair stood on end when she sat close to him. Nurani joined her finger with Jahandar's fingers. Her hand was smoother than kneaded butter. He worried that he had made those soft hands work. Nurani said to Jahandar, "I had a dream last night."

"What is that dream?"

"How do I say that?... I don't want to say that."

"Please tell it to me."

"I dreamt that I was getting married again. The one who married me was so beautiful and young." Jahandar felt like he had swallowed a piece of burning charcoal. He was feeling a burning sensation inside since he couldn't bear that she was taken by someone else, even in her dream. He couldn't utter a word. Nevertheless, he tried his best to conceal his uneasiness, and as usual, he had failed in that too. Whenever he was in that state, she would behave as though she were easing his discomfort and thereby increase his esteem for her. She spoke as though she were consoling

him, "Usually, only early morning dreams come true. That dream came in the night." Jahandar returned to his normal state. She kept doing whatever was necessary to make Jahandar marry her soon. Mardhiah woke up from her sleep. She went near the window to check whether her son had left. She looked outside and found his car. Then she was angered, thinking that her son should be with Nurani. With a fast pace, she walked to Nurani's room. She saw them sitting closely and chatting. She shouted with a loud voice, "Jahandar!" Alarmed, he rose to his feet. She said, "I already suspected the illicit relationship between you two. I saw it before my eyes now. You appointed her for this job, not to take care of me, but to spend some nice time with her. Isn't it? To ensure that you would never unite with her, your father hastily married her to someone else. After that, I believed that you both had forgotten each other. Even I remained with the same belief when you brought her here. Being wealthy and already married to three women, you're seeking to unite with her. She, after her husband's death, is planning to unite with you." Then she looked at Nurani and said, "I have never come across a seductress like you, behaving even worse than a prostitute. With a daughter, if you behave like this, your daughter will follow your path. You and your daughter shouldn't stay any longer in my home. Take your belongings and leave this place at once." Jahandar said, "Please don't speak about her disrespectfully. I love her with all my heart." His mother asked him, "Are you in love with her? Are you planning to marry her?" Jahandar replied firmly, "Yes, Mother, I'm going to marry her." Nurani was filled with joy, having achieved her goal, but she didn't reveal it. Her dream came true. She didn't expect that Mardhiah would help her with that. Mardhiah asked Jahandar in a tone of wonder, "You have a grandchild, and now you intend to marry again?" Jahandar remained silent for a few seconds, offering no reply. Then he said, "My love for Nurani is equal to the love I have for you," and fell at her feet. Nurani too fell along with Jahandar. Mardhiah reeled at the insult of being placed on par with a dishonourable woman. She highly detested Nurani when she fell along with Jahandar at her feet. After a few seconds, she lifted them and blessed them for long life. Then she went back to her room.

As soon as it became known that Jahandar was going to marry Nurani, everyone working at Jahandar's company was surprised. They discussed why Jahandar decided to marry a middle-class family woman who was a thirty-four-year-old widow, and they discussed that with his wealth, he could've married a young, unmarried woman. A few days passed. On the day of the marriage, only one thought ran in Jahandar's mind – how all the yearnings he had stored in his heart for many days would finally be fulfilled on the first night that awaited him and Nurani. Huda kept telling her husband what and how rites and rituals are followed in the marriage, and who had come to see the wedding. Hearing all that, Khulus thought to himself, "There is nothing permanent in this human life. Even one might lose his life on the very nuptial stage. Father had spent many nights only with prostitutes. Nevertheless, does he want to marry a woman as his fourth wife at the age of forty-two? How desire is driving a person to all sorts of things. It makes one do the most disgraceful things without any shame. Although he is the wealthiest in the world and has the powerful necklace, driven by infatuation for a woman, he is entering into such a marriage, tarnishing the family's honour." Jahandar married Nurani. He told her about the magical necklace. Nurani married him only for his wealth, and she didn't expect that she would get such a powerful magical necklace through Jahandar.

Just as a small child can't contain its impatience when shown a chocolate, even until its wrapper is unwrapped, Jahandar too was restless with anticipation – wondering when their first night would arrive, when he would remove all her clothes to disclose her glorious body, when he would tightly press his body against hers, when he would press his face against hers, when he would brush his lips against her neck, when he would hold her beautiful breasts with his two hands, and when he would stroke her curvaceous hips firmly. The priest marked 9:30 PM as the auspicious time for the first night. Since Jahandar believed in astrology, he decided to wait until 9:30 PM patiently. It would've been more than seven years since he first saw Nurani. He somehow passed those many years without touching her, but it was very difficult for him to pass a few hours after his marriage. A big and spacious honeymoon suite room was booked in a seven-star hotel. Khulus thought, "Definitely

Nurani has married my father only for his fortune. Let the money go, but under no circumstances must the necklace fall into her hands."

Jahandar desired Nurani's body and yearned to possess her but not in the plan to marry her. If he had such a plan, he would've proposed her for marriage at once her husband died. Nurani knew everything well – how to conduct herself in any situation, how to speak in any setting, what all words to use, the vocal modulation to use while speaking those words, how to keep her gaze, how to wear makeup in a way that would make a man go crazy, what all body parts should be exposed, what all shouldn't be exposed, what all shouldn't be concealed while pretending to conceal it. Even if Jahandar seen a highly enticing woman than Nurani, it wasn't certain that he would've decided to marry her. Although he was forty-two years old, Nurani was thirty-four years old, she was married already, she had a daughter, she wasn't from a well-off family, she had worked as caretaker in his home, he married her. Nurani was gorgeous but it was only her shrewdness made her Jahandar's wife than her graceful body.

Sharply by 9:30 PM, Jahandar got the keys to the honeymoon suite and headed there. His hands trembled slightly even while opening the room's door. At that moment, one of Jahandar's servants came running towards him. He said, "Your wife has asked me to inform you that it would be slightly delayed for her arrival."

"Ask her to come slowly without hurry," he said and dismissed him. He opened the door and entered. As per Jahandar's liking, the room contained many glamorous and artistic women's statues which would stir lust in anyone's mind, many photos of the sexiest women on the walls, a captivating scent, a mattress wide enough to roll over a long distance with plenty of rose petals on it and decorated with jasmine flowers as though a mosquito net was draped over it, a music system which played romantic music which would melt even a stone-hearted person and many varieties of sweets and fruits. Jahandar was waiting for Nurani's arrival. He planned to insert his upper lip or lower lip between her lips, capture either her lower lip or her upper lip and taste it once she entered the room. It was unclear whether she had known that he had such a plan or not; she

decided to make him her slave on their wedding night, right from their first kiss; she wanted to transform him into a nodding toy. With those intentions, she put a lot of fenugreek leaves in her mouth and came to the honeymoon suite, chewing them. She made him wait for half an hour and entered the room only at 10 PM. When Nurani entered the room, Jahandar's delight was like that of a delight that an adolescent boy would experience during his first arousal after attaining age – his heart would beat faster, his body would be warmed, and he would be ready to do anything to experience the pleasure. Like a tiger which pounces on its prey after hiding for a long time and waiting for the right opportunity, he rushed to her without even delaying a single second once he saw her. Like how a person who was famished for many days would take a handful of rice and dump it into his mouth when a delicious meat rice was served to him, Jahandar rushed to her, held her cheeks and captured her mouth, inserting his tongue deep into her mouth. The acrid-tasting juice of fenugreek leaves, which was in her mouth, entered his mouth. Like a honeybee drawing nectar from flowers, he tried to draw her saliva, but he didn’t expect he would suck such a juice. He spat out the greens which entered his mouth. She said, "I like fenugreek leaves, so I ate them." The reason that she did was that if she were obtained by him easily, he would only count her as one of his many consorts. Although she offered her body to him, she allowed him to touch her only after belittling him or ridiculing him in a way that would annoy him. She would exhibit herself as though he could never win her. She wanted to keep him under her feet always.

Cunning Nurani

Jahandar and Nurani went to Australia on their honeymoon. He saw many tourist spots and enjoyed. They went to a famous ghost house there. Jahandar was afraid of ghost houses. They entered the ghost house. Jahandar presented himself as more courageous. He acted as though he wasn't frightened by anything he saw. While they were walking, suddenly a skeleton rose from under the floor and stood before them, with a ghostly laughing sound. Jahandar quaked with fear and screamed upon seeing it. Nurani saw it and couldn't contain her laughter. After visiting the ghost house, they went to a big hotel for dinner. Jahandar seemed slightly sad. Nurani was highly curious to know the reason. "Why are you sad?" she asked.

"Humans have different appearances only when they are alive. When they are dead and decayed, they are not like it. There is no difference between the two skeletons. I don't like God's creation. Only when they are distinct would many look less beautiful and few would look more beautiful." Nurani thought that Jahandar was expecting aesthetic appeal even in a skeleton. Since he spoke about appearance, Nurani wanted to ask him a question playfully. Eager to know how he would reply, she asked, "Even I will become like this after I die. At that time, I won't look beautiful. Isn't it?"

"Not like that. You're not an ordinary human. You're a statue sculpted by Bhrama, who has an elevated artistic vision. You'll only remain the same even when you die." Nurani laughed heartily. Suddenly, Jahandar thought of an idea. He told Nurani, "I'm thinking of an excellent idea. Ah...why didn't I think of it before?"

"What is that idea?"

"Using that necklace, we can live an immortal life pleasurably and youthfully."

"How is that possible? Can you make someone believe that a human will never die and will always be in youth? That is impossible."

“It is difficult to make someone who knows about human life believe. But it is easy to raise one without the knowledge of human life.”

“What’s your plan?”

“After a child is born, we’ll raise it in a fictitious world that is fully covered building. We’ll ensure the child doesn’t know about the outside world. We can create a distinct identity for ourselves and display ourselves as though we’re miraculous creatures to the child. We tell the child that there are a few miraculous creatures among humans, and they possess some powers. It’s enough if we say that those things, however we desire to live, are actually the powers of the miraculous creatures. More importantly, we can tell and make the child believe that the miraculous creatures don’t die, always remain in youth, and they won’t be affected, no matter how much they drink. We can live our lives like Gods.”

“Everything is fine, but there is a big issue in your plan.”

“What’s that?”

“The child would only look at the fictitious word as the real world. In that case, we can live like Gods only in the fictitious world. Also, people in the fictitious world shouldn’t reveal the truth even by accident. Think something better.”

Nurani ordered the world’s costliest slippers, and those were delivered to her. Those cost fifty-four lakh rupees. The reason for such a high cost was that many diamond stones were laid on those slippers, and the upper layer of the straps was made with gold. Khulus came to know about it. He thought, “Instead of spending so much money on mere slippers, she could’ve provided food for many needy children, she could’ve bought clothes for them, or she could have spent that money on their education.”

Whenever Jahandar didn’t feel attracted to Nurani, she would deliberately come and stand before him scantily dressed. She would pretend as though she came there coincidentally. She would ask him to either fasten or unfasten the hooks of her inner-wear, or she would say her upper garment was too tight, pretending she couldn't use her hands and ask him to pull it down. She would do something

like this and provoke his lust. She would ensure that his attraction towards her wouldn't diminish. Sometimes, she would deliberately leave the towel outside the bathroom; after taking a bath, she would ask him to fetch the towel for her. She would open the door so slightly, just wide enough to get the towel from him, she would act as though she was hiding her body from his lustful eyes behind the door with difficulty and receive the towel from him. Although Jahandar would be without lust feelings sometimes, she would do something like that and evoke his lust. If he tried to open the bathroom door, she would close it immediately. If he opened the door, she would act as though asking him why he was with such cravings for her body. Ultimately, she would make him believe that he holds her in high esteem. When he approaches her to embrace her out of lust, she would advise him, "Life between husband and wife is not only about sex." She would act as though he wasn't living his life properly, and she was the one who was making him live properly. Although Jahandar married Nurani only to have sex with her, their sex life wasn't good. Jahandar's great weakness was his lust for her. She used it effectively. Sometimes, he would be determined to enjoy her no matter what she said and how she stopped. At those moments, she would say their married life wasn't great, and he wasn't looking after her like her first husband. His lust would get subdued and overcome with rage, and he would be in a state as though he were going to wage war with her and win her. When he was in such a state, as though throwing a single bone to a dog which had starved for four days, she would aversely allow him to touch her body for a brief time and push him aside, telling him something. While pressing her breast, she would say, "It's paining. Be gentle." While locking their lips, she would say, "You aren't kissing, but biting my mouth." Sometimes she would say that her stomach was aching, sometimes she would say her tooth was aching, and sometimes she would say she was feeling nauseous. At those moments, Jahandar would feel like how someone would feel when a large pot of food was given to him, who was so ravenous that he could even eat a large pot of food and the large pot was snatched just after he had eaten just two morsels of food. He waited with strong belief that someday he would enjoy her with satisfaction, something that would never happen.

Although Nurani lived with malicious intent and remained selfish, she made relentless efforts to achieve her goals. She didn't even miss a chance to do anything that was required, take necessary self-defence, hide abominable truths about her in way that other won't even suspect it, use anyone as a scapegoat, make whoever believe about somethings that didn't exist in reality, make whoever believe that somethings didn't exist but were glaring to their eyes in reality to meet her goal. The life which she lived was more onerous than the life of one who lives honestly and industriously. Like breathing, persistently thinking how she could use everyone for her goal and masquerading as different personalities for it is also an exacting work, isn't it? Good intelligence is required for it, too, isn't it? Leeches like her don't understand a thing – instead of using their intelligence and hard work in the wrong way for gaining others' wealth, if they use it in a rightful way, they could build an empire for themselves.

Although Jahandar was clear-headed in other things, he was completely deranged in matters connected with Nurani. The reason for it was that he couldn't win her in bed. Every time after releasing his semen inside her genitalia, she would act as if she didn't obtain much gratification from him. Whenever he touched her or embraced her lustfully, she would appear emotionless, like a stone. Sometimes, to make her express her emotions, he would tickle her sensitive areas to make her laugh and defend herself from his touch and thereby gain control over her, but even at that moment, she, with difficulty, would remain without expressing any emotions. She won't even look at his eyes. While he fondles her, she would keep asking some questions of sorts for which he had to think deeply before answering; otherwise, at that moment, she would read a magazine as though nothing was happening to her. The thought that he wanted to make her respond to his touch would transform him into an animal. He would think to get her attention by at least causing her some pain. She would ask him to masturbate her using his fingers by continuously stroking her clitoris. She would say that only when he masturbated her, her vaginal passage would be lubricated, and only then would she not feel pain when he thrust his penis into it. While he masturbates her, lying beside her, she would ask him to rest his head on her breasts. She would place a

hand over his head, press it against her breasts and cause him neck pain. Through the pain and the thought that he was masturbating her in a servile manner, his lust feeling would convert into a contending feeling, and he would feel that he couldn't win her. She would constantly make him contend with her and defeat him in it. She would think that she should defeat him many times like that and keep him under her complete control. By chance, if he won at anything, she would act as though it wasn't a big deal. If a man loses to another and is in a state where he can't win them, he might have to act with humility towards them until he wins them. If he doesn't act with humility, he will appear defeated in front of them. Only by masquerading as one who thinks good for them in front of them, waiting until the right opportunity and exacting revenge, can they be happy. Until they win, the defeated thought will keep scorching them. Nurani had known all those things well. Jahandar didn't know anything about it. Nurani conducted herself towards Jahandar in a way like disguising a tiger as a dog, making the tiger itself believe that it was a dog, tying it with a chain and making it attack others for us. After he masturbates her and she subsequently reaches orgasm, she would ask him to thrust his penis into her vaginal opening promptly before the lubricating orgasm fluid dries out. Since he would be in a state of contending with her and wishing to win her, his penis wouldn't get erected. By chance, if he got an erection by clearing all his thoughts and became ready to thrust his penis into her vaginal opening, she would say, "Let me lie in a correct position first," and ask him to wait for a few seconds. She would keep watching his erection. She would keep changing her position until he loses his erection at least partially. Once lost, she would ask him to thrust into her vaginal opening as though she weren't aware that he had lost his erection. He would touch her again to attain an erection again. She would remain emotionless again. She would say that he was taking more time and act as though she got frustrated. Sometimes she would place a pillow under her buttocks and say, "Now you will feel easy." Sometimes she would rest her buttocks at the edge of the mattress and say, "Only when you stand while thrusting can you thrust deeply." By the time he would've thrust partially into her vaginal opening, she would propel herself up like a hop of a frog, telling him it was painful for her. While he thrusts into her, she would place her palm

on his stomach, push him back as though she was experiencing much pain, constrict his movement by bringing her thighs as close as possible and ensure that he couldn't thrust into her. Due to her push, he would even feel pain in his stomach. She would apply such pressure while pushing him, pretending as though she was doing it unintentionally. She would conduct herself in a way that he would never consider him victorious over her. The anger that he couldn't win her would keep increasing in him. Even after releasing semen into her vaginal opening, he wouldn't feel satisfied; instead, he would feel that he hadn't enjoyed her well. Even when a man has sex with the most beautiful girl in the world, if she doesn't respect his emotions, his lust will turn into anger. If a woman wishes, she can turn a callous man into a warm-hearted man or turn a warm-hearted man into a callous man. Nurani's words would sharply contradict her actions. At all moments other than the moments when Jahandar approaches her lustfully, she would speak as though she were highly affectionate towards him and would do anything to make him live his life in a great way. Like hiding a deity statue from outside view using a delicate cloth as a screen in temples, she hid her malicious intentions using Jahandar's imperishable lust for her as a screen and ensured that Jahandar would never come to know about it. If he had removed the screen of his lust, he would've seen her real face. Whenever he acted with more self-confidence, she would tell him that she had been happier with her first husband. She didn't even mind his frequent visits to brothels; if she did so, it would be like boasting about his manliness. Once she got married to him, she bought everything she wished to enjoy in her life until then – different kinds of slippers, clothes, handbags, face makeup items, cars, jewelleries laid with expensive stones. Other family members thought that she married Jahandar only to spend his money as she wished.

Although Nurani led a luxurious life with Jahandar's wealth and spent extravagantly, she donated some money to needy orphan girl children. She didn't do it out of compassion but pretended it so. She did it to make Jahandar value her more. It wasn't enough to hide the malicious intent with a screen of lust; she should pretend that she was good-natured. Only for that, she masqueraded as such a compassionate person. She said that she has a desire to conduct

marriages for one hundred and fifty poor orphan girl children each year. What was there for her to worry about donating money? Was it her money? It was all Jahandar's money.

A girl child born to Shah-Alam and Kania. All relatives came to see their child. Everyone became happy and blessed cordially. Sahla, seeing Shah-Alam being happy, wondered how he had forgotten Munaqqaa. Although Shah-Alam believed that his love for Munaqqaa had ended, there was a slight guilt in a corner of his heart. Now and then, he was tormented by thoughts such as, "Maybe she was told that I have provided my consent to this marriage and because of that, she didn't raise any objection. Maybe to respect her father's decision, she didn't raise any objections." He couldn't forget Munaqqaa completely. His love goddess's face, which he beheld in betrothal, clung in his heart as though a nail was hammered in the wall. There is a way to pluck the nail from the wall without denting the wall and filling the hole. But Shah-Alam could find no way to remove Munaqqaa's thoughts, which had settled in his mind. Nevertheless, he conducted himself as though he had completely forgotten Munaqqaa in front of Kania. Although he would behave in that way, Kania would insist on marrying Munaqqaa. Although she would say so, she would expect that her husband's love should only be obtained by her. Two of Shah-Alam's relatives who came to see their child discussed Kania's marriage to Shah-Alam. One said, "Even though Kania knew that Shah-Alam was betrothed to another woman, she married him before her. She could've married Shah-Alam first, but Munaqqaa betrothed him first. In that sense, Munaqqaa is Shah-Alam's first wife. Kania wasn't born in a poor family; she was born into a wealthy family; she consented to this marriage, knowing Shah-Alam would marry the betrothed woman."

"It is normal in wealthy families. Even Shah-Alam's father did four marriages, doesn't he? Shah-Alam is going to do just two marriages. The biggest worry of a woman is that whether she would lead a financially stable life with her husband. So, I think she didn't worry about other things." Although they were discussing in a low voice, Kania overheard their conversation, but she acted as though she didn't hear it. She ensured that her face wouldn't betray her worry or guilt. She remained calm, thinking they were only discussing

about her; if they had spoken anything of her husband, she wouldn't have remained calm.

Nurani's capture of the empire and Munaqqaa's capture of Shah-Alam's heart

A few months passed. Jahandar spent many lakhs of rupees and bought ceramic tableware – plates, mugs, spoons, and bowls – from a foreign country. It had great artistic design and looked aesthetically appealing. The tableware seized the attention of the one at a moment's notice. Dinner was served in that tableware. Nurani liked it immediately after seeing it. Nurani had never even seen such artistic tableware in her life until then. Her amazement overcame her self-control; she said, "These tablewares look awesome!" Immediately, she regretted that she had revealed her admiration. Jahandar said, "The look of this tableware won't even match a ten-millionth part of your fingernail's look."

"You're exaggerating."

"No, my beautiful angel. I told less." Then they started to eat the food. Nurani liked using the plate, spoon and bowl very much. While eating, Nurani felt like coughing. Immediately, she rose from her seat. At that moment, behind her seat, a servant was bringing food to their table. While she was rushing to the washroom, she shoved the servant without knowing. At that time, the costly and highly artistic plates the servant was carrying fell to the floor and shattered into many pieces. On seeing it, Jahandar became furious. Jahandar wasn't concerned about the plates, but he worried about the fact that the plates that his angel liked had broken. Immediately, he called his men. Nurani told Jahandar that there were no faults with the servant, that only she bumped into his tray, knocking the food, and because of that, no punishment should be

given to the servant. But Jahandar couldn't act with patience at that time. The servant was shivering, fearing what punishment Jahandar was going to give him. He apologised to Jahandar. Jahandar remained furious. Jahandar's men came there. Jahandar asked them to kill the servant using a broken piece of a plate. Even though Nurani asked him not to do it many times, he didn't listen to her. One of Jahandar's men took a sharp piece and killed the servant. Within a short time, they took away the dead servant and cleaned the food and blood on the floor. This time, Nurani's emotion didn't break her self-control. She felt highly esteemed when she thought that Jahandar had even killed a person just for breaking the plates she liked, but she didn't reveal it. She feigned anger with Jahandar and spoke in an angry voice, "I asked you not to kill him. Why did you order to kill him? I only bumped into him. It was my fault that the plates in his hands fell. Why did you kill an innocent servant?" Two things were new to the servants in the house. First thing, Jahandar's wives had never raised their voices against him. Only Jahandar would bawl at them. Second thing, Jahandar would ask the one who had committed a mistake what had happened and why he did that; only if he was found guilty would Jahandar kill him, but on that day, he had hotheadedly ordered his men to kill him. Jahandar killed the servant not only because he broke the plates that Jahandar's angel liked, but also because the servant had hit her body. It was not only the plates, but Jahandar's heart broke too. So, he immediately ordered his men to kill him. After a brief silence, Jahandar told Nurani, "I can't bear the fact that he had broken the plates that my sweet wife liked, so I killed him."

"Hereafter, don't make any decision without asking me."

"Okay." The servants were looking with astonishment at Jahandar's submission to his wife. They hadn't seen him like that until that day. They wondered how infatuation with a woman changes a man. Seeing Nurani keeping Jahandar as the one who follows her orders, the other two of Jahandar's wives became jealous of Nurani.

After many days, Jahandar went to Jadida's room with a surge of passion. She was sitting sorrowfully. After noticing it, Jahandar said, "I can understand. I'm always staying with Nurani. You think I'm not staying with you, right?"

“Not only that. I totally dislike the way she treats you. She didn’t behave respectfully towards you. She behaved severely towards you when you ordered to kill the servant. It’s not good for a woman to carry such anger.”

“You’re understanding it wrongly. It’s normal for lovers to act like this when their love is at its zenith. Secondly, she is not an ordinary woman like every other.”

“Do any horns shoot on her head? This is not love – it is foolishness. She was born in a poor family. There could be only one reason for women like her to marry a wealthy man. It is a desire for money. She will stay with you only until all your wealth has been transferred to her name; after that, she will cast you aside and move on with another man. Never trust her. It is true that she is gorgeous. No doubt in that, but whenever she gets a chance, she finds faults with every action you do, disparaging you and keeping you like a slave. You don’t understand it...” Jahandar became furious, “Enough. Stop. If someone else had said this, I would’ve killed them. She is not just gorgeous, but she is intelligent and talented, too. I didn’t marry her just because of her beauty. She also didn’t marry me for my wealth. Our love is pure and sacred. Hereafter, you shouldn’t speak about her in her absence. It is very rare to find a woman like her. I should be lucky to marry her.”

Nurani’s brother, Asaad, desired to become the branch manager of the Delhi branch. The branch manager post is one level below the branch head. When Asaad came to Jahandar’s home to meet his sister, he expressed his desire to her. Nurani went to Jahandar and spoke authoritatively, “You have to appoint my brother as the branch manager for the Delhi branch.”

“I’ve already appointed a trustworthy person for the post. How will I be able to give the post to your brother?” She wondered why he didn’t agree immediately as usual, and was refusing to do what she had asked. Then she decided to use the magical necklace and achieve that. She took the magical necklace from Jahandar’s locker, went to her brother and gave it to him. “I have many necklaces like this,” Asaad said.

“It is quite a different necklace.”

“How is it different?”

“Only good things happen to the one who wears it. Wear it, and you’ll notice its power yourself.” It started glowing once he wore it. Asaad wondered, “What mystery is this! How is this glowing?”

“Don’t ask all that. I shall get it back after a few days. I’ll tell you some happy news.”

“What is it?”

“You’ll get the branch manager post you desired.”

“Really?”

“Yes. You desired the post at the perfect time. It’s all your luck.”

“What luck?”

“It seems that the existing branch manager is affected by cancer and is bedridden. My husband said he is searching for another person to fill the post because of that. Only at that moment did I talk about you. He said he is happy for you to take up the post. He himself will come to you and speak.”

“Thank you so much!” Asaad left Jahandar’s home with the necklace. The very next day, the branch manager’s health condition worsened. He couldn’t even stand. He brought a doctor to his home. The doctor said he had to do some blood tests first, collected the branch manager’s blood sample and left his home. While testing, it was found that the branch manager was affected by cancer. That too, it was in the critical stage. Again, the doctor visited the branch manager and asked him whether he had any symptoms related to the cancer which he had in his body. The branch manager said that he hadn’t experienced any. The doctor was confused about how the branch manager was suddenly affected by cancer at such a critical stage. He prescribed him medicines, asked him to always take rest and left his home. Jahandar came to know that the branch manager was affected by cancer and was bedridden. He worried that such a condition had befell him. While he was thinking about searching for another person for the post, he remembered what Nurani said about her brother. He thought that he would be happy if her brother accepted the post. He thought he had to meet Asaad in person and

speak about it. That very evening, he went to Asaad's house. He said he would like to appoint him for the branch manager post. Asaad agreed immediately, and Jahandar thanked him. At that moment, Jahandar didn't notice the necklace Asaad wore around his neck. Nurani decided that the necklace should be on her brother's neck for a month. Since, upon taking off the necklace from her brother's neck, the health condition of the existing branch manager would get better, and because of that, her husband might change his decision, she took such a decision.

Huda met her husband. She said, "For the past few days, I've been getting only selfish thoughts. What's more, I'm not even showing proper care to our son. I always think about myself. I didn't want to follow my selfish thoughts, but I couldn't. Not only I, but many have also become so selfish in the world. People are not following the queues in shops or in any other place. Three days before, I was returning home on a bus. An elderly woman found it difficult to balance while standing on the bus. If I had a seat, I would've given it to her. There were more young people on the bus. No one felt like giving their seat to the elderly woman. All children's homes and senior citizens' homes were closed. Many poor people are suffering from hunger throughout the world. I think no one is watering the plants or trees. All plants in the terrace garden of our neighbour were dried out because of not watered. People are cutting trees for space needs. People are only focused on attacking others' reputations. People are using bad words in public and engaging in scuffles. More accidents are happening on the roads. News such as husbands killing their wives, wives killing their husbands, persons killing their siblings, children killing their parents and parents killing their children is only shown on the news channels. An elderly man, throbbing and dying because of a heart attack on the roadside, was telecast on the news channel. By the time they shot it, they could've admitted the elderly man to the hospital. If this is continued, this world will be devastated in no time."

"Someone who believes that all people are selfish should've worn the necklace. Hereafter, think well before doing anything. Be careful. Take care of our son." Khulus thought that only Nurani should've worn the necklace. To create the illusion through the power of the necklace, he thought the mantra, "At this time, what

might Nurani be seeing, hearing, and thinking?" The illusion didn't appear. He thought the mantra using Jahandar's name, and the illusion didn't appear. He pondered who else would've worn the necklace. Then he thought that Nurani would've given the necklace to any one of the acquaintances. When Khulus used Nurani's brother's name, the illusion appeared. Even though Khulus was blind, he could see what Asaad was seeing.

Although there were only a few weeks left for the marriage, Munaqqaa was constantly yearning, thinking about how many days she still had to pass without meeting Shah-Alam. Every day after she woke up in the morning, she would tear the date sheet from the daily calendar and think about how many days were left for her marriage. One day, sitting on a chair and closing her eyes, Munaqqaa was living in an imaginary world with Shah-Alam. Noticing his daughter was always feeling blue, Asaad thought about making her happy. At that moment, he got the remembrance of the necklace which he had worn around his neck. Immediately, he thought to take off the necklace and give it to his daughter. Asaad roused her and brought her to the real world. He placed the necklace on her hands. Upon seeing it, she felt overjoyed. He said, "This is not an ordinary necklace. It's made specially for lovers. When it's worn by a person who is in love, it will glow whenever the beloved of the person thinks about the person." Immediately, she wore the necklace around her neck. It glowed immediately after she wore it. She leapt many times out of elation. She embraced her father and placed a pressed kiss on his cheek. The necklace kept glowing without even leaving a second. She displaced everything in her house out of happiness. Asaad felt happy seeing his daughter happy. Everyone in the world was showering love on their beloved or their spouse. The next morning, Jahandar didn't see Nurani with lustful eyes; instead, he saw her with intense love. Jahandar told Nurani, "Sweetheart! I have no desire for money or any comfort. It's enough if you just stay near me. Just knowing that I've settled in your heart is heaven for me. Your affection is like the nectar of immortality obtained by the Gods, churning the ocean of milk. My soul would attain salvation even if I consumed a single drop of that nectar. Because only souls which have no desire will attain salvation. Why do I need more money and things when you're near

me? Today itself, I'll transfer all my wealth to poor and needy people." Nurani was bewildered by hearing his words. She asked, "Have you drunk and become intoxicated in the morning itself?" He smiled and said, "Intoxication? That is for fools who don't know the joy of love."

"Then why do you say that you're going to transfer all your money to poor people?"

"A person's wealth is like a vehicle wheel. It'll be at its peak one day, and it'll descend to the ground. It's wise to have just the money that is necessary for us and share the remainder with others. A person shouldn't hoard more money and think only they should enjoy it." She raised her eyebrows to the top of her forehead, wondering that such words were being let out from Jahandar's mouth. Then, while thinking about what the reason could have been, she remembered that she had given the necklace to her brother. She thought that her brother was fond of wealth and that there was no chance that he would believe that humans are affectionate or compassionate. She thought that she should retrieve the necklace before Jahandar would do something foolish. She suspected whether her brother had given the necklace to his daughter. She uttered the mantra in her mind to confirm her suspicion. Whatever Munaqqaa was seeing appeared before Nurani. Munaqqaa locked herself in a room and was looking at Shah-Alam's photos. She placed countless kisses on his photos. Nurani heard her mind voice, "How could you marry another woman when I'm still alive? Be joyful with her until I marry you. After marrying you, I'll change you in a way that you'll love only me. I'll retrieve you, whom I've lost to some other woman. Your heart should beat only for me. As this earth revolves around the sun unceasingly, you should revolve around me forever." Nurani stopped the illusion and rushed to Asaad's home. She spoke to him as though she didn't know that only his daughter had the necklace. She asked him where the necklace was. When he said that it was with Munaqqaa, she met Munaqqaa and asked her to take off the necklace immediately and give it to her. Asaad told Munaqqaa that it was his sister's and asked her to give it to his sister. Munaqqaa unwillingly took it off and gave it to Nurani. Munaqqaa asked, "Please tell me where I can get a necklace like this; I would like to buy it."

“This necklace was made after three hundred years of sacrifice. If you want another like this, you’ll have to wait for three hundred years.” Then Nurani left Asaad’s home.

Jahandar appointed Nurani as a board member in his company. Although she was appointed only as a board member, she was the one who made all important decisions in the company. Nurani caused fear to those who didn’t fear her. Others even feared talking about her behind her back and respected her more than Jahandar. She devised many plans for the company’s growth. Every plan seemed great, and there was an increase in the company’s growth following them. While following her plans, the company was gaining steady growth. None of her plans was righteous; they were immoral – manipulating people psychologically and convincing them to gain an advantage. Jahandar was CEO in name only. Everyone liked being led by such a shrewd woman as Nurani, except a few. Those few couldn’t reveal their aversion. Although she provided surpassing plans, they didn’t like being led by a woman and the fact that she was holding such a high position. Although these were the reasons, they said some other reasons while gossiping with their close ones – her father had embezzled the money entrusted to him, her first husband wanted only Khulus to take up the CEO post, and she was the fourth wife of Jahandar. Two of the other board members discussed Nurani, ensuring there was no one around them. One said, “Nurani was born into a middle-class family. Her father is still working here as the finance department’s head. Above all, she married a mere site manager who worked in our company and lived with him for thirteen years. After her first husband’s death, she worked as a caretaker in Jahandar’s mother’s house. I seriously wonder how she managed to change even Jahandar’s mind and marry him. Surely, there is some mystery. She has cast some spell on Jahandar and made him submit to her. Otherwise, how could a woman living in such conditions accomplish such a thing? We should conduct ourselves more carefully towards her.”

“No spell or other things. Her father joined this company only in the year she was born. In his early days in this company, he seemed to be in financial trouble. For women like her born in such destitute families, their life’s circumstances will teach them all such skills.

Most importantly, she also looks beautiful. This is all very easy for her."

Nurani nurtured the entire company. All decisions were taken only according to her wishes. She thought about changing the logo of the company. The existing logo had Aadil's face. Nurani asked Jahandar to keep her face instead of his father's face. Without even the slightest hesitation, Jahandar made all arrangements for it. She made him keep her image in the logo. After changing the logo, Mardhiah thought, "The one who was a caretaker once is now ruling the entire company! She is not just beautiful, persevering and crafty but also canny, socially adept and bold."

After changing the logo, two of the employees spoke about Nurani. One said, "All these days I've only heard that a son will work hard and earn money to support his parents. But only now I'm witnessing the one who was throwing away all the money which his father earned after years of toil over a woman."

"No one else will commit such a foolish act."

Mahir didn't like running the company under Nurani's guidance. Mahir wanted to traduce her and make Jahandar take all decisions again. Mahir met Jahandar and said, "Your father has built a huge fortune for you. He married you to three good women. With all these, you shouldn't have married a malignant woman like Nurani. You're gradually giving away this company, which your father built after much struggle, to the gimcrack Nurani. Don't you know what you're doing? You've got to come out of your madness."

"I know what I'm doing. You've crossed your limit. Your job is only to provide legal advice – advice related to the company. How dare you speak about my personal life and particularly about my loving wife in a degrading manner? If you wish to continue in this job, you have to touch my wife's feet and ask for forgiveness. Otherwise, you'll lose this job and your life." Mahir had joined the company when Aadil was CEO. Aadil used to regard his suggestions with high esteem. Moreover, Mahir was older than Jahandar. He was deeply worried that Jahandar had asked him to do such a thing. He had no alternatives to save his life. He agreed to do what Jahandar had said. Nurani knew that Mahir didn't like her. She was waiting for

the right time to hammer his pride. Mahir searched for Nurani and met her. He told her that he needed to say something to her in private. Nurani took him to her room. He told her that he had spoken ill of her to her husband, and her husband had asked him to apologise to her and fell before her feet. No one saw him falling at her feet. Nurani felt that she had quelled his pride. She spoke kindly and dismissed him. He felt intense agony that he had touched a woman's feet, and moreover, a trashy woman's. He thought about how he would endure such humiliation and lead his life. For a moment, he also thought that he could have died instead of such humiliation.

Nurani found Jahandar to be highly intelligent. He especially had a sound knowledge of handling people. He had a natural ability to handle anyone – any employee or any customer in his company. He had no faults other than being enslaved to women's pleasure and intoxication. She thought that he should have inherited the natural ability from his father. She thought that it would be difficult to fulfil all her wishes if Jahandar remained sober. She thought that she should always keep his mind muddled. Even if he had forgotten about women and drinks, she would remind him of them. She would remind him of it by pretentiously advising him that he shouldn't seek lustful pleasure from her often and shouldn't drink. While reminding him about women, she would speak about herself and wouldn't mention prostitutes. Only by speaking that way, his esteem for her would increase; it wouldn't appear as though she had boasted of his manliness, and his desire for women's pleasure would be awakened. She would feign as though she couldn't stop his bad habits. While advising him, she would do it in a manner that would provoke his anger and affect his pride. After she had spoken that way, he would feel like experiencing some pleasure immediately. He would feel that he should experience that pleasure, disregarding her advice, and he would think that when he did, he would be superior to her. Now and then, Nurani would affect his pride slightly and make him rescue his pride with considerable effort. People tend to preserve their pride, losing everything else for it. He considered being involved in those pleasure-seeking activities as a proud thing, and he indulged in those activities even when he wasn't interested. In most movies, only activities such as killing

others, drinking alcohol, smoking, having sex with many women, audaciously bawling at others, fighting with others or deceiving others are done by the hero or villain. It is shown as something to be proud of. But one has to feel ashamed to be like that. Nurani asked her brother to associate with Jahandar and show him the most beautiful prostitutes now and then, and immerse him in the sea of women's pleasure. Asaad would search and find the most beautiful prostitutes from many cities and from many countries assiduously and bring them to Jahandar. Those women would satisfy Jahandar as much as possible. Because of that, Jahandar liked Asaad very much. Then Jahandar was always intoxicated and had lust for women's bodies. Jahandar wouldn't mind whatever she did and whatever decision she made in the company. If he had noticed anything by accident, she would advise him and immerse him in pleasure-seeking activities. Gradually, she began buying things for her family members and relatives – houses, lands, cars, jewellery, and clothes. She found jobs for many. She hired some of them to Jahandar's company itself. She took good care of her family members who were working in Jahandar's company. Although everything was happening in front of Jahandar's eyes, nothing entered his mind. Even worse, because of the unslakable lust he carried towards Nurani, he treated her family members with great respect. He feared that if he didn't respect them, Nurani would reject him completely in bed. She ensured that everyone conducted themselves with humility towards her. If an employee seemed not to respect her, she wouldn't let them be peaceful in the company. Nurani always criticised Jahandar's actions to prove her worth and gradually made him believe he wouldn't take right decisions and made him follow her decisions. She had gradually transformed him into a nodding toy.

Jadida noticed Jahandar drinking excessively. One night, Jahandar came to her room, planning to spend the night with her. Jadida told Jahandar, “Nowadays, you’re drinking excessively. Drinking this much at this age is dangerous. It is not good for your health. You didn't drink like this until you married that low, degraded and sinful woman. She is making you do this. It is better to drive her out of the home immediately; otherwise, she will destroy your life.” Jahandar said, "You're jealous of her beauty. Because of that, you're

speaking like this," and stormed out of the room.

A few weeks passed. Shah-Alam told Jahandar, "Please cancel the marriage that is about to happen between Munaqqaa and me. I'm not worthy enough to marry her."

"Why are you speaking like this? In what way are you unworthy?"

"I'm already married."

"Is that all? Is that something to be worried about? Your mother is my second wife. What do you say about that?"

"Like mixing a single drop of poison in pure milk, I've corrupted our sacred love."

"Don't speak like that. She is still in love with you. She didn't oppose this marriage. Why do you worry unnecessarily? She is thinking of you as her life. Think about what'll happen if you don't marry her."

Shah-Alam's and Munaqqaa's marriage date arrived. Munaqqaa was ecstatic that she was finally going to meet her beloved. Meanwhile, Shah-Alam didn't know how to face her. Shah-Alam was seated in the groom's room, and Munaqqaa was seated in the bride's room in the marriage hall. There wouldn't be even a hundred-meter distance between the two rooms. First, they called the groom to the nuptial stage. He came and sat there sorrowfully. Many could predict why Shah-Alam was sad. Munaqqaa sat in the bride's room, yearning for when she would see her beloved's face. Each second felt like an era. A Shah-Alam's relative, who was in the position of elder sister to the groom, came to the bride's room. She told Munaqqaa that she had come to take her to the nuptial stage. Munaqqaa's heartbeat tripled. She found it difficult to restrain the tears in her eyes. The happiness that she was going to meet his beloved after five years could be seen throughout her body. Meanwhile, Shah-Alam, on the nuptial stage, thought that he had lost his worthiness to face Munaqqaa. Munaqqaa walked towards the nuptial stage. He could feel her arriving. Although he had muttered to himself that his love had died many thousand times, it didn't help him. He turned his face towards her and saw his love goddess, the incarnation of love. Both looked at each other. Like the dam gates would be opened, unable

to contain the violent surge of water, floods of tears gushed out from their eyes. Shah-Alam felt like running towards her, embracing her tightly and kissing her face many thousand times. Others, looking at both of them, who were looking at each other and showering rains of tears, could feel how deep their love was. They had never seen any couple who expressed such love in the nuptial stage. Even the priest, who sat in the nuptial stage and was chanting mantras, forgot the mantras.

Many of them who had come for the Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa's wedding spoke about the matter that their betrothal function was conducted five years ago. One said, "Nowadays, the betrothal functions are conducted the day before the marriage day; even when those marriages are planned that way, they are getting cancelled for some reason, but the marriage for this couple is conducted even after five years without any hindrance. I think they have achieved this because the bride and the groom weren't allowed to see or talk to each other." Every person around him started to laugh.

Jahandar was highly excited during his son's marriage. He felt joy that his son had somehow waited for many days and finally married his beloved. Then Jahandar went to the dancing floor and danced along with the DJ group. Seeing him dance, many joined him and danced with him. He struggled to make dance movements in sync with the music. Noticing his struggle, DJ played songs with a slow beat. After a short while, he called Shah-Alam. Shah-Alam found his father to be very happy. He joined his father and danced with him. Everyone who came to attend the wedding saw them. Within a short time, Jahandar became tired. So he pulled Shah-Alam to the place where liquor was supplied. He asked the servant to serve liquor for him and Shah-Alam. He knew Shah-Alam wouldn't drink; nevertheless, he asked him to drink. Jahandar said, "I know you don't have a drinking habit. I'm very happy today. For my happiness, you have to drink a single glass of wine. For me. Will you not drink a single glass for your father?" Shah-Alam stood silent without uttering a word. Jahandar said, "You're missing a great pleasure in your life. After you drink this single glass, you'll know how true what I have just said is. You've waited for five years and married your affectionate lover. How can you not celebrate this?

You shouldn't refuse this. Come on, hold this." Shah-Alam got the glass. Jahandar slightly wondered, thinking that his son got the glass without refusing. When Jahandar mentioned that Shah-Alam had waited for five years, Shah-Alam thought about the betrayal that he had done to Munaqqaa; he was filled with guilt again. So he got the glass, and he gulped it out of hatred he carried towards himself. Jahandar asked him to drink slowly. Since Shah-Alam drank for the first time, he felt mild dizziness. He rose from the stool, and while walking, he tottered unsteadily. Then he regained his balance and returned to the nuptial stage. He went near and stood beside Munaqqaa. Munaqqaa had seen Shah-Alam drinking. She could feel that her beloved was feeling guilty that he had married another woman. She thought that she should fix it somehow. Meanwhile, Shah-Alam thought that he had discovered a way to remove his guilt. Then Jahandar saw Nurani standing in the nuptial stage. He felt that many men who had come to attend the wedding were secretly savouring the beauty of his wife. Taking a wine bottle, he again reached the place where the DJ was. He got a mic from them. He portrayed the beauty of Nurani from the crown of her head to her feet. Although Nurani got irritated, she feigned shyness and acted as though she carried much love towards him. Then he began drinking the entire contents of the bottle he carried. Nurani, to pretend to stop him from drinking excessively, ran towards him and got the bottle from him. By that time, he had drunk the entire contents. He told Nurani, "I love you."

First night arrangements were made. Although Kania presented herself as though she were very happy to others, she was deeply distressed, thinking that she had lost her husband to the one he loves by the soul, and she couldn't express it to anyone. A woman won't be able to bear it even when another woman just gazes at her husband. Could any woman bear when her husband was about to enjoy the wedding night with a woman whom her husband loves more than her? She thought she might show some anger when she met Munaqqaa, so she took her one-year-old child and went to sleep early, telling others that she was having a headache. How would she be able to sleep that night? Munaqqaa wanted to get blessings from Kania before entering the room where Shah-Alam was staying. She was told that Kania had slept. Then Munaqqaa was sent to the

room where Shah-Alam was staying. Shah-Alam's heart asked him many questions, "Are you worthy to touch her? Are you worthy to receive her love? Are you even worthy to touch the feet of that love goddess and apologise to her?" At that moment, women's raillery could be heard outside the room. Leaving Munaqqaa near the room, her friends left her. If he hadn't married another woman, he would've run to her, thrown away the milk pot that she was carrying in her hand and begun showering unceasing rain of kisses on her. He wouldn't have allowed his love goddess to part even a millimetre of distance from him, even for a single second. He and she would've even become one soul and one body. There wouldn't be any spot in her body left untouched by his lips. He would've dissolved in her tears, and she would've dissolved in his tears. But nothing happened. When she entered the room, she found Shah-Alam standing facing the opposite direction instead of looking at her. She placed the milk pot on a table. She touched his feet and pressed her palms on her eyes. When she touched him, he felt as though he were scorched by fire. He didn't look at her even then. She said, "Whatever happened has happened. Please look at my face." He spoke without looking at her, "When we pray to God, we don't pray after doing unclean activities. While doing so, we don't get blessings; we get only sin. How could I, being defiled, expect your love?"

"You're speaking big words – God, this and that. To make your father happy, you've provided consent. I, too, to make my father happy, provided my consent. I, too, carry the fault. Please look at my face. The torment which I have experienced in these five years, finding no way to get your love, is enough. How many days have I waited for this day? Please look at me." He didn't reply. She said, "If you didn't look at me, I would consider that you didn't like me." Before she could complete saying it, he turned around and looked at her. She touched her beloved cheeks with her two hands. Shah-Alam saw his love goddess's divine face. Her hands were affectionately holding his cheeks. He held her hands with his two hands and gave a pressing kiss on each. With that kiss, she felt a mild tingling sensation in her entire body. He pulled those two hands behind his neck. Within a short time, both fused to become one body and one soul.

The next day, Jahandar's body burned with fever. His body temperature was 102 degrees Fahrenheit. Nurani contacted a doctor and asked him to come to Jahandar's home immediately. Within a few minutes, the doctor came home. He examined Jahandar's body. Then, to do a blood test, he collected a blood sample from Jahandar's body. He gave some tablets for temporary relief. In the blood test, it was found that Jahandar's liver was affected and that it couldn't be cured at all. The doctor informed Nurani about it over a phone call. In Shah-Alam's marriage, Jahandar drank excessively, so his body was affected. Nurani relayed what the doctor had told her. Jahandar was courageous. He said, "There are many doctors in this world. It's enough if at least one believes that he could cure my disease completely. We can wear the necklace around his neck." She felt it would be extremely difficult to find such a doctor, considering the firm assertion given by the consulted doctor that Jahandar's disease could never be cured. The consulted doctor told Nurani that if Jahandar took all the medicines that he prescribes and stopped drinking completely, Jahandar's life could be extended for even another fifteen years. Nurani felt that stopping Jahandar from drinking would be a difficult task. She didn't worry about Jahandar's health out of care for him. She thought she should marry her daughter, who was just seven years old then, to any one of Jahandar's sons and make that son the next CEO after Jahandar before he dies. So she actively prevented Jahandar from drinking. They thought of curing Jahandar's condition using the magical necklace instead of medication. They called many doctors and asked them to examine him. They even began going to many other countries to visit the best doctors around the world. But whichever doctor they visited said that Jahandar's condition couldn't be cured completely.

Before marriage, Shah-Alam was hot-tempered. He had shown his anger to many in his company. But after marriage, he didn't get angry with anyone. He acted kindly to everyone. He always carried a warm smile on his face. Even if someone made a big mistake, he spoke patiently with him. The reason for it was the settlement of his love goddess in his heart. Although Munaqqaa had become his wife, he still yearned to see her face and listen to her voice always. While talking over the phone, they talk as though they were speaking to

each other for the first time. Their love always remained like a newly blossomed flower. He desired that her voice should be heard in his ears always. He thought that it was enough for him if she stayed near him. Now and then, he would think about whether he could give any position to his wife in the company. Even for trivial things, he acted according to Munaqqaa's wish. He wouldn't think 'why?' and 'for what?' for whatever she said. When he was at the company, many times, he only thought about what his wife would be doing at that moment. Sometimes, he would even imagine that she was sitting beside him and checking how he was working. He thought that his life was only meant to be with her. It is very difficult to describe their love with mere words. Even if she said that she would eat by herself, he would feed her. Even if she obstructs, he would kiss her feet daily. When she rested her head on his chest, he would sing a song for her. As the time of separation from his wife increased, his face would keep fading. When he saw her again, his face would bloom again. He thought of her as his world. After he married her, he even hated going to work. He would think that he should stay with Munaqqaa at home. She would tell him that it was necessary to do his company's work. He would say that he didn't need any work other than kissing her. Finally, he would go to the company reluctantly. Every day, he would ask Munaqqaa what dress he should wear for his work. He would only wear the dress she chose. He loved her more than he longed to be with her while waiting to marry her. After reaching the company, he would contact his wife on the phone every ten minutes. He would always look at her photo, which was placed on his desk. He would even kiss it secretly. He felt like seeing her face always. He stayed at the company for at least nine hours before marrying her. But after marrying her, he would stay just three hours in the company and go home for lunch. After eating lunch with her, he returns to the company reluctantly. While eating lunch, he would ask Munaqqaa to feed him. While getting each morsel of food from her hand, he would kiss her hand. Desiring that he should kiss her hand many times, she would give tiny morsels. He would always shower her hands, cheeks, forehead, and feet with a rain of kisses. He would keep her held tightly for a long time. He would say that he loves her a thousand times a day. Kania couldn't tolerate all these. Nevertheless, she didn't reveal it. Munaqqaa felt that Shah-

Alam spent more time at home with her than at the company. One day, she asked him in a frightened tone, "You leave for the company late every day. You reach home early from the company."

"Only to see this face brimming with love. My mind is peaceful only when you're near me. Otherwise, it gives hellish torment. I can't bear it. I suffer longing for you at the company in a way that a fish will suffer when it is taken out of the water."

"You shouldn't speak like that. I'm staying permanently inside your heart." After she said that, she touched his chest. He kissed her palm so pressingly that his lip mark was imprinted on it. From that day, he left for work at the right time and returned home only after finishing all the work.

Shah-Alam acted towards Munaqqaa in a way an affectionate son would act towards his mother. Even when he had to take any decision in his company, he said it to Munaqqaa. She would ask many clarification questions related to it. She would strive to give the best solution using her ability as much as possible. Immediately, he would give a pressing kiss on her cheek, take up her suggestion and act accordingly. Whatever matters they would discuss in their room privately, they would keep themselves entwined in each other's arms and speak to each other's ears.

Munaqqaa would behave like a mother sometimes, like a child sometimes, and as a loving wife other times towards Shah-Alam sometimes. While feeding him food, while caring for him, while making him sleep in her lap, while looking after him when he was ill, while cooking food for him, and while suggesting a solution for his problem, she would appear like a mother. While uniting with him in bed, she would appear like a wife who would worship her husband as a God. While bantering and laughing with him, while walking along with him holding his hand, while fighting with him playfully, she would appear like a child.

Roasting Huda

After a few months. Huda came to her father-in-law's house to meet her husband. Huda had always worried deeply, thinking that her husband was blinded. Whenever she looked at the wounds in her husband's eyes, she felt as though her heart were dipped in hot water. She would weep chokingly. Khulus would comfort her. Khulus asked his wife to enter his father's room and get the necklace without anyone noticing. She asked him, "Are you asking me to steal? I can't do that. Why are you so obsessed with that necklace? Forget about that. You shouldn't have to suffer here any longer. I will fall at my father-in-law's feet and beg him to release you. We can leave for another city and start a small business."

"If sacrificing my life can make the whole world happy, I am ready to endure any suffering. Even if I don't get the necklace, it's enough if it reaches someone who believes that there are many good people in the world like me. Then, this earth will become heaven. Should the necklace fall into the hands of one who sees this world as a disastrous place, where the people possessing wealth find no peace and women no safety, then this earth will become hell."

"You have lost your vision. I am happy that you are at least alive. Even if you don't worry about yourself, you should worry about our family. I can't enter this house at the time when the cruelty of blinding you was carried out. I was just given ten minutes of time to meet you every day. I have no power to take you out along with me from this room. How do you believe I can steal that necklace?" After a few seconds of silence, she said, "We have done good to many people. Shouldn't its benefits come to us? Why does this have to happen to us?"

"We should never think or speak about the good we have done to other people."

"Why are you, who always does the right thing, asking me to steal the necklace? Stealing is wrong, isn't it?"

"That necklace belongs to me. Taking back what belongs to me is

not theft. I can't fight him or prosecute him legally. There is no way other than this." She didn't know what to say to change his mind. Jahandar's men knocked on the door and told her to come out, saying that the time was up. She left her husband sobbing. Khulus remained contemplating deeply about how to get the necklace.

While speaking about Khulus with Jahandar now and then, Nurani came to know that Khulus desired to become CEO, and he was desiring to obtain the necklace. After two days, Huda again came to meet her husband. At that time, Nurani thought to speak with Khulus. Nurani came to the room where Khulus was confined. She told Khulus that she wanted to say something to him. She said, "I am feeling worried whenever I see you confined in this room. I wonder why other family members are not concerned about you. I desire that you should be freed from this torture. Although you're blind, I desire that only you should become CEO after your father and that you should have the necklace too. I see to it that it will happen somehow. Above all, I'll ask for your release immediately." Khulus was taken aback by her words. He greatly wondered, "Is she speaking in this way?" Huda, hearing her words, thought that her husband would be happy thereafter. Why? because Jahandar would esteem Nurani's wish highly. Nurani said, "But you have to do a thing for me." After a brief silence, she continued, "You have to marry my daughter." Huda, who was overwhelmed with joy just a few seconds ago, was thunderstruck. Nurani continued further, "I know that you're already married and have a son. Nevertheless, I have no worry about that. Do you agree to this?" Although he couldn't see his wife, he could understand her emotions well. He held the hand of his wife, who was standing beside him, pressed it on his chest and said, "I won't even think about any woman other than her." Huda was about to say something, "You..." But he didn't allow her to speak. He said, "Don't speak," and silenced her. Then he told Nurani, "It's true that I desired the CEO post and necklace once, but not now. Even if you yourself give it to me, I don't want that." He said so and quieted his wife so that Nurani wouldn't know his intention. Nurani said, "Aren't you worried that you didn't get the necklace?"

"I'm only worried about my family. My wife and my son will be suffering without me."

"Don't worry. I will take care of them. I'm not only a mother to you but also to your son. It's my responsibility to provide him with a good education and bring him to a good position in life."

"I won't forget this help. I live only for my family. It is enough if I know they are well." Khulus pretended that he wasn't desiring the necklace, and Nurani was disappointed upon knowing that he had no desires. Then Nurani left the room. Huda said, "Please marry Nurani's daughter. Once you get the necklace, I will wear it now and then. You can behold this world through my eyes."

"Eyesight is not important for me. Your pure love is important. How can I ruin a girl's life, thinking I'm doing something good? Her daughter is only eight years old now. Out of desire for money, she has begun searching for an alliance now itself. We don't know what kind of man her daughter would prefer when she attains her age. Thinking that Nurani is doing something good for her daughter, she is planning to give her daughter a life which her daughter won't like. Living with the one whom her daughter loves is more important than living with a wealthy man. If you were in her daughter's position, what would you do? Would you agree to become the second wife of a blind person?"

"You're not just wealthy but also good-natured. You think that everyone in this world should live peacefully. She should be lucky to get a man like you as her husband."

"It's okay even if I don't get the necklace till my death. I will die content that I've lived my entire life honestly. On the other hand, if I've obtained the necklace through an immoral act, although I would've attained victory, I'll be living with a guilty feeling. I won't do that." Huda asked, "Don't you believe that you'll somehow get the necklace from your father?"

"From the day when my father blinded me, he has been showing some care towards me. So I thought I would get the necklace after my father's death, as he told me. But after my father married Nurani, that belief started to lessen. I think my father has become a slave to her out of the lust he carried towards her. My father would agree to any decision she makes. When Nurani asked me whether I would marry her juvenile daughter, I understood what her plan was

and that I wouldn't get the necklace for sure. Since I refused, she plans to marry her daughter to one of my three younger brothers. The one who marries her daughter will take up my father's position next, and her daughter will take up her position next. The one who takes my father's position next will only get the necklace."

"What if all of your brothers refused?"

"The possibility of it is very low. All three will desire to become the next CEO, and if they come to know about the magical necklace and its powers, they will desire to attain the necklace also."

"What if I tell my father-in-law that Nurani is wicked, that she is only desiring his wealth, and that he should never trust her?"

"My paternal grandmother completely hated Nurani. My father didn't heed even her advice."

"If that is the case, is marrying Ladan the only way for you to get the necklace?"

"There is also another way."

"What is that?"

"It is hard to reform an avaricious person like her. They will do anything to get what they desire. They will ruin any number of people's lives. She is worse than the most harmful venomous snake. She is using her beauty like a snake charmer's flute, and she subjugated my father with her charms, like enclosing a snake inside a basket. It is impossible to change her or recover my father from her hypnotising charms. Killing her is the only way."

"Is such a word coming from your mouth? You won't think of harming anyone. If you can get the thing you desire only by killing her, I will arrange for her killing. My father has connections to do such things."

"What are you speaking? Just some time before, I said I won't go down the wrong path in life, didn't I? Since you asked how I can get the necklace, I told you that. Thinking of killing someone is wrong, even if they have done a big harm to us. If we plan to kill someone to fulfil our desire, then what is the difference between Nurani and us?"

"Your grandfather intended to give the necklace to you, right?"

"Yes."

"She will prevent you from getting the necklace, which is rightfully yours. Not only that, if any one of your three brothers marries her daughter, only he and her daughter will have this entire fortune. Others will be sent out. She is trying to part this entire family. If a snake enters our home, will we nurture it, giving it milk, or will we leave, letting it live in some corner? It is better to remove it immediately."

"If she comes to know that you have such an intention..."

"There is no way of knowing all that. If at all, my father's men can't kill her, she won't be able to collect any details from them. You've been confined in this room. She won't suspect you. Wherever she goes, she goes alone. Father-in-law's men are not going along with her. I don't know why he is not sending his men along with her. Every Saturday, she goes to a hermitage for meditation. This Saturday, she will die." Because of the reason that Jahandar was too possessive towards Nurani, he wouldn't send his thugs along with her.

The following Saturday, Nurani went to the hermitage she usually visits every Saturday. When she sat for meditation, four thugs came before her with long knives. Upon seeing it, everyone in the hermitage was terrified and ran away. Nurani didn't feel even a slight anxiety. She had a gun in her handbag for her safety. She took out the gun from her handbag. Upon seeing it, the four thugs tried to escape. Four dead bodies fell with six rounds. She again kept her gun inside her handbag. She resumed her meditation after killing those four thugs, but this time, there were a lot of thoughts on her mind: "Who wants me dead? Who would have sent these thugs?" She decided that she should find out using the necklace. Every other person in that place was shocked looking at the four killed thugs and her, and then they ran outside of that place. Nurani continued her meditation as though nothing had happened. She opened her eyes when she finished her meditation and looked around, but there was no one in that place other than her assistant. She told her assistant to inform Jahandar of the matter and also

asked him to arrange for men to clear the dead bodies. She returned home with anger. Jahandar told her that he had asked his men to find out who had done it. She said, "It is not necessary. We must identify the root of the problem and uproot it. There is only one easy way for it. The necklace." Then she told her plan to Jahandar. After listening to her plan, he asked her, "Is it just enough to find out who it is? Why don't you want to get them killed instead?" She replied, "Rather than killing the person, if we destroy what they love the most, they will suffer hellish torment for the rest of their life. They will even think of dying rather than living." Then she left him. Khulus came to know that Nurani had returned from the hermitage. He thought, "My wife said that she would somehow kill her. What would've happened? Has Nurani captured those men? No matter how much they are probed, they won't tell my wife's name or my father-in-law's name. They wouldn't have known those details. Only if I speak with my wife will I come to know. Let her come." Then, according to her plan, Jahandar's men first found a priest who could foretell with great confidence to anyone. They met him and invited him with more presents and a large sum of money, saying, "Our master wants your presence in his house. He believes that he will meet more success if you stay for a few months in his house." Then they told him who Jahandar was and explained all the amenities he could enjoy in his stay. That priest then agreed to stay in Jahandar's home. Jahandar's men made all arrangements to make sure that the priest was highly pleased with the stay. They served delicious foods, snacks and desserts. The priest thought that because he was highly renowned, he was receiving such hospitality. At times, some of Jahandar's men told him some fabricated difficulties they face in life and asked for an expiation. After hearing one's difficulties, he would close his eyes and remain as though engaged in spiritual communication. Then he would open his eyes and offer an expiation. After getting the expiation, they would meet him after two or three days and would tell him that their difficulties were resolved after doing the prescribed expiation. They would even give him more money than he normally receives. They showered him with money, and he delightfully basked in that shower. They kept giving him the confidence that all his expiations were working. Each day, Jahandar's men sent two young women, trained in the arts of enhancing a man's sexual pleasure, to his room. They even

asked those women to make his pride stronger. This continued for two weeks. He was floating in pride, thinking highly of himself. Then Nurani went to meet him. She told him that someone tried to kill her using four thugs. She told the priest that she wanted to know who had thought of killing her first, and because of that, those thugs came to kill her, since she wanted to find the root cause of the problem. She further said that the very murderer should stand before her and say, 'You are very disgraceful'. She told him that she was ready to do any expiation for that. The priest thought, "Who would dare to say that you're disgraceful, looking at your Godly shape? If anyone says such a thing, he must be a blind man. Such a graceful woman like you was not sent to my room in these two weeks." Then he let out a very heavy sigh, closed his eyes, remained in his priest-thinking pose before foretelling for a few seconds, and then opened his eyes. Since such a thing could never happen in the world, he imposed a very severe expiation upon her. He uttered in a voice devoid of confidence, "You must give a thousand cows that have just calved, along with their calves, to a thousand poor people. After that, what you asked for will happen immediately." Nurani ordered his assistant to give him a thousand gold coins just for giving her an expiation. He gained some confidence in his expiation from that. Then Nurani asked her assistant to give him the magical necklace, and he gave him. She told the priest, "You should wear this necklace until the time you stay here. When a powerful priest like you wears this necklace, it will glow immediately." He wore the necklace, and it glowed as she told him. He thought of himself as greater than God and was then fully confident of his expiation. She feigned amazement, looking at the glow of the necklace. For the next week, he happily spent his days in that house. Then Nurani met the priest. Even though she didn't do the expiation, she told him that she had finished the expiation. He told her, "Whatever you expected will happen the next morning." The next morning, Khulus felt like speaking with Nurani. Khulus requested Jahandar's men many times to allow him to speak to Nurani. Then those men told Nurani that Khulus wanted to say something to her. She wondered what Khulus wanted to tell her and went to his room to meet him. He met her at the room's entrance and told her, "You are very disgraceful," and went back into his room. She went back to her room thinking, "Even after

blinding him and keeping him locked in a room for more than four years, he has committed such an act. There is no enmity between him and me – why, then, does he wish to kill me? All these days, I thought of him as a softer kind, and I never expected he would go to the extent of killing me. I even offered my daughter in marriage to him as his second wife, and I promised to give him the necklace for that. He refused, saying he won't betray his loving wife... He has even decided to kill me instead of betraying his wife for the necklace. He carries such a love for his wife... His wife should've helped him through her father. Her father has been in a high position in Jahandar's company for many years. What courage should he have to plan my murder?... All three should lose something they love in their lives. Huda is already consumed by suffering, thinking again and again of her husband's condition. Nothing needs to be done to her. Khulus loves his wife more. Any father would be fond of his daughter. So Huda is the most beloved by the other two. She must be harmed; just as she suffers seeing her husband's plight, the other two should suffer from seeing her condition all their lives." Nurani met Jahandar and told him that his son had committed that act. Jahandar got shocked and couldn't believe that. She asked him not to do anything regarding that and also told him to act as though he was unaware of Khulus's murder attempt in front of Khulus. Jahandar's men got back the necklace, the unused money and presents from the priest and drove him away.

Nurani told Jahandar how she planned to exact revenge on Khulus and Miradi. After hearing her plan, Jahandar was happy in one way – that there was no harm to his son. Although Khulus hated his father, Jahandar didn't want to allow anything to happen to Khulus. According to Nurani's plan, six of Jahandar's men went to Aadil's house. They threatened all the servants with their guns. They called two servants from the kitchen. They asked them to heat a large quantity of oil in a large wok. Huda's room was on the first floor. Only at that moment did Huda come out from the bathroom after taking a bath. When she came out, she was startled looking at two of Jahandar's men standing inside her room. One man forcefully removed her bathrobe and her inner wear. She scolded them severely. Her four-year-old son came running from nearby to her

room, hearing her scream. Huda, upon seeing her son, asked him to go away since she didn't want her son to see her without clothes and being treated brutally by thugs. To protect his mother, he went near Jahandar's man to beat him. Jahandar's man kicked him away. He fell, unable to bear the pain. Then the two men carried her naked from the first floor to the ground floor. They brought her near the kitchen. Manservants closed their eyes. Oil was heated, and it was steaming hot. Jahandar's men asked the servants to pour the hot oil on the floor. Servants poured it on the floor. Jahandar's men pushed Huda to the spot where oil was poured. She fell on her back. Then the six men left the house. She screamed, unable to bear the heat and unable to rise from the floor. Servants immediately poured water on the floor. One servant called the ambulance. Within a few minutes, the ambulance arrived. The nurses laid her on a stretcher, loaded it into the ambulance and took her to the hospital. She was admitted to the ICU ward. Then one of Jahandar's men told Khulus, "Your wife looks beautiful, but you're not lucky enough to see her body. Her beauty is diminished slightly now." Khulus couldn't understand what he was saying. Jahandar's man added, "She wanted to tell you something before she dies. Go quickly and see her." Khulus trembled and asked him, "What have you done to my wife?" Jahandar's man told him the name of the hospital where his wife was admitted and asked him to find out by going there. Jahandar's men themselves took him to the hospital. They took him to the ICU ward. Khulus's son and a few servants were staying outside the ICU ward. Khulus came to know what happened to his wife from them. He screamed and bewailed. His son took him near the bed where Huda was lying. His son told him how his mother was set up in bed. Since her entire back was burnt with the hot oil, she was laid face down on the bed. Her bed was surrounded by an insect net. She was given anaesthesia so that she wouldn't feel pain. His son told him that the doctor had assured them that he would surely recover his mother. Khulus thought that already a thousand people were dead because of him, and in addition to that, his wife was made to face such cruelty. He worried that such a condition befell her because of the very fact that she married him. For three days, he stayed near his wife without even taking food. After three days, she regained her consciousness. She couldn't bear the pain. She couldn't even talk. She groaned

repeatedly, "Ah... ah..." Although Khulus couldn't see her, the sound that she gave out slit his heart. After knowing that she had regained her consciousness, two of Jahandar's men came inside the ICU ward and came near Huda's bed. One man prevented Khulus and his son from moving. Another man took a knife and scratched Huda's back. She shouted loudly, unable to bear the pain. Khulus cried out loudly, "Leave her… If you want, do something to me." One who was preventing him from moving told him, "Hereafter, don't develop enmity with Nurani," and then the two left the place. Khulus asked his son to bring a nurse immediately. Two nurses came there and gave her anaesthesia again.

A few days passed. Jahandar suffered greatly from guilt, thinking that even though his son persecuted him in court, he should never have blinded him. His guilt made him decide that he should cure his son's blindness. He took him to the world's best ophthalmologist. That doctor got shocked looking at Khulus's eyes because he had never seen such eye damage and had not even heard of it. The doctor asked Jahandar how it had happened. Jahandar explained to the doctor how the damage happened to his son, but he didn't mention that he was the one who commanded it. Khulus remained silent, and he didn't say anything. Then the doctor enquired when it had happened. Jahandar replied that it had happened five years before. Then the doctor ensured that there was no police case regarding it and examined Khulus's eyes. Then he told Jahandar that no treatment would succeed and that Khulus would have to live his entire life blind. Only when heading back home after visiting the doctor did Jahandar think about the magical necklace and that he could cure his son's eye easily using it. After reaching home, Jahandar met Nurani in private and told her he had taken Khulus to an ophthalmologist and told her that he wanted to restore his eyesight using the magical necklace. She got furious and told him, "Your son attempted to murder me. You should be happy that I let him live. Why did you take him to the doctor? You are not going to cure his eyesight."

One day, water got clogged in the men's and women's restrooms, which servants use in Jahandar's house. The servants couldn't use the restroom. They reported to the manager about it. The manager told them he would fix it soon and dismissed them. Then the

manager called the septic tank cleaning service and asked them to come to Jahandar's house. They came and cleaned the septic tank well. They took out many condoms from the septic tank. They told the manager that the water was clogged due to the accumulation of a lot of condoms. Then the manager asked the septic tank cleaners to leave. He immediately reported the matter to Jahandar. Upon hearing it, Jahandar became furious that such an incident had happened in his home. He thought that he should find the ones who did that and give them the death penalty. Jahandar told the manager not to tell the reason for the water clogging to any servant. He said, "Set up a CCTV camera in such a way that it would capture the entrances of the men's restroom and the women's restroom. No one should know that you're fixing a camera there. The camera shouldn't be visible from the outside view. Appoint two men to watch the live footage to detect the culprits. Tell them that they should inform you immediately if a man goes to a women's restroom or if a woman goes to the men's restroom." The manager told Jahandar he would do that and made all the arrangements as per Jahandar's instructions. One man watched the live footage in the night, and another man watched the live footage in the morning. After five days, at early morning 4 AM, one who was watching the live footage at night saw a manservant and maidservant entering the women's restroom. He reported to the manager. The manager caught them red-handed and took them to Jahandar. They both begged Jahandar to leave them alive. They said that if he left them alive, they would work in some other house. Jahandar told them, "You will do the same even if you go to some other house," and commanded his men to kill them.

The delectable fish

Munaqqaa struggled for two hours to hush her two-month-old baby and lulled it to sleep. At that moment, Shah-Alam entered the room and shouted, "My love of my life..." While he shouted, she silenced him by making a gesture – placing her index finger on her lips and showing an expression on her face as though asking him not to make any sound. Then he noticed the baby sleeping. He tiptoed quietly and went near her. She still didn't take her finger off her lips. He placed a gentle kiss on her finger. Then she took off her finger, and he kissed her lips. They lay on the bed. They made love for a long time.

While taking narcotic drugs, Jahandar thinks that he should wear the necklace. The drugs would induce more hallucinations. When he wore the necklace at that moment, those hallucinations would become real. One time when he was wearing the necklace while taking the drugs, he experienced a hallucination that everyone was floating and all people in the world were floating. Thereafter, Nurani wouldn't give the necklace to Jahandar. Jahandar thought of taking drugs even if he didn't have the necklace. He asked his men to buy the drugs. A drunkard's hand trembles when he doesn't drink liquor, and he can't be normal until he drinks. Similarly, if a drug addict doesn't take drugs, his emotions will compel him to take drugs like a child throwing a tantrum. It applies to all addictions. His emotions will do whatever is possible to make him take drugs again – remain stubborn, it'll tell many illogical reasons and unwaveringly brainwash him that he should take drugs because of those reasons, sometimes it'll even say that harm will be caused to him if he doesn't take drugs, sometimes it'll say that humans live their life only once and ask him why a person should live with such self-restraint, sometimes it'll say, "Let's take drugs for one last time and then we can stop it completely," sometimes it'll say, "We don't have to do it often; we can do it occasionally – weekly once or monthly once," sometimes it'll say, "Anything which is done in limits is not wrong at all, and anything which is done without limits is unquestionably wrong, so we can do it in moderation," sometimes

it'll point out any of his achievements and say, "You've done such a thing; will anyone else do this thing? Let's do this to celebrate that." In this manner, his emotions will keep trying in different ways to make him break his self-restraint. A man who remains unyielding to his emotions, no matter what attempts they make, will reach a higher level in his life. One who becomes a slave to their emotions will live their life like one of the sheep in a large flock. He will try to use others as scapegoats to conceal his flaws and inabilities. Jahandar's entire body started to tremble. His men bought the drugs and gave him. He took the drugs. He was sitting on the first-floor balcony in his house. He saw the road outside the compound wall. It seemed to him that an energetic young woman was coming, dancing mildly, holding a stick in her hand in the road. She looked petite and sexy. Jahandar liked the fact that she was coming, dancing more than her appearance. For that reason alone, his heart yearned to have sex with her. Her dress, jewellery, slippers, and the stick which she was holding, all of which Jahandar liked. She was wearing big, round-framed glasses and heavy drop earrings. Actually, she wasn't a young woman. She was a seventy-year-old elderly woman. Since she was in her advanced age, her body was trembling continuously. To Jahandar, who was looking at her, she seemed as though she were dancing. He decided that he should meet her immediately, tell her that he was desiring to have sex with her, and bring her to his home; he wanted to squeeze her, who looked like a just-blossomed flower, take out her juice and drink it; he was ready to bestow anything upon her that she would ask to have sex with him. He rushed towards her. He went out of the house and approached her. He wondered why she didn't stop her dance even after seeing him, who was standing in front of her. He decided to dance with her for a short while. He held her two hands and threw away the walking stick that she was holding, telling her, "This is not required." The elderly woman couldn't understand why he was doing such things. She was chiding him harshly. When she was doing so, it seemed to him as though she were singing. Since she didn't have the walking stick and Jahandar continuously oscillated her hands, she couldn't balance. She gripped his hands. He thought that she was gripping his hand out of lust for him. Since she lost her balance, she fell to the ground, and she couldn't rise. Her attempts to rise seemed to his eyes as though she were asking

him to lie over her. He told her, "Not here. My home is nearby. We can go there and have sex comfortably. What do you say?" She cursed him very severely. She even told him that he should say such things to his family members. At the same time, she also tried to get up. To him, it seemed as though she said, "We don't want all that. We can have sex right here. Come to me without delaying, give me many kisses and do something to me, my captain." He slightly hesitated about how to have sex in a public place. At the same time, he felt that she carried ardent lust towards him. He decided to have sex there, no matter who saw it. He felt as though she called him continuously, "Come to me... come to me..." He thought it was going to be a new experience in his life. He got on top of her, held her wrists and pressed her hands towards the ground, and out of sheer lust, he licked and kissed her neck many times. She couldn't bear his weight; she shouted out of pain. He thought she was moaning with lust. He felt that she liked his kissing on her neck very much. She thought she could push him away using her entire strength, but she couldn't even shake him slightly. He thought she was caressing his body in lustful pleasure. He bit her earlobes slightly. Since she had been seen dancing and singing to his eyes, he was consumed by lust. She couldn't push him away using her strength. Finding no alternative, she decided to bite his ear hard and escape from him. She had only four teeth in her mouth, and those, too, were crooked. Nevertheless, she bit his ear as hard as possible. She seemed to be highly engaged in sexual pleasure with him. Then he removed her maxi skirt and threw it away. She was terrified that he was going to rape her and thought of calling someone for help if there was anyone at the place. But there was no one at the place at that time. Jahandar tried to pull her panties. But she gripped her panties tightly. He felt that she was acting playfully with him, and it grew his lust more. Like a dog biting a biscuit on a plate, he bit the hem of her panties and pulled it slightly with his mouth. She tried to push his head away using her hands. He thought that she was feeling shy. Her shyness grew his lust even more. Casting her hands away, he removed her panties. He pulled her upper garments up to her shoulders. Then he pulled up her bra also, as he desired to see her breasts. That spot was absolutely flat. Jahandar was slightly bewildered. He felt that she must have only attained puberty very recently, and her breasts weren't mature yet. Nevertheless, thinking

that she shouldn't get disappointed, he squeezed her chest. He turned her nipples as though tuning a radio. Then he placed many kisses on her breasts and waist region. Since she was of advanced age, she had wrinkles throughout her body. He thought that she must have engaged in BDSM-type sex more, and because of that, many bruises must have been caused on her body. He thought she had a deep thirst for sexual pleasure. All her efforts were in vain. Collecting all the saliva in her mouth, she tried to spit on his mouth. While she was doing so, he, thinking she was asking him to do a French kiss, pressed his mouth on hers, slid his tongue inside her mouth and sucked her saliva. He caressed, expecting her lips to be like two delicate orange segments pressed together, but instead, they were like two orange peels stuck together. He felt that she was a chain smoker, so her lips had turned like that. He thought that she had an insatiable hunger for sex. He even thought about whether he could make her one of his wives. Then he thought that he didn't have a condom. He thought that even if she got pregnant, he would abort it, and he shouldn't stop without having sex with her. He thought of telling her that he wanted to marry her after having sex with her. Then he removed his undergarments. At that moment, Nurani came to the balcony, searching for Jahandar. From there, she noticed Jahandar, who was removing his undergarment, standing on the road, and the elderly woman, who seemed to have slipped on the road and was struggling to rise up. She got terrified when the elderly woman was seen without any undergarments. At once, she started to run at lightning speed to the place where they were. Jahandar got his erection easily. He split the legs of the elderly woman and held his penis with one hand; when he was about to thrust it inside her vaginal opening, Nurani reached the spot. She held Jahandar and pulled him back, and he fell. If she had delayed even a few seconds, Jahandar would've penetrated the elderly woman. Nurani came there at the perfect time and saved the elderly woman. She took out her cellphone and called her assistant. She asked him to send a servant outside the home. She was panting heavily as she ran at high speed. She took the elderly woman's clothes and gave them to her. Meanwhile, a servant came there. She told the servant to help Jahandar put on his undergarments and take him inside the house. The servant started to follow her order. The elderly woman wore her undergarments, lying on the road, and

then corrected her upper garments. Nurani picked up her walking stick, gave it to her and helped her to stand. She told her that she would give her a large sum of money if she didn't lodge a police complaint. The elderly woman became furious and asked Nurani, "Are you even a woman?" Nurani decided that it would be only right to kill the elderly woman. She called her assistant and asked him to kill her. She was incensed, thinking that Jahandar had made her kill an elderly woman who was already at death's door. Only life was there for the elderly woman to lose, and Jahandar's thugs took it too.

Nurani got ready to leave for the hermitage where she usually goes to do meditation. Seeing her, Jahandar expressed his wish to visit the hermitage along with her. They both went to the hermitage. Nurani sat to do meditation. Jahandar sat near Nurani to look at and savour her beauty while she did the meditation. Nurani closed her eyes and chanted a specific mantra repeatedly in a low voice. Jahandar chanted the very name 'Nurani' as a mantra repeatedly and got mesmerised by her beauty, and he too went into a state of meditation. At that moment, one who was very famous at the place and was venerated as a God by others came there. Everyone bent before with veneration and got blessings from him. Jahandar saw him. The famous one seemed to be young, appearing approximately twenty-five years old. He had glowing skin and a great body figure. He seemed to have an athletic-type body. His hair, too, was thick and deep black. His facial appearance implied that he was a smart man, but he was wearing a deep saffron-coloured dress. On the whole, his appearance seemed to captivate any woman's heart. Jahandar wondered why everyone was worshipping the young man. He desired to speak with him. Nurani was in deep meditation. Jahandar approached him and introduced himself to him. The young monk told Jahandar his name, "Siddeeq." Jahandar asked, "Who are you? Why was everyone worshipping you?"

"I'm a monk."

"Does that mean that you're living a life of celibacy?"

"Yes, I'm living as a celibate from birth." Jahandar asked with astonishment, "That means you didn't lose your virginity yet? Have you not touched a woman lustfully until this day?"

"Yes"

"You look handsome. Why do you have to waste your youthful life like this? After enjoying your youth well, if you wish, you can live this life. You're missing a great pleasure in your life. There are many types of pleasure in this world. Out of all, the pleasure through a woman is the greatest. I think you don't have much money. Don't worry; if you want, I'll give you some money. I like you very much. Not only that, I'll even give a house to you."

"I'm living my life without any attachment. I don't desire money, a house, possessions, delicious foods, or women's pleasure. Salvation is the best state. It could be attained only by those who've given up all their desires." Jahandar found whatever he said to be complete nonsense. He said, "You don't have to be with many women. Marry a woman. Have sex with her for your entire life in the name of ‘wife’. I'll offer you a job in my company at a high salary. You don't have to do any work other than being delightful with your wife. I myself will find a beautiful woman and marry her to you."

"The marriage is the biggest attachment a man can have." Jahandar got angered and asked him, "Are you going to waste away your precious life without doing anything? Don't you desire to enjoy all the pleasures in the single life you have?"

"One who has known all the truths of life will live only like me." Jahandar raised his eyebrows as though asking him what truths he had known mockingly. Siddeeq said, "I'm not speaking out of pride."

"Do you know all the truths of life?"

"Yes. I feel like you have some doubts regarding life. Please ask me anything without hesitation."

"According to you, what is the best life?"

"Helping the needy always. Even when we have money problems, we should donate a small part of what we have to those who don't have even that. The more we give, the better our lives become." Jahandar smirked and said, "I'm already giving more to poor women. After touching and enjoying their body, I'll give them more money. I'm already living a better life."

"You should give without any expectation. Giving with expectation is not called help."

"Do you help the needy? How are you earning without doing anything? Only if you have anything can you help others. Without earning money, how will you get your food?"

"I'm not doing any work. I'll always be in meditation. I'll only accept the food which people give me on their own accord with respect." Jahandar grew angrier and asked him many questions, "Why do you have to live like a stone? Instead of living like this, why should you not just die immediately after your birth? By living like this, who'll benefit from it? Why're you wasting your youth like this?" Then he said, "With your beauty, you can easily get many women. You don't know how to use your beauty. You'll have this youthful body for another six or seven years only. So without wasting any more time, pass your youth with many beautiful and good-figured women from now on."

"Humans take birth just to suffer. Humans constantly suffer from possessions, the lust they carry towards their sexual partners, the hate or anger they carry towards the ones they don't like and the affection they carry towards their loved ones. Humans constantly seek to please their five senses – sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. You mentioned just now that I can enjoy only another six or seven years. If I yearn to enjoy even after seven years, how will I be able to fulfil it? I'll feel like I'm living with an inability. I'll have to pass the rest of my life with that feeling. There is no greater suffering than living with unattainable desire. You asked me why I'm living like a stone. The reason for it is that I don't want to accumulate any sin or merit in my karma. Only by settling all my merits or sins can I be able to attain salvation; otherwise, I'll keep taking rebirth. Only because of that, I always do meditation." Jahandar yawned many times before he could finish. He thought the monk was a fool. Although Jahandar insisted to him many times to enjoy his life, Siddeeq didn't want to. Siddeeq firmly believed that attaining salvation was the greatest thing a human could get and wanted to live accordingly. Jahandar got furious. For a fleeting moment, he thought of giving him some punishment, but decided against it.

A few months passed. There was a small pond near Jahandar's house. Jahandar owned the land where the pond was situated. He would often go to the pond for fishing. He appointed many men to maintain the pond and the area around it. The place would be serene. It would captivate the hearts of those who look at it and instil peace in them. Nurani and Jahandar went to the pond for fishing. Nurani liked the place very much. She felt like bathing in the pond once she saw it. Jahandar didn't feel like letting her bathe there. Although it was his private pond, no one would come there, and fencing had been set around the place, he feared that some servant would see by accident. At the same time, he doesn't want to be without fulfilling her desire. He asked his men to take all the servants and get out of the place. Everyone went out. Then he told Nurani, "As per your wish, take a bath as long as you want." The reason he showed such concern for her body was Nurani's strategic handling of him in lust. She removed all clothes except her inner wear. Then she went near the pond. She touched the water with her big toe. She felt the water was so cold. She told him, "The water is very cold."

"Then, don't bathe. I'll make arrangements to set up a small pond in this place with lukewarm water for you. It'll be ready when we come tomorrow."

"I'll bath in that tomorrow." She pointed her finger at the pond and said, "I'll bathe in it today." As her body shivered mildly, she gradually entered the pond. Even her shivering from the cold induced lust in him. After entering, she waved her hand at him and called him. He didn't know how to swim. The pond's depth was more. Nevertheless, after she called him, he removed his dress and went near the pond clad only in briefs. While entering the water, his body trembled violently. Nevertheless, he waded in up to his waist, gritting his teeth. Since she knew how to swim, she went up to the centre of the pond and bathed. Although she knew that he didn't know how to swim, she called him to the centre. She didn't leave even a single chance to mock him. Whenever he was belittled, she would stay near him, giving him a chance to touch her. Whenever she did that, he would feel that he should do something to prove that he was superior to her, and only then should he touch her. She would go close to him as though challenging him, "Can you

win me?" At those moments, she would smirk if he didn't touch her or if he did. If he didn't touch her, he would feel that he couldn't win her; if he touched her, he would feel that he was touching her body without winning her. If he did something to prove his superiority, she would act as though whatever he did wasn't a big deal. It would grow his anger. As he keeps doing things successively, she would act in the same way to make him even more aggressive. Aggressive people lose their sense completely. If she found him to be victorious after he did something, she would keep attacking him until he felt defeated, using his weaknesses and smirk at him often to make him believe he was defeated. She would always ensure that he appeared defeated. Only then would he act according to her orders. She swam and went near him. She embraced him. They both showered each other with a rain of kisses. Although being in cold water, his body warmed. Then both came out of the pond. Since they didn't bring a towel to dry their body, they wore their dress over their wet body. Only after a short while did she realise that her ring was missing. Immediately, she told Jahandar about it. He searched the ring in the place where they sat, the shore of the pond and the place where she removed the dress, but it couldn't be found. Then he called his men and asked them to search the entire pond and find the ring within that day, and he and Nurani left for home. Fifty men entered the pond and scoured the entire pond for five hours and found the ring. They gave the ring to Jahandar.

Jahandar and Nurani went to the pond near their house every Sunday without exception. They go there, take a bath and make love for some time standing inside the water. One Sunday, they went there as usual. They went to the spot where they usually go. Nurani loved that spot very much. The spot looked a little different that day. Jahandar was a little confused. Nurani asked him in a disappointed tone, "There will be a beautiful tree here. It's now missing!" Only the tree made the spot more beautiful. The spot appeared like the sky without the moon. Jahandar could bear even a little harm happening to Nurani. He immediately asked his men to bring the gardener, and they brought him. He pointed out the region where the tree had been to him and asked him in a voice akin to the roar of the lion, "Why did you remove the tree that was

here?"

"Sir, the tree was damaged by insects and became hollow inside. There was a high chance for it to fall. Only because of that, I removed it without delay." He expected that Jahandar would appreciate him upon hearing the reason. But Jahandar thought only about his beloved being worried about the tree. Jahandar spoke in the same voice, "Why did you remove it without getting permission from me?" The gardener's entire body began shaking. Out of fear, he knelt before Jahandar, joined his palms and said, "Sir, I thought I shouldn't waste your time on this trivial thing. I've committed a big mistake; please forgive me, sir. I did that only with a good intention that it shouldn't fall on anyone." Jahandar didn't want to forgive him. He ordered his men to remove his thumbs. His men executed Jahandar's order. Jahandar told the gardener, "From now on, you shouldn't even cut a branch or a leaf from any tree. You shouldn't even pick the fruit. Your only job is to keep this place clean. If a tree is not in a good state in this place, you should ask me what should be done to it." The gardener apologised to Jahandar and told him that he wouldn't do anything without getting permission from him. Jahandar found him to be piteous when he apologised. Jahandar said, "I've pardoned you. Whatever it may be, you preserved this place clean; for that, I would like to give you a small reward. You can pick all the fruits from all the trees in this place. You can take it outside and sell it." Although the gardener lost his thumbs and the blood was seeping out from his hand, he felt joyful when Jahandar said that. Nurani wondered when she witnessed Jahandar's compassionate heart. The next day, another servant saw the gardener and heard from him what had happened. The other servant said, "Why does our sir have to cut off your thumbs for removing a damaged tree? Does he have such an aggressive nature? You could've reasoned with him and made him understand."

"I told him the reason, but he wasn't in a state of listening to it. He was with his favourite wife. Don't speak to anyone as you've spoken to me; otherwise, you'll have to face the same situation."

The following Sunday, Jahandar and Nurani went to the pond to take a bath. They never failed to carry another dress and towel. As usual, after reaching there, Jahandar commanded his men to take

everyone from the place to outside. Nurani smiled inwardly, looking at Jahandar's overprotective behaviour. She decided to make Jahandar more nervous. She decided to take a bath without any clothes. She removed all the dresses. Jahandar became highly anxious. Although there was no one there, he looked around again and again. She entered the pond and was taking the bath happily. Jahandar was highly worried that someone might watch her. She smiled inside, looking at his state. Jahandar just waded in for a short distance from shore clad only in briefs, took a bath and returned to the place where they would relax. Nurani was performing different types of strokes happily. Jahandar was just watching her swim. When she was coming out of the water after taking the bath, he felt like carrying a towel, running towards her and concealing her body from outside view. His heart throbbed – he thought that she should get dressed and cover her body as soon as possible. To keep him in that state for long, she deliberately waded slowly, flaunting her nude body. Seeing him, who was like a worm put in a hot pan, she enjoyed. Even when he was in that tension, he was aroused by her stunning beauty. Although she was his wife, he looked at her as though he were seeing some woman he hadn't seen before. Again, the reason was Nurani's strategic handling of him in lust. His penis rammed against his briefs many times, asked him to release it outside and urged him persistently to put it inside her vaginal opening. She, knowing Jahandar would gape at her coming out of the water, intentionally displayed her beauty in a way that would captivate his heart. She waded, combing her hair with her two hands. Jahandar gazed at her with wide-open eyes, not even blinking once. First, her breasts and waist rose above the surface of the water. She looked like a sea mermaid. Her wet breasts looked very attractive. While she was wading towards the shore, her breasts jiggled up and down. The water droplets were running all over her body – forehead, lips, outside of her breasts, space between the breasts, on the breasts, and waist. A few water droplets luckily stayed on her body, a few water droplets slid over her body as much as possible and merged with the pond's water, and the other water droplets which stayed unluckily at the edge of her body had to leave her body without getting a chance to slide on it and travel through air before falling into the pond. Her nipples looked erect and hard. Although some water droplets got a chance to slide over

her nipples, it had to leave from her body and drop straight to the pond. To Jahandar, who was looking at her, the water droplets' movements seemed like honey drops seeping out from a honeycomb. He intently yearned to consume the honey. He saw the water droplets on her waist. A highly lucky water droplet reached up to the top of her navel and halted there due to the shortage of inflow. As another water droplet combined with this water droplet, it again moved with speed and entered her navel; it settled there as though it had secured a place in heaven. Then her beautiful V-shaped vulva peeped out of the water surface. Some exceedingly fortunate water droplets slid between the lips of her vulva. At that moment, Jahandar thought, "This world should stop spinning. Time should stop. Except for her and me, everything should get frozen. Even my semen and my erection should be frozen. To savour her completely cell by cell, I require many years."

The monstrous father

Jahandar and Nurani had visited many countries and celebrated many honeymoons. They had always booked the finest honeymoon suites and had sex many times. Nevertheless, Nurani didn't get pregnant. Maybe because of Jahandar's excessive drinking, she couldn't get pregnant. One day, while they were discussing it, Jahandar worried deeply that what was achievable by Shehyar couldn't be achieved by him. Nurani understood it well from his expressions. She asked him a question that would make his distress more intense, "I have a firm belief that I'll become pregnant. Shall I wear the necklace?" and laughed mockingly. Since the magical necklace would make one's belief happen in reality, she asked him such a question. Jahandar became downhearted.

Shah-Alam entered Kania's room after dinner. Munaqqaa noticed it and thought that her husband would stay with Kania that night. Munaqqaa went to her room and washed her face. She wore her nightdress. While she was about to sleep, Shah-Alam slipped into her room, approached her from behind and embraced her. She even let out a drop of tear out of happiness. She felt immense joy that her husband came to her room, not staying in Kania's room, even though he entered Kania's room after dinner. Although she respected Kania greatly, whenever Shah-Alam decided to spend the night at Kania's room, she would worry that her husband wouldn't be sleeping with her that night. She turned around and placed many kisses on Shah-Alam's face. Shah-Alam liked very much to bathe with her. Although she had washed her face just a short while ago, to make her husband happy, she told him that she wanted to take a bath with him. After hearing it, Shah-Alam removed his clothes excitedly. She also removed her clothes. They both stood under the shower. They waited with some patience until the water made their bodies wet. Then she placed a kiss on Shah-Alam's broad chest. He kissed her cheeks, earlobes, nose, and eyes alternately. Then she took a shower gel bottle. She took some shower gel on her palms and applied it to Shah-Alam's body. Shah-Alam took some shower gel and applied it to her body. They applied shower gel to each

other until both their bodies were covered with foam. Her skin, which was already smooth, had become even smoother after applying soap to it. Both embraced tightly. They attained great joy rubbing their soap-coated skin against each other. They embraced so tightly that there was not even a passage for air to flow through. Then they joined their lips. They let their hands glide over each other's smooth skin; using their lips, they massaged each other's lips with intense love and affection. Whenever the foam got reduced, they again stood under the shower, made their body wet, and applied some shower gel until they were covered with lather. A full bottle of shower gel was emptied, but their lovemaking didn't cease. Is that an ordinary love to get ceased? They quickly dried their bodies and went to bed.

Jahandar's employee, while walking down a street, was hit by a speeding car and died on the spot. He was walking on the pavement when the speeding car veered onto it and struck him. The driver of the car was heavily drunk, so he lost control. After hitting him, he didn't even care to stop his car. He sped away from the spot at once. Police arrived after a passerby reported it to them. They called the ambulance, which arrived a few minutes later. Ambulance personnel examined his vitals and confirmed that he was dead. There was a CCTV camera in a shop entrance which seemed to capture the accident. The police contacted the shop owner. He came to his shop and showed them the footage. They found that the accident happened four hours ago. They noted the car number. Then they tracked the owner and went to his house. They arrested him. The police, before booking an FIR, contacted Jahandar. Although it was midnight, Jahandar said that he would handle him, asked not to book a case and assured them some money for that since he loved punishing. Jahandar's men went to the police station, grabbed the accused and returned to Jahandar's house. The accused man was brought before Jahandar. Jahandar asked him why he hit the one who was walking on the platform. He said, "I was drunk. I'm not even aware that I had hit a person. It happened unintentionally. I am ready to give some cash to his family."

"Why did you drive when you were drunk? Even if you did, why were you going so fast? You should've returned home with a driver or asked any of your friends to drive the car for you. Above all, you

think you can simply pay money to make up for a loss of life which happened because of your negligent act."

"There's no undoing what's happened. Why do you ask such foolish questions? There is no gain in discussing the loss. It is only sensible to think about how to make up for it. Tell me what you expect from me." Even though his hands were tied and he was made to kneel before Jahandar, he spoke with such arrogance. Jahandar initially thought he could kill him while he was still intoxicated, but after talking with him, he decided to make him sober first by drowning him in water many times and then to kill him. Jahandar wanted the car owner to experience a similar kind of death. He ordered his men to hang him from a tree branch and hit him with a speeding car. Jahandar's men hanged him so that the tips of the accused man's toes were just touching the ground. They didn't tie the other end of the rope; instead, it was held by two men using the tree branch as a shaft. Their plan was to release their hold when the car approached to hit him. They brought the same model car and hit him at maximum speed. He experienced a similar kind of death, and Jahandar was satisfied. Jahandar contentedly went back to sleep.

A few months passed. One day, Shahkam was playing with other kids. At that moment, Jahandar called him. Thinking that his father was calling him while he was playing, he scowled at his father while walking towards him. He was only ten years old then. Upon seeing his scowl, Jahandar became furious. Jahandar could tolerate the fact that his son got annoyed so much at answering his call. Immediately after Shahkam came near him, he smacked his cheek. It seemed like his father had called him only to hit him. He wondered and got angered, thinking, "I didn't make any mistake. Why is he beating me without any reason?" Jahandar's anger grew even more, seeing his son who stood angrily and without crying even after being beaten by him hard, so he slapped him again on the same cheek. But this time, he slapped with more force. Shahkam didn't seem to cry even after getting two hard slaps. His eyes looked clear. The thought that he couldn't make his ten-year-old son cry deeply troubled Jahandar. The thought that he didn't have enough strength to make his son cry created a compulsion in him to prove his strength. He resolved that he should beat his son until he cried. Shahkam was still bewildered as to why his father

was beating him without any reason. Thinking that he shouldn't beat him with his bare hands, Jahandar removed his belt. He folded it and lashed at him violently like flogging with a whip. Shahkam didn't even blink his eyes. He stood in a way as though asking, "Will a mountain be affected by a wind?" He didn't even flinch when Jahandar raised his hand to give him another whip. Thinking about his defeat, Jahandar turned into an animal. Weakness is the birthplace of violence. He, who was seething with anger, asked his men to bring a long, four mm metal rod with sharp edges. They brought a three-foot metal rod with sharp edges. He asked his men to hold his son's face to prevent his movement, then he took the metal rod, impaled it into one cheek, and brought it out through another cheek. Shahkam screamed, unable to bear pain. Other kids got frightened and ran away. Finally, he dropped tears from his eyes, and also blood oozed from the region where the rod was impaled. Jahandar won the battle with his son. After seeing his son's tears, Jahandar's heart melted immediately. He asked his men to take his son to the hospital immediately. He even felt guilty that he had done such a thing to his son. He too went along with his son while he was taken to the hospital. He told his son, "You should conduct yourself respectfully towards elders. Importantly, you shouldn't scowl at them. After your pain is relieved, I'll buy you many chocolates."

Vedika was informed that her son was hospitalised. She felt anxious upon hearing it. She asked what reason her son was admitted. Jahandar's men didn't say anything about it. They just told her the hospital name and ward details and went away. She immediately went there. She went to the room where her son was staying and saw him. The bandages were stuck on his cheeks, and he couldn't even talk. His wounds looked grim. She asked him what had happened. He told her what had happened with difficulty and a lot of pauses, unable to bear the pain. She sobbed, thinking Jahandar had done such a thing to her ten-year-old son. She said, "You know your father's nature. He has blinded your brother, not even thinking that he was his own son. Now he has harmed you as well. Even if you didn't feel like crying, you should've acted as though you were crying. You wouldn't be wounded if you had cried at the very first hit."

"We can behave well towards the one who will behave well towards us. We should behave like this only with monstrous persons like my father. To the ones who find joy in others' distresses and failures, we should act as though we aren't hurt even if we are."

"Were you able to act like that? What are you going to gain by acting like that? Or will your father's nature be changed? You should know how to act according to people's nature – that is cleverness. Will you be able to grow without depending on your father? Your wounds will be healed in a few days. What will you do if some permanent suffering has happened to you, like your brother?"

"While you were working as a prostitute, you would've seen many beasts. The nastiest beast you've ever seen is my father." She wondered why her ten-year-old son was speaking such words. She thought that the wounds caused to him had transformed him in such a way. She thought that since she had been a prostitute before meeting Jahandar, Jahandar was treating her son with such cruelty. She spoke weepingly, "You don't have to stay with your father anymore. We can go to some other city. I'll take care of you by doing some menial job, such as dishwashing, cleaning, etc. If you stay here, your father will kill you by torturing you in this way."

"You don't worry, Mother. This is nothing. Why should you have to do menial jobs like that? I'll see to it that no problem would ever arise between my father and me hereafter." She felt that she needed nothing but a son like him to be enough for her.

A palace for Nurani

Shah-Alam loved Munaqqaa more than Kania. Although he loved Munaqqaa more, during the time when Munaqqaa was pregnant, Shah-Alam would only spend his nights with Kania. Now Munaqqaa was carrying her third baby. So Shah-Alam went to Kania's room daily. Thinking that when he stayed near Munaqqaa, he couldn't be without making love to her and that he shouldn't cause any pain to her body, he would go to Kania's room. Munaqqaa was ready to endure any pain to spend nights with Shah-Alam. Even when she didn't experience pain physically, she experienced the pain mentally. For the only reason that her husband wasn't spending nights with her, she developed anger towards Kania. Although Shah-Alam fed her food in the morning, ensured that she was taking her medicines at the proper time, and checked that she was drinking an enough amount of water, he wasn't with her at nighttime. She desired that he should be with her at night, kiss him many times, sleep on his chest, and sleep as he would embrace her tightly from behind, since her stomach was large. With that yearning, she didn't sleep for many nights.

A few days passed. The third child was born to Munaqqaa. It had been only three years since Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa had married. From this very fact, everyone understood how deep their love was. Like cojoined twins, they always stayed close to each other. Generally, after two or three years of marriage, couples would have quarrels with each other. But even though three years had passed since their marriage, they were always in love as though they had married the previous day. Although they had kissed each other many billions of times, they kissed every time with the same amount of love they had had when they kissed for the first time. There was no selfishness in any of their kisses. They made love with thoughts like "She would like it when I kiss her like this," "He would like it when I do this," etc. True love is getting satisfaction by satisfying the partner in sex. Their love was so pure, like the white of the moon, the purity of rainwater, and a mother's love. Whoever looked at them thought that one should only live a life like them.

Even after the birth of the child, Shah-Alam didn't go to Munaqqaa's room for two weeks. Thinking that he shouldn't cause pain to her in her postpartum period, he stayed in Kania's room. Then, after two weeks, he went to her room at night. He told her, "Three children are not enough for me." She ran to him and embraced him tightly. She placed many kisses pressingly on his face. Her longing for him was evident from those very kisses. She said, "I'll even bear a thousand children for you."

After Huda's wounds had healed, she came to her father-in-law's home to meet her husband. She asked her husband, "My body has been burnt. Why should you not marry Nurani's daughter? Tell Nurani that you'll marry her daughter, become the next CEO after your father and get the necklace also. Lead a happy life."

"Why didn't you marry some other man, because I'm blinded and being kept confined in this room?" Huda couldn't even imagine what he had asked. Then she said, "Please don't think about me. The hindrance for you to get the necklace is no one but me. Please marry her."

"I am ready to lose anything for you, and I won't do anything that hurts you even so slightly. You are more important than anything in this world." Although she tried persuading him many times, Khulus refused. She said, "Think that I'm dead. Marry her and live happily."

"Your separation from me equals my death." She pleaded with him that he should marry Nurani's daughter. Khulus said, "The one who thinks to do good to others must be good in the first place. Already I've made a mistake. I told you that it is only right to kill an evil one like Nurani. God has given me a big punishment. Incurable wounds have been caused to your body and my heart. After this, I won't make any mistakes. Do I have to ruin a woman's life just for my need? Is that not more cruel than killing someone? A single mistake can change a man's life drastically. Worse, it will also create circumstances where he has to commit more mistakes." Huda placed her hand on her husband's mouth and stopped him from speaking any more. She said, "Hereafter, I won't speak about this." He then pulled her into his embrace and kissed her.

In Jahandar's home, a cook killed his own son. The cook and his

son stayed in the same house and used to come to work at the same time. They were the head cooks in Jahandar's home. Both father and son are great chefs, and they prepared the most delicious savoury dish. The son got married one day. After his marriage, he lacked concentration in his work, he made mistakes while directing other chefs, he didn't properly inspect the work and was always found to be thinking of his wife. A few days after his marriage, he didn't get ready when his father was about to leave for work from their home, and he reached work after an hour's delay. Father got intensely displeased with his son. He took him inside the storeroom, saying that he wanted to discuss something with him in private. He carried a long, pointed, sharp knife with him. He inserted it into his son's throat and came out of the storeroom, closing the door. After a few hours, a junior chef went to the storeroom to collect some vegetables, where he saw the dead body. He immediately reported to the manager, and the manager relayed the matter to Jahandar. Jahandar came to the kitchen. He asked all the people working in the kitchen, "The murderer himself should admit..." Before he finished, the dead man's father came forward and told him that he was the one who did it. Every servant was stunned when they came to know that the father himself had killed his son so brutally. Every servant expected that Jahandar would give a very severe punishment for his act, as Jahandar had punished his servants more severely even for minor crimes, and many times he killed them. Jahandar knew that he was the father of the one who was dead. Jahandar looked at the father's face for a minute. After a minute of absolute silence, to everyone's surprise, he spoke very calmly to him, "Please continue your work." The father of the dead replied, "Absolutely, Sir," and went back to work. Jahandar dispersed everyone and asked his men to clear the dead body. Every other servant got stunned and couldn't understand why Jahandar left him without even asking him the reason. Generally, if a servant committed even a small mistake – such as leaving a button undone on the uniform – Jahandar would inflict a severe punishment. No one could discover the reason for leaving him unquestioned and unpunished.

Nurani had said that Jahandar should drink only six glasses of wine each day. Once he had reached his limit, she would ask him to stop

drinking. One day, Jadida saw it and greatly wondered, "Is she acting like this?" Jahandar wouldn't feel like stopping drinking after six glasses. He would say to Nurani that he wanted to drink more. Another day, Jahandar begged Nurani that he wanted to drink one more glass alone, but she refused. He immediately placed a glass on the counter and asked a servant to pour some wine in it. Once the servant poured the wine, Nurani held the glass and threw it away. Jahandar again took a glass from the glass holder, placed it on the table and asked his servant to pour the wine. Once he poured, Nurani threw the glass away. As and when he took a glass and placed it on the counter, she threw it away. At least she would've thrown fifty glasses. Then, Jahandar tried to drink directly from the bottle. She snatched the bottle too and threw it away. As and when Jahandar took a bottle, she snatched it and threw it away. The cost of the wasted wine would be more than twenty lakh rupees. Everything was wasted within a few seconds. Although many servants thought that they were wasting the wines which were imported from many countries, they didn't reveal their feelings. Then Nurani asked a servant to lock the wine cellar room. The room was locked. Those six glasses of wine will only give intoxication to those who drink in moderation, but Jahandar was a drunkard, and those six glasses gave no kick to him. Jahandar implored Nurani so much to give him one more glass of wine alone, but Nurani sternly refused. Although he implored many times, she refused to give even a single drop of wine. She firmly said that she would only give the wine the following day. Jahandar got dejected; he went to another room, he took a hammer from a toolbox and went near the wine cellar room. He tried to break the lock, but he couldn't break it. An addiction will force a person to do such deplorable actions. Then Nurani went near him, wrested the hammer from his hand and threw it away. On seeing it, he got enraged, and he raised his hand to beat Nurani. Before he could beat her, she pushed him down. His anger grew more when he fell; he pushed her down, and he too fell along with her. Like small kids grappling for silly reasons, they rolled on the floor and had a fist fight. As expected, Nurani finally won. Jahandar was lying on his back and was highly tired. Nurani was sitting above him triumphantly. Then she took Jahandar to their room.

A few months passed. The fourth child was born to Munaqqaa. They kept creating identities for their love. Shah-Alam felt that he was not caring for his first wife considerably. He made a decision. He thought that he should spend two days with his first wife in a week and the remaining five days with Munaqqaa. So he spent every Tuesday and Friday night in Kania's room. The other days he spent with Munaqqaa. One Friday, Munaqqaa was angry that her husband wouldn't come to her room that night anyway. But Shah-Alam came to her room that night. She felt joy once she saw her husband. He told her that he had come to take his razor from the bathroom. After he took his razor from the bathroom and stepped out of the bathroom, she embraced him tightly. She did that to prevent him from leaving her room. He placed a firm kiss on the crown of her head and said, "Don't you know that I'll stay with Kania tonight? She'll be waiting for me. She shouldn't get disappointed." He requested so kindly with a voice overflowing with love in a way that she wouldn't become sad. No matter what he said, she didn't let him loose of her hold. "I won't... I won't..." she said repeatedly. "I'm just spending two days a week with her. Won't she become sad if I don't do even that?" She looked up at his face while still holding him tightly and said, "Okay. You can go, but drink the sugarcane juice before it." There was a glass with sugarcane juice on the nearby table. He said, "A walk in the park. Let me drink it," and drew his hand to take the juice. She stopped him, saying, "One minute." He asked, "What?" She said, "Not this way," removed her clothes swiftly, and poured the juice over her in a way that it spread all over her body. She said, "Drink it without leaving even a single drop and leave this room." Seeing her possessiveness and childish act, he threw away the razor and removed his dress. He made so much love to her to the point that there was no trace of sugarcane juice on her body. He completely forgot that Kania was waiting for him.

Jahandar thought that he should give a large gift to his enchantress. He expected that by giving such a gift, she would be more affectionate towards him. He thought that he shouldn't reveal anything about the large gift, and it should be given at a time she would expect it the least. He desired that he should watch her getting surprised and amused on seeing it. He thought that he

should build a magnificent palace for her. He spoke to the best architects in his company about it. He asked them to build the palace in a way that it would have great architecture, it would hold many expensive things, it would have gardens around it, and it would look more artistic. He thought the palace should be built on a landscape of three hundred acres. For many weeks, those architects didn't even sleep properly and prepared a blueprint. It had such a great and beautiful architectural design that no one had ever built a building with such an architectural design. Once Jahandar saw it, he was overjoyed. He told those architects that the bedroom should look great. He thought, "Nurani will understand my love for her only when she beholds such a magnificent palace built for her. Once she understands that, she'll get hypnotised by it for the rest of her life. She'll then bestow her great-figure body without any reluctance." He got the blueprint and made arrangements for building the palace. Building work was started without a delay. He told the engineers and workers that they shouldn't speak about this palace to anyone and asked them to tell others that the palace was built for a customer. He thought that Nurani should never come to know about it through any means. He desired that he should see Nurani's astonishment when she saw the fully built palace. More men were employed for building the palace. Now and then, Jahandar visited the construction site of the palace secretly and oversaw the construction progress. He was so careful that none of his family members should come to know about it.

A few months passed. The fifth child was born to Munaqqaa. She thought that she should find a way to make her husband stay with her even during her pregnancy. She called a maidservant who was cleaning her room. She asked her, "What should a woman do to make her husband always stay with her?" The maidservant approached Munaqqaa, thinking that Munaqqaa was going to ask her something serious, but once Munaqqaa asked that question, she felt quite shy and smiled mildly. When the maidservant smiled, Munaqqaa feigned anger over her. The maidservant stopped her smile and said, "Just by looking at you, one can say how deeply you long to keep your husband nearby." Munaqqaa again feigned anger and asked, "Did you find out just by looking at me? Am I looking sad or what?"

"Your beautiful face is looking pale. A woman's face will look pale when she can't obtain the love of her beloved." Then after a brief pause, she said, "You shouldn't always be adorable for your husband. You should have a lovers' tiff. You should feign anger."

"What? I won't do such things. Are you trying to separate us?"

"I'm telling you to feign anger playfully. Only when you do it will the two of you get more intimate. The more intimacy you develop, the more the consumption of love will be. Have a lover's tiff and feign anger – playfully. He'll do something to console you. Don't let him win immediately. Let him make more tries. Then make love with him. He'll show ten times greater love than the love he has shown you before."

"Is there such a thing? I'll try this today." Then both felt shy and smiled. That night, Shah-Alam came to Munaqqaa's room. Whenever Shah-Alam entered the room, she would run to him and embrace him tightly, but that night, she seemed to be angry. He found it odd. In their five years of married life, she hadn't acted in that way. She asked him, "Why did you wear the red-coloured shirt today? I chose the blue shirt."

"My sweetheart! You chose the red one only. Have you forgotten?" At that moment, she felt like hugging him tightly. Nevertheless, she feigned anger and said, "You didn't listen to me properly."

"Please don't speak like that. Your words are like the Ten Commandments to me. Even if you give me poison, I'll drink it happily. There is no happier death than that for me. Do I have to paint my entire body blue when I go to the company tomorrow? Tell me. I'll do it." His words gave goosebumps to her. It was as though he placed a billion kisses on her at the same time. She couldn't bear even for a short while not hugging him. She composed herself and said, "No matter what you do, my anger will not ease." While saying it, her voice shook mildly, and Shah-Alam noticed it. Nevertheless, he acted as though he didn't notice it and began to please her, "Will it get eased if I buy some gold bangles for my love?" She said, "No," averting her gaze from him.

"Will it get eased when I buy many blue-coloured silk garments for my soulmate?"

"No."

"Will it get eased when I tickle my precious sweetie?"

"No." She felt shy, thinking that she replied without listening to his question properly and covered her face with her palms. He tickled her until she repeatedly requested him to stop. She laughed greatly. She kept requesting him to stop. They were tenfold joyful that night, as said by the maidservant.

The palace, which had been constructed for the past one and a half years, was completely built. On Nurani's birthday, Jahandar told her that he was going to give her a great, joyful surprise. He told her that he would take her to a place. Nurani thought that she had obtained a big chance. She spoke as though she had no desire for anything, "I don't wish to celebrate my birthday. If you wish, we can celebrate it by providing food to the poor children. I don't want anything else."

"Great beauty!... A statue sculpted by Bhrama!... The one who has taken birth just to torment my heart!... You shouldn't speak like that. You should come along with me immediately." Jahandar and Nurani reached the place where the palace was built. Nurani had never expected that Jahandar would build such a marvellous palace for her. Although Nurani was amused so much as expected by Jahandar, she didn't reveal it to him. She acted as though she didn't know why Jahandar was taking her there. From the main gate to the palace entrance, there would be at least five hundred metres of distance. Around the palace, there were many beautiful gardens, statues, and foundations. It was such a big palace that a single day wasn't enough to look around the entire palace. Jahandar was quite disappointed that Nurani wasn't amused as expected. He expected that, after seeing such a palace, she would join her lips with his for many hours. But she behaved as though she wasn't very happy about it. He took her inside the palace. All the things, furniture, statues, and paintings were the world's greatest artistic work. No one in the world wouldn't be mesmerised after looking at it. Even the most deranged person would turn into a statue of a gaping man after looking at those marvellous things. Nurani's astonishment grew manyfold, thinking that Jahandar had built such a palace for her, making sure that she didn't know about it until the last

moment. But she acted as though she wasn't interested in materialistic life. Although she kept her eyes open, she actively diverted her mind by thinking about some unrelated things and contained her astonishment. Jahandar had shown only three rooms out of a hundred rooms, and Nurani told him that her head was aching. Then Nurani thought about finding some faults and making Jahandar feel that whatever he did for her wasn't a very great thing. She thought that she shouldn't allow him to think that he had done something great for her, and as a result, become more intimate with her. To the extent of his assiduousness in anything he would do for her, she would hurt his feelings. Without understanding this, Jahandar had become despondent many times. Jahandar became unhappy when Nurani didn't seem to be interested. Even then, Nurani didn't leave him. Whenever she would get a chance, she would use it effectively. She asked Jahandar's assistant what all the places were in the vicinity of the palace. He mentioned the nearby schools, hospitals, and shops, and finally mentioned that there was a crematorium nearby. Nurani felt that the fact that there was a crematorium nearby was enough to damage the palace which Jahandar had built for the past one and a half years carefully, with a single blow. Nurani asked Jahandar in an angry tone in a way that would wound his heart, "Will anyone build such a big palace near a crematorium? If you had asked me, I would've told you to build it in some other good place. Please don't take any big decisions without asking me." He was deeply worried that although he built a palace spending one thousand five hundred crore rupees, he couldn't make his wife happy. This was the biggest disappointment he had ever experienced. He drowned deep into the sea of sadness. In a way that he would think she was doing it only to show some sympathy to him, she pulled him towards her and joined her lips with his for three minutes straight, using her tongue more skilfully. Jahandar had been with many prostitutes, but he had never experienced such great pleasure in just a kiss. He felt that he had stayed in heaven for those three minutes. Although it lasted for three full minutes, when she stopped it, he begged her not to stop it. He thought that even a thousand palaces wouldn't match that single kiss. She smiled mildly and told him that they could leave for home. Thinking that, after reaching home, he would receive another kiss, he immediately went along with her. Upon

reaching home, she told him, "We should give a big feast for building such a big palace to our family members, relatives, friends and employees." He was still mesmerised by her kiss. He replied, "Okay, we can do it."

"Dance, singing, drama and many other shows must be arranged."

"We can do it."

"We have to set up many guides to walk visitors around the palace and speak about its greatness. For no reason, they should mention that there is a crematorium nearby."

"We can do it." Like a nodding toy, he gave the same reply to whatever she said. He carried only a single thought in his mind – when he would receive another kiss from her. The dog, which is trained to catch a ball whenever the ball is thrown, would unwaveringly look at the one who throws the ball with the single intention of catching the ball. Likewise, he unwaveringly looked at her lips. Then Jahandar made all the arrangements as per Nurani's wish. A big feast was conducted. Everyone who saw the palace gaped at it. Mahir also came there. Whenever she saw Nurani, he only remembered the insult that he had touched her feet. He couldn't be in front of her. Although he felt intense hatred towards Jahandar and Nurani, he concealed it and told them he was happy that such a big palace was built by them. Everyone who visited the palace left the place. Jahandar implored Nurani that they could stay in the place that night. She refused many times. She finally agreed, acting as though she were staying only for him.

With great nervousness, he took Nurani near the master bedroom. He requested that she close her eyes before opening the doors. He went behind her and closed her eyes with his palms. Nurani found Jahandar to be so eager and excited to have great sex with her that night. To the extent to which he would yearn to enjoy her body, he would get disappointed. He would then worry more. Nurani decided to wait until Jahandar allowed her to open her eyes and use the very thing which she would see after opening the eyes to distress him and ensure that his manliness would stay dormant. Then Jahandar opened the doors. He slowly took her inside. Then he removed his hands and spoke near her ear, "My sweetheart! See

the marvel in front of you." Unable to contain his lust, he gave a kiss on her cheek. She pushed his face away as though dusting a place and saw the marvellous statue in front of her. The statue would weigh at least two hundred kilograms. It was entirely made of gold. It glittered brilliantly under the room's light. It dazzled her eyes. Fragrant flowers were kept all over the room. The room was painted with dark pink paint. Pink was used because only it would provoke a person's lustful desire. There was some painting on the wall. There was also a foundation in that room. In it, there was a statue of a nude woman wearing all kinds of jewellery and with a large tilted pot in her hand as though she were pouring out the water from the pot and a statue of a nude man quenching his thirst by drinking water flowing out from the pot and quenching his sexual thirst by gazing at her nude body with lustful eyes. Out of everything, only the gold statue attracted her attention. She gazed at it without even blinking her eyes. It was a statue of a male deer mounted on a female deer, penetrating its penis partially into the vaginal opening of the female deer. The face of the male deer had a savage look. The female deer had its eyes closed and seemed to savour the sexual pleasure highly. Half of the male deer's penis was outside, and half was inside the vaginal opening of the female deer. It seemed like the male deer held the female deer firmly and was trying to thrust its penis violently. To make it appear more real, there were sweat droplets on the deer's bodies. Nurani had never expected that Jahandar would make such a statue. There was a big bed in the room. It was decorated with jasmine flowers. Jahandar was yearning to lie with her on the bed and enjoy her. She spoke, looking at the statue, "Even my first husband's face looks like a deer." Jahandar was angered upon hearing it. She removed all her clothes, lay on the bed and called him, "Jahandar, come near me." He felt that he was served with a delicious meal, but with a single drop of ordure in between it. Anyway, he removed his clothes. He thought to remove her words from his mind like removing his dress, but it refused as though they were engraved in stone. All the sexual excitement that he was carrying until that time had vanished. He went near Nurani. He expected that all the statues and paintings placed in the room would remove her words, which got pierced into his heart like thorns and were causing him so much pain, and that it would again enkindle the lust feeling. But those didn't help him.

Only her words carried more power. She even kept her legs folded and slightly split. Her pose was like someone had kept her house's entrance door open and was disappointed that the expected visitor hadn't arrived. Since statues and paintings didn't help, he looked intently at her body, thinking it would help. As he tried to replace his anger with lust, she yawned and looked at his penis and said, "Is it still small? Not lengthened yet? I don't want a rotten carrot. I need a fresh one." Then she looked at him and laughed mockingly. Although Jahandar's face looked savage, his lust vanished completely. Then she asked him to masturbate her as usual. He stroked her clitoris for a long time until she reached her orgasm, bearing the pain caused in his hand. She made expressions in a way that indicated she could only experience pleasure using his hands. He worried that he could only give her the pleasure using his fingers and not with his penis. Sometimes she would ask him to hold two or three fingers together and insert them into her vaginal opening. She would tell him that her vaginal track was feeling itchy and wanted something to insert into it. After he becomes more worried, she would speak in such a way as though she were consoling him. She would say, "I don't have much interest in sex. I don't know why people like this very much. The main reason I have sex is to make you happy." Since he was feeling sad, she called him, extending her arms, as though she were showing sympathy towards him. When he came near her, she embraced him tightly like a mother embracing a child. She would always behave like this – like pinching a baby to make it cry and also rocking the cradle to calm it. Jahandar's desire wasn't fulfilled even that night. He was trying to fulfil it for the past six years.

A few months passed. The sixth child was born to Munaqqaa. Munaqqaa learnt even more strategies from her maidservant. When Shah-Alam came to her room to sleep. She picked up a towel and went near him. She gave the towel to him. Then she pulled a hair from his chest suddenly, and that caused him a slight pain. She asked him to take a bath. Usually, she would also join him, but she didn't, and it made Shah-Alam wonder. Without closing the bathroom door, he went inside and took a bath. He expected that she would come inside, but she didn't. Then after taking a bath, he dried himself, wrapped the towel around and came out of the

bathroom. He looked at her. She acted as though she weren't aware that he came out of the bathroom, and she was looking at herself in the mirror. She was just wearing the innerwear. Shah-Alam understood that she was trying something new to gain his attention. Nevertheless, he acted as though he didn't understand it. She took a chain, called him to come near her and asked him to wear the chain around her neck. She told him that she was planning to attend a marriage and was finding it difficult to choose a chain. She pretended as though she were engaged in something else other than longing for his love, as per the idea given by her maidservant. He understood her plan. Now and then, Munaqqaa checked whether he was admiring her beauty. But he deliberately looked only at the chain he held in his hand. Then he placed the chain around her neck. There were many holes for fastening the hook in it. He asked her in which hole he had to fasten. She asked him to fasten in the last hole. After he fastened it, she said, "The chain is dropped too low," and asked him to use a hole so that the chain would be raised a little higher. He fastened the hook in a hole which was five or six holes away from the last. She checked whether he was admiring her, but he only looked at the chain. Then she asked him to drop and raise the chain many times. She expected that he would lose his patience and embrace her, but he didn't lose his patience. She lost her patience. She turned around and bit his chest. He carried her and dropped onto the bed. He removed her inner wear and the chain and removed his towel. They made love for a long time.

A few months passed. Jadida died. Shah-Alam couldn't bear his mother's death. He loved his mother as much as he loved Munaqqaa. He moaned, looking at his mother's corpse, "Why do humans have to take birth in this world? Why do they have to leave their loved ones? What is the purpose of a human's life? I don't want to live this human life anymore. Why do I want to live in this world without you? You shouldn't have given birth to me. In that case, I don't have to worry about losing my loved ones." He leaned over his mother's corpse and cried, "I won't allow you to be separated from me. If you want to go, I'll also join you." Munaqqaa thought that she should somehow console her husband. She told him, "She always lives in our hearts. All humans have to die one day. Humans, at some point in their lives, will think about why do

they have to live this human life or what the meaning for their life is. When we have such thoughts, we should think that we live our lives to help the people who are suffering. Helping the needy as much as possible is the greatest purpose of a human life. No matter how we mourn for the dead, they won't return. Don't worry. This is the first time I'm seeing you crying. I can't bear seeing you crying."

"My mother is just forty-five years old. Does she have to die at this age? My mother didn't do any harm to anyone. She was affectionate towards everyone. Why does death have to take her this early?"

"We don't search for a reason for our birth. Likewise, we shouldn't search for a reason for death. It's all destiny. My mother-in-law always wanted you to be happy. As per her wish, you should always be happy." Although Shah-Alam considered Munaqqaa his world, he worried deeply when his mother died. He felt as though he were standing in a void – no people, no light or anything, and Munaqqaa looked like a minute brightness in that place.

Nurani's arrangements for her daughter to take up her place

A few days passed. Jahandar and Nurani went to Jahandar's guesthouse, which was situated in Gujarat. A widow was working as a servant maid in Jahandar's guesthouse. She had a daughter whom she regarded as her soul. She raised her with so much love. After working at Jahandar's guesthouse, she would work in another two homes to earn more and go back home only at night. A man developed a desire for her daughter. He worked as a safety officer on a big ship. He had to undertake a long journey very soon. He went to that servant maid's home, knowing she was not at home. He told her daughter that her mother had met with an accident while walking down the street and had been admitted to the hospital. Although it was hard to believe, he told her, knowing she was gullible. She believed him. He took her along with him, saying he would take her to her mother. She went along with him even without locking the door. He went straight to the harbour. She didn't understand why he took her there. He told her that he had kidnapped her mother and was keeping her on the ship he had to travel on. She asked why he kidnapped her mother. He told her that her mother borrowed more money from him and failed to repay it. She told him that her mother never borrows money. He told her that her mother lied to her. He threatened her that she and her mother would have to do more work on the ship to repay the money, and that if she refused to go with him, he would kill her mother. She spoke out of fear, "Don't do anything like that. We'll do all the work you assign to us." He got excited inside and took her to the ship. Saying he kept her mother in his room, he took her to his room. There was no one in the room. He shut her mouth with tape, tied her hands and injected her with narcotic drugs. That maidservant returned home. She wondered why the doors were

open. She entered and cried out her daughter's name when she was not found. She enquired about her daughter from the neighbours. The pain of losing her innocent daughter tore her heart into pieces. She ran to the police station. She told the officer that her daughter was kidnapped. When they enquired about her details, they learnt that she was working in Jahandar's place. Usually, police wouldn't handle the case when the complainant or accused was known to Jahandar, so they phoned him and informed him of the matter. Jahandar brought his maidservant to his home and asked her not to be afraid. He sent most of his men to search for her daughter all over the city. Nurani noticed Jahandar showing such care towards a mere maidservant and appreciated his kindness silently. The man in the ship administered drugs again and again to that maidservant's daughter and raped her to his heart's content. She was also fed with food at times. She died because of taking a large amount of drugs. There were only two days left to reach the place from where he took her. He thought of telling her something and sending her to her home. He didn't know what to do after she died. He fastened a heavy weight to her body and packed her inside a sack. He planned to dump her into the sea during the unloading of the ship, unseen by anyone. Jahandar's men were placed in the harbour. They saw him dumping the sack into the sea. They caught him. They then lifted that sack from the sea. They identified her as the daughter of that maidservant using the photo received from her. They took him before Jahandar. They gave the maidservant her daughter's body. Jahandar was deeply worried that he couldn't save that girl. Jahandar learned from the postmortem report that the dead girl had been heavily drugged and raped multiple times. Jahandar wanted to give a fitting punishment for him. Jahandar asked his men to bring long and stout Ooty carrots, and they brought the carrots. Then Jahandar asked them to apply more of the highly spicy chilli powder to each carrot, dip it fully into the man's anus, and pull it out repeatedly. He told them to hold two or three carrots together as the passage widens. He asked to do it as many times as possible without letting the man die. His men did that for eight hours. The man died due to unbearable pain.

Shah-Alam considered Munaqqaa his world all these days, but suddenly, he developed an interest in the CEO post. He thought that

he should behave well towards Nurani and gain her esteem. He tried to maintain a good relationship with Nurani. She understood why he was conducting himself that way towards her at the very beginning. People say, 'A snake knows the track left by another snake'. Likewise, Shah-Alam's desire to become CEO was easily identified by Nurani. Only at that time, Nurani's daughter had attained puberty. Thinking that it was the right moment, she called Shah-Alam and asked him whether he would marry her daughter. Since he desired the CEO post, she expected that he would agree to this marriage. He said, "I can't bring my heart to do another betrayal to my love goddess. I won't do another marriage for any reason."

"You've already done a betrayal. Only those who have not done any mistake will hesitate to commit a mistake. You're already sharing your bed with two wives. Marry my daughter as your third wife. Become CEO and own this fortune." The very thought of marrying another woman filled him with hatred. He said, "I can't accept any woman other than Munaqqaa as my wife. I can't be a good husband even to Kania. Whenever I'm with my first wife, Munaqqaa can't bear it. I don't want to bring even more suffering to her. Please forgive me. I won't even develop lust towards any woman other than Munaqqaa. Search for some other groom for your daughter." After he refused to marry her daughter, she thought that she mustn't allow him to become the CEO for any reason. Also, she thought of separating Jahandar and Shah-Alam. Jahandar's third son, Parsa, was a drunkard. He drank excessively and affected his health. Since his health condition was worse than Jahandar's health condition, she wasn't interested in giving her daughter in marriage to him. The only remaining was Shahkam. She didn't want to lose him as well, so she thought that instead of asking him directly, she must make him desire her daughter.

Nurani asked her daughter to always flaunt her beautiful body, do some expressions that men would love from a woman now and then, and wear close-fitting clothes in such a way that the contours of some of her body parts would be visible. When her daughter asked her why she had to do those things, Nurani told her that it was for her well-being. Then she said how to behave before a man, how to enchant them and what all their weaknesses were. She said,

"If a man gazes at you even for a fleeting moment, you should act as though he were ardently yearning to attain you and as though you didn't like it. Even if he has no intention to chase you, after you do that, he will start chasing you. Making him believe that he is chasing you is the most important step. It is like throwing bait for the fish and the fish getting stuck to the bait. Then you can easily pull him to your side. To the extent of the desire he carries for you, you should act as though you're trying to escape from him. When you do that, he will yearn for your attention terribly. He will also be mad at you. When he is in that state, he will consider you the most precious thing in the world. He'll think that he can't live without you. You should be careful while revealing your body parts. You should act as though you're a great beauty. The only thing that a man sees in a woman is her beauty. If you have a great figure, you can easily enchant any man. He should be aroused even when he is just thinking about you. He should think that he is missing a great pleasure by not enjoying your body. For that, you must act as though many men are trying to enjoy your body. You have to throw bait for the fish called Shahkam, Jahandar's fourth son. Once the fish is hooked, tell it to me. I'll teach you how to apply spice powders over that fish, fry it well and taste it with satiety for your entire life. You shouldn't live an ordinary life. You should only live a luxurious life. For that, you have to marry only a wealthy man. Like how I've married Jahandar and am enjoying all his luxuries, you should also marry Shahkam and live luxuriously and authoritatively. Shahkam is a very weak person; you could easily subjugate him."

Just as Jahandar was lured by Nurani's charms gradually, Shahkam was lured by Ladan's charms as per Nurani's ideas. Shahkam was enchanted by Ladan. He was only fourteen years old. Ladan was the same age as him. He agreed to marry Ladan. Nurani asked Jahandar to conduct the betrothal for the two, and he did all the arrangements for the betrothal. The funny part was that Nurani was in the place of a mother to Shahkam, so when Shahkam married Ladan, both Jahandar and Nurani would become parents and in-laws to them. When Khulus came to know about the betrothal, he thought, "How many more contemptible things like this could happen?" When Shah-Alam came to know about the betrothal, he

thought Jahandar and Nurani were scheming against him. After two weeks, their betrothal was conducted. All relatives wondered why marriage was arranged for the two who were of the same age. The betrothal function was successfully conducted. While the betrothal had been conducted, Khulus guessed that Nurani would use the necklace to make Shahkam the next CEO. He thought, "Shahkam knew about himself that he wasn't talented enough to take up the post. All these years, he has passed his life playfully. He didn't know anything about the construction processes. He is just fourteen. Nevertheless, Nurani will gradually speak to him and make him believe that he has high chances of becoming the next CEO. Then she will wear the necklace around his neck. She thinks that she could achieve anything using the necklace." He felt hopeless about getting the necklace, thinking, "Nurani has somehow betrothed her daughter to Shahkam. She wants her daughter to take up her place and Shahkam to take up my father's place. Even after my father dies, I won't get the necklace. Just as I'm being kept as a prisoner by Jahandar all these years, Shahkam will do the same." Nurani thought that it was good that she didn't marry her daughter to either Khulus or Shah-Alam. Why? Because they would act on their own and wouldn't heed her ideas, but Shahkam wasn't like them – he was docile and dull-witted. She believed that she could easily control him and make her daughter live like a queen. She thought her daughter also should live a luxurious and authoritative life like her. She decided that she should somehow deal with whatever problems she would face while making Shahkam the CEO. She thought that she had a single daughter and that she should lead a good life.

Nurani thought that she should prevent Jahandar from dying until Shahkam takes up the CEO post. Thinking that even if Jahandar were left alone for a single minute, he would drink, she always stayed near him to prevent him from drinking. She ensured that he was following a proper diet. She would give him medicines at the right time. Since she always stayed near him and took care of him, he saw her as an affectionate mother. He also thought that even her mother wouldn't have shown such care towards him. Whenever Jahandar felt ill, she would call a doctor immediately and treat him. Jahandar spent more of his time with Nurani than with his other

wives. He didn't hide any matter from Nurani. He thought she also acted in the same way towards him. He thought that if she didn't stay near him always and take care of him, it would be difficult for him to lead his life, that Nurani looked beautiful even though she was forty-two years old, that generally women of her age even struggle to sit and get up, and that Nurani looked young and energetic, unlike them.

Nurani told Shahkam, "None of your brothers is in a state to accept this position. Khulus is blind. Shah-Alam feels it is enough if he rules the throne of Munaqqaa's heart. Parsa is a drunkard. You're a real heir to Jahandar. You're the next king." Now and then, she boosted Shahkam's confidence and his belief that he could become the next CEO by speaking in this manner. Even though he was young and wasn't interested in the CEO post, she prepared him for it. She would take him to the company daily. She would include him in the important meetings. She would train him how to speak, how to act majestically and how to conduct himself with self-confidence prior to the meetings and ask him to speak in those meetings as though he were thinking and speaking by himself. She would call the most important employees in the company and ask them to say all company-related things to Shahkam. Whenever she got a chance, she would ask an employee to praise Shahkam. She would ask them to praise him, like, "Although he was young, he was goal-oriented, a hard worker, talented, and remarkably intelligent," ensuring that the praise reached the Shahkam's ears. She believed that she could disguise a cat as a tiger and change it into a tiger. One day, Shahkam told Nurani that he wasn't interested in the CEO post and let one of his brothers take up his position. She got angered. She said, "If any of your brothers take up the position, only their lineage would take up the position successively. Their lineage will be commanding, and your lineage will be like a slave to them. Do you want that to happen?" Even though he wasn't interested, he said that he would take up the position. She spoke in a way that instilled confidence in him, "You don't know your talent. There is only one reason for talented people like you not leading a great life – their hesitation. Don't hesitate."

Munaqqaa was carrying her seventh child. Usually, only Shah-Alam walks her around the house. Although two months had passed since

his mother's death, he still hadn't recovered from the sadness. Since he was in sadness, she was also in sadness. Thinking that Munaqqaa shouldn't be sad at this time, Sahla told her that she would walk her around the house. But Munaqqaa didn't want to leave her husband, who was in grief, alone. Sahla said, "You have to be happy at this time. If you worry, it will affect your child. It is necessary for you to walk for some distance daily. I'll speak to him and comfort him. I know that he has such a love for his mother. He'll be alright in a few days. You come with me," and took her for a walk. She wanted to say some things that would make Munaqqaa happy. She said, "To speak the truth, Shah-Alam loves you more than his mother. Until the time he was betrothed to you, he stayed near his mother always. Once he saw you, he surrendered to you completely. He has become your child. He has only his body, but his soul is with you." Upon hearing those words, Munaqqaa even let out tears in her eyes. Sahla further said, "The fact that he had to wait for five years to marry you tormented him terribly. He won't eat or sleep properly. He'll be thinking of you always. He would've given billions and billions of kisses to your photos taken at the betrothal event. I would be consoling him now and then. He should be lucky to get you, and you should be lucky to get him. I don't know if there will be any other loving couple like you." Out of enthusiasm, the child in Munaqqaa's womb kicked her.

A few months passed. One day, when Jahandar was at the company, he felt an urge to see Sahla. He, longing to embrace and kiss her, reached home in the afternoon. Usually, he won't reach home at that time. He entered. He walked towards Sahla's room. The store room lay along the way, and while crossing it, he heard some sounds like things being rolled. Jahandar, to check what it was, entered the storeroom. Unaware that Jahandar was standing behind them, a male servant and a female servant were concealing cereals inside their clothes. They are a married couple. To show his presence to them, Jahandar cleared his throat. They were startled when they saw him. Both of them were caught red-handed. They didn't know what to do other than plead for his pardon. Jahandar called his men. Those two took out all that they had hidden inside their dress and fell on his feet for his pardon. Their pleading cry caused him a headache. Jahandar asked his men to kill the male

servant first. His men took a meat-cutting knife from the kitchen and killed him. The maidservant let out a loud cry seeing her husband being killed. Then she moved closer to Jahandar, reaching for his shirt. Jahandar's men stopped her from reaching Jahandar. She shouted, "You heartless wretch, you killed my husband for stealing a mere handful of grain. You will never be well. You will die abandoned, with no one even to care for you." Her shouting intensified his headache. He asked his men to shut her mouth so that no sound could escape from her mouth. His men forced a cloth inside her mouth and sealed it with tape. Then they tied her hands behind her. Jahandar thought for a few seconds about what should be done to her. His headache got reduced little by little. He asked his men to dig a hole and bury her inside it, leaving only her head above the ground. He told his men not to unseal her mouth and not to give her any food or water for three days. He told them to release her if she was alive after three days. Then he went to meet Sahla. His men measured her height up to her neck and dug a hole of that height. Then they buried her in it. She died after one and a half days.

After the completion of one year since the betrothal, Shahkam married Ladan. Nurani was highly happy about the marriage. She thought that she had achieved half of her goal. Then arrangements for the first night were made. Although Shahkam waited for a long time, Ladan didn't enter the first-night room. After one and a half hours, she came striding at a fast pace. The typical feature of a woman – shyness and bashfulness – wasn't seen in her. It was all her mother's training. Nurani firmly believed that everything must be done properly from the very beginning, so she advised her daughter how to keep her husband slavish from the very beginning and sent her to the room. But Ladan wasn't hardhearted like her mother; she was quite tenderhearted. Nevertheless, she followed her mother's instructions correctly. She entered the room walking at a fast pace. Holding a milk pot in one hand, she touched her husband's feet with the other hand and pressed her hand on her eyes at lightning speed. Then she extended her hand that carried the milk pot and asked him to consume half the milk. To follow the ritual properly, he drank half and gave the remainder to her. She told him that she didn't feel like drinking the milk that time, got the

milk pot from him and placed it on the nearby table. Shahkam was bewildered, wondering whether he had misbehaved with her or treated her relatives with less respect. She sat in the bed, looking at the floor as though she were sad. He called her by her name, but she didn't turn. He asked her what had happened, but there was no response. He even asked her, "What's the problem?" but she was still looking at the floor. After a few minutes of silence, she asked, "Will you always keep me happy? Will you show me as much affection as my mother does?"

"Definitely, I'll be affectionate towards you." Then gradually he went near her. He held her palms. She behaved as if thinking about whether he would look after her properly. Nurani had asked her daughter to behave as though her husband was of no use in any way. He felt like doing something big to make his wife happy and make her feel that she should be lucky being with him. Nurani had told her daughter that she should always make her husband feel guilty that he wasn't looking after her properly. Then Shahkam joined his lips with his wife's. They removed their clothes. Although they had switched off the lights, the room was mildly lit with night lamps, and those gave enough brightness for them to look at each other. She could sense some of the scars that were on Shahkam's back with her fingers. Before she could ask about it, Shahkam said, "Once when I was young, I acted cheekily towards my father. From that day, he has hurt me now and then. He caused many wounds in my body. Many have disappeared. Some still remain in my body as scars – reminders of his cruelties."

"Are there no reasons for beating you? Will he beat you just to make you worry? Which father would behave like this to his son?"

"I feel that perhaps he treats me that way because I was born to a prostitute. My mother always remained in a room. She didn't come out of her room, fearing others' swearing words. My mother only carried the title that she was one of the wives of the world's richest man, but no one respected her. She was treated in a contemptible manner." Ladan forgot all the advice that her mother had given her, hearing his sad stories. Nurani had told her that she shouldn't show mercy to him at any time. Ladan's heart felt compassion for him. Gently touching his scars, she asked, "Is it paining?" He smiled

mildly and said, "All these scars were caused a long time ago. Even if I get beaten up in them, I won't feel the pain." Then she kissed him with love feelings, embracing him tightly. She kissed him with the sound of a kiss. He liked the sound she produced artificially while kissing more than her kiss. All those kisses which she gave him out of compassion and love were like applying ointment to those scars created by Jahandar sadistically. He thought his father had only done him good, as he was able to experience the feeling of love more. They made love all night.

Nurani called her daughter and asked her to speak always to Shahkam in a way that only he was going to be appointed as the next CEO, that he was highly desirous of the post, and that it was his life's goal. Ladan also spoke in that way to her husband as instructed by her mother. The reason that she spoke that way was not because her mother had asked her to, but because she wanted her husband to live happily like a king. Although Ladan listened to all the advice that her mother gave for a commanding life, she showed only love to her husband. She conducted herself as a loving wife – waking him fondly, yielding completely to him whenever he touched her, folding his clothes, cleaning his table and organising things on it and doing some small services for him. Nurani looked after the company, advised her daughter now and then, performed everything required to make Shahkam the next CEO, he took great care of Jahandar as his health condition wasn't good, was in endeavour to find a doctor who would believe that he could cure Jahandar completely, and always kept thinking of a strategy about how to avoid competition from Shah-Alam for the CEO post. Ordinary people can't do these many things simultaneously. She was very good in a bad way.

One day, Shahkam and Ladan were playing in the garden. They were running and catching each other with loud belly laughs. While Nurani was walking that way, she saw them. Immediately after seeing it, she was filled with anger. She called her daughter. She asked her, "I told you that you should always treat your husband like slippers you wear on your feet. Have you forgotten it?"

"Mother, please don't ask me to behave that way to him any more. I only wish to be a lovable wife to him."

"Only to make you live happily for your entire life, I'm asking you to do this."

"Is a life of constantly hurting others a happy one, Mother? I don't want to live such a life."

"Your biological father hasn't earned much wealth for you. Shahkam will think that only by uniting with his father are we both living a luxurious life. He'll behave towards you in a way that the life we live is the aid his father gave us. Before he does that, you have to belittle him. There is no history of a married life in which a husband and wife shared only love and saw no differences. One should be dominating, and the other should be submissive. You must understand a thing – no one in this world will show mercy to others. Even a mother and her child would behave as though their mouths and stomachs were different. There will be more rivalries only within one's family. Even a third person will not think of causing more harm to us. If you show mercy to others, you'll be forced into a state where you'll have to live expecting mercy from them. My life's circumstances taught all these lessons to me. If we want something in our lives, we must pay a fitting price for it. The price for your commanding life is the subjugation of your husband. Hereafter, you shouldn't laugh, play, sing or dance with him."

"Let me be submissive, and he be dominating, Mother. I won't listen to your words hereafter."

After a few days, Jahandar's third wife, Sahla, died. Jahandar mourned for her for two days.

Can a divine love be defiled?

Jahandar sent Shah-Alam to the newly opened company's branch in Agra. A branch head was required for the branch. Jahandar asked Shah-Alam to conduct an interview and choose a person for the post. Shah-Alam asked his assistant to give an advertisement in the newspapers regarding the opening. After two days, the interview was conducted. A total of fourteen members came for the interview. Shah-Alam called the first candidate and interviewed him. Within a short time, Shah-Alam found him unsuitable, so he dismissed him. He asked his assistant to send the second candidate to his room. Izzati went inside. She developed an attraction towards him the moment she saw him. She was smitten by lust. She had never seen such a handsome man in her life. He seemed to have a perfect figure and a great appearance. Generally, men would get captivated by her beauty. Even when Shah-Alam's assistant called her to enter the room, his eyes scanned her from top to bottom against his restraint. To somehow get selected for the post, she wore highly racy clothes. But Shah-Alam's eyes only looked at her eyes. Only on that day did she see for the first time a young man who spoke with her, only looking at her eyes. For that reason also, attraction towards him got intensified. She expected that he would give his hand for a handshake. But he just got her resume and asked her to sit in the chair. She longed to touch his hand. She thought that while touching his hand, she must express what desire she had. She said her name, "Izzati," and extended her hand. Shah-Alam shook her hand. After shaking, she stroked his palm with her index finger. Through that action, she expressed her desire for him. Shah-Alam didn't notice it. Once she sat, he began skimming her resume. She thought that he didn't understand what she hinted. She thought that it wouldn't be right if she asked him directly and that only a man should ask out a woman. He looked beautiful while he was reading her resume. She looked at him without even blinking. She had a great academic record and more prior experience. He asked why

she wished to join his company, leaving her current company. Even his voice ravished her. She said, "They fired me, saying my performance wasn't good." Since she developed an intense desire for him, she told the truth. She didn't worry about the job at that moment. She was unsettled by the thought about whether she would attain him or not. He said, "I didn't expect such an answer. Nevertheless, I like that you honestly mentioned it. Did you not perform well? Or..."

"There's nothing in the company worth performing. They've hired me for some reason. Then they've fired me for some reason." Shah-Alam, after hearing, let out a big breath. Even at that moment, he looked more beautiful to her eyes. He liked her honesty very much. He didn't ask her any other questions. He said he had selected her for the post. Then he asked her to join the following day and asked her to leave. She didn't know how to tell him of her desire. She tried indirectly once again. She asked, "Since I'm shifting from another city, can you arrange for my accommodation for the first month alone?" She kept her file pressed against her big breasts. She looked at his lips while he was speaking. She mildly bit her lower lip. She expected that he would understand any of the hints. But Shah-Alam didn't notice her cues; he said he would arrange for it and asked her to wait outside. She thought that she could somehow seduce him after joining the company. After she stepped out, he told his assistant to dismiss all the remaining candidates. His assistant wondered how he selected Izzati within a short span of time. Then he thought that Shah-Alam was planning to spend some days pleasurably with her. He dismissed the remaining candidates, telling them that a candidate had been selected. Those twelve already predicted that only this would happen when Izzati entered the room. Shah-Alam asked his assistant to book a room for Izzati for a month. His assistant confirmed that Shah-Alam carries lust towards Izzati. Then his assistant went to speak with Izzati, who was waiting outside. He told her he would book a room in the same hotel where Shah-Alam was staying. She thought that although he understood her hints, he acted as though he didn't, that perhaps he didn't reveal his desire, thinking that he should conduct himself properly within the company, that she had a good hunt that night somehow and that there had never been a man who saw a foxy

woman like her and didn't desire her. She spoke with a little embarrassment to Shah-Alam's assistant, "Will my room details..." Before she could finish, Shah-Alam's assistant understood it and told her, "I'll tell him." She left from there, concealing her excitement. His assistant booked a highly comfortable suite room and informed Izzati over the phone call. Izzati went to a clothes shop before going to the hotel. She bought some seductive outfits that would captivate one's heart upon seeing her. Then she went to the room which was booked for her. She wore the new clothes she bought. She expected that Shah-Alam could come to her room any time. Sharply at 8 PM, she heard the calling bell sound. She was delighted. She was wearing exercise wear – shorts and a hot sports bra. She opened the door, pretending as though she were breathing heavily after an exercise. Shah-Alam's assistant was standing there, but Shah-Alam was not to be found. She asked him to enter and covered her body with an overcoat. He said, "Sorry for disturbing you. My boss asked me to check with you whether everything is fine." She was angered that Shah-Alam hadn't come himself but had sent his assistant instead. She said, "Everything is fine."

"Don't hesitate to call the reception in case you need anything." Then he left. She was highly disappointed that day.

Shah-Alam returned to Delhi the following day. Nurani thought about how she could eradicate Shah-Alam. Nurani thought that she must speak with Shah-Alam's assistant first and find out whether there was any fault in his behaviour, either in his family life or in his work life. She made a phone call to Shah-Alam's assistant and spoke with him, pretending as though she cared deeply for Shah-Alam as a mother. He spoke highly of Shah-Alam. He said that Shah-Alam was highly talented in the company and he didn't have any conflict with anyone, that Shah-Alam's only weakness was his wife Munaqqaa and that Shah-Alam couldn't be without thinking about her or seeing her. Nurani worried that she couldn't find any faults with Shah-Alam. While speaking with Nurani, he suddenly mentioned Izzati, who was appointed as the branch head for the Agra branch. He said, "It doesn't seem to me that Shah-Alam sir has any desire for that woman. But that woman was very infatuated with Shah-Alam sir. After selecting that woman, Shah-Alam sir asked me to arrange accommodation for her for a month. She was

very beautiful, and also she was wearing a glamorous dress that day. I misunderstood that Shah-Alam sir liked her. Before she left the company, she asked me to inform her room details to Shah-Alam sir, without fail. I saw the lustful yearning she had for Shah-Alam's sir in her face. I thought Shah-Alam sir had desired a woman other than his wife for the first time in his life. For that woman, I booked a suite room in the same hotel where Shah-Alam sir stayed. But only after a short while, I understood that he had only asked me to make that arrangement out of the hospitality he felt for her. In the evening, he told me to ask the woman if she needed anything else. He asked me to arrange anything she might ask for. I went to the room where the woman stayed. When she opened the door and saw me, there was such disappointment on her face. I think she had been expecting Shah-Alam sir. She was scantily dressed. She pretended as though she had been exercising. I spoke what Shah-Alam sir asked me to and left her." Nurani felt overjoyed upon hearing it. She told him, "You did a good job. For telling all these things to me and for booking a room for her in the same hotel where Shah-Alam stayed, I'll give you some money." Then she ended the phone call.

Nurani decided to eradicate Shah-Alam using Izzati. Nurani thought, "I should first tell Izzati that Shah-Alam was deeply lusting after her. Then, I should say that he was angry with his father, having confronted him to demand that he should be appointed to the CEO post instead of his brother, and because of that, he couldn't spend time with her enjoyably. Once Izzati believes that, I will wear the magical necklace around her neck." She believed that, while doing so, conflict between Shah-Alam and Jahandar might arise. She couldn't give the necklace to anyone without Jahandar's knowledge. It was a decision that both should take together. Also, she couldn't tell him the true reason. So she thought that she should give a good reason to Jahandar why she wanted to give the magical necklace to Izzati. She met Jahandar. Before talking about it, she joined her lips with his and took him to heaven; for a few seconds, she showed him the greatest places there. He was spellbound by the kiss she gave. He thought that anything could be bestowed for the kiss. He thought that there was no greater intoxication in the world. When he was in that state, she told him the matter, "Do you know

something? A woman named Izzati is extremely lustful towards your son, Shah-Alam. She is working as a branch head in the Agra branch. It was Shah-Alam who interviewed and appointed her. I heard that, from the moment she saw Shah-Alam, she was getting tormented by carnal desires."

"Is that so? How did you come to know about it?"

"To know whether Shah-Alam is happy, I spoke to his assistant. Only at that moment did I come to know about it. It seems that Izzati would enquire about Shah-Alam with him now and then. It seems that she once asked which colour Shah-Alam likes, and she once asked which food Shah-Alam likes. It was he who told me that she is very crazy about Shah-Alam."

"Wow! Is Shah-Alam not paying attention to her? Is she not that beautiful?"

"It's true that Shah-Alam didn't pay attention to her, but the woman has great beauty and an elegant figure, it seems."

"Then, what other work does he have, other than being pleasurable with that woman?"

"You already know it. Shah-Alam won't even gaze at any woman other than Munaqqaa. Although it has been several weeks since his mother died, he is still deeply worried about it. If he enjoyed himself with that woman, that worry would vanish."

"That is very true. But it is impossible to change his mind. His heart was completely captured by Munaqqaa, is it not?"

"It is impossible to change his mind using human power. But it may be possible with the magical necklace."

"Do you have a plan?"

"We can say that Shah-Alam too was crazy about that woman and that there is some other reason for not paying his attention towards her, and make her believe it. Then we can wear the necklace around her neck."

"That's a great idea. What can we say for the 'some other reason'?"

"We can say that Shah-Alam is deeply distressed due to his mother's

death, and because of that, he couldn't concentrate on any other things. We can say that, from the day she joined the company, Shah-Alam has given her more benefits and made more special arrangements for her than which will be usually done for one who takes up her post."

"How many days will it be since the woman joined our company?"

"Around two months."

"Will she believe that it was because of his mother's death he didn't pay attention to her?"

"A mad woman, who was in lust, will believe anything spoken highly of the man she desires." Jahandar laughed heartily hearing what she said, unaware that he too was in the same situation. He asked, "What are we going to do next?"

"Leave it to me. I'll take care of it."

Izzati was informed that she had to attend an important training for two days, and she was made to come to Delhi. Nurani met Izzati at the company. Izzati felt nervous thinking that the CEO's wife had come to say something to her. Nurani said, "You don't have to get nervous looking at me. Consider me your friend. I came to know that you desire Shah-Alam." Izzati felt shy and said, "Yes," looking at the floor. Nurani lifted her face and made her look at her and said, "You can say what you have in your mind to me without hesitation." Izzati didn't know whether to speak about it with Nurani or not and feared that it might create some problems for her job. Nurani could understand what she was thinking. To make her speak confidently about whatever she had in mind, she told her, "The only reason that I met you is to speak about this. You're so graceful. I only wish that you and Shah-Alam spend some time happily. We have only one life. Why should we want to waste it? Will we go to heaven just because we have lived with only one man? I have no belief in it. To prevent one from committing harm, humans have invented God, demons, heaven, hell, and many things." Izzati's hesitation had reduced significantly. She felt as though two close friends were discussing how to enjoy life the most. Izzati said, "You too look gorgeous. The instant I saw Shah-Alam, I developed a desire for him. His flat and lean body figure and his

smart and beautiful face, all of which aroused me the instant I saw him."

"Just as you are, he, too, was very desirous of attaining you."

"It doesn't seem like that to me. I expected that he would come to my room the very day he offered me the job. I got nothing but disappointment."

"It is the greatest problem of women. We expect more. We get disappointed if things don't happen as we expected. Only because of the desire for you, he must have booked the room in the same hotel he was staying in." Nurani spoke in a way as though what was done by Shah-Alam's assistant due to his misunderstanding was actually Shah-Alam's intention. Izzati said, "I, too, thought that way. I stayed in the same hotel for one month. But I spent all the nights alone."

"Only a few days before he selected you for this post, his mother passed away. To this day, he is in distress due to his mother's death. He is not even speaking with others properly. I wondered about the fact that he desired you and wanted to keep you close to him even during his state of distress. Only at that time, his father told him that he would make his last son, Shahkam, the CEO after him. The very day he offered you the job, his father had given him such a shock. He became very angry with his father. Don't share this CEO matter with anyone. I'm telling this only to you. I think perhaps due to that anger, his attention is not turned towards you after that."

"Is that the reason?"

"That is the reason. Will there be any man who doesn't desire such a ravishing woman like you? There is only one reason for me to wish that you both should spend some nice time together. He doesn't understand that the dead can't return to this world. He is always worrying about his dead mother. I felt only you could ease his worry." Without knowing the malicious intention of Nurani, Izzati felt bashful and smiled modestly. Nurani further added, "I like you very much. I would like to give you two presents." Nurani took out the magical necklace from her handbag. She asked Izzati to wear it. She thought, "The necklace will glow when she wears it; she will wonder when it glows, and while she is wondering, I will speak about the necklace." While Izzati was wondering after she wore the

necklace, Nurani said, "It is not an ordinary necklace. It is a powerful necklace that will unite the one we like with us. Ensure that the necklace and its glow are hidden from outside view. Even Shah-Alam shouldn't know about it. Wrap the necklace with the thick black cloth."

"Will Shah-Alam come to me if I wear this necklace?"

"No doubt, he'll come to you. But one thing – don't remove the necklace for any reason, even while you're bathing or while you and Shah-Alam are alone. It should always be around your neck. You'll witness its power." Izzati strongly believed that Shah-Alam would desire her. Nurani said, "As another present, I have bought you a luxury car. Once you reach the Agra branch, you'll receive it." Then Izzati embraced Nurani. Nurani feigned affection while embracing her. Nurani didn't have to make any arrangements for protecting the necklace, and Nurani would see the illusion every five minutes to ensure Izzati was wearing it.

Nurani told Jahandar, "As I said earlier, I wore the necklace around Izzati's neck." Jahandar was overwhelmed with joy. He felt so delighted that he could see Izzati's body whenever she would take a bath, whenever she would change her clothes, and even while she washes her genital region after peeing. Nurani further added, "Shah-Alam has to be relieved from his worry, and he has to enjoy some pleasures in this human life. So, say some reason to him and send him to the Agra branch now and then."

"Let me send him. I'll ask him to go to Agra today itself." Jahandar asked his assistant to book a flight ticket for that day itself. Jahandar called Shah-Alam and said, "You have to go to the Agra branch immediately. You have to teach about our company and the job role to the one who has been newly appointed as the branch head. So, stay there for a week and return after completing the work."

"Father, let someone else do the work instead of me. Why do I have to go up to Agra for this?"

"Only you know about everything well. Also, there is no one who can teach others as well as you. I thought only you could do this work better."

"Father, even if I only have to teach her, why do I have to go there? Let me teach her over the phone call." Jahandar scolded him in his mind, thinking that he didn't know how to enjoy his life. Instead of a man approaching a woman, if she herself approaches him, then his pleasure would be manyfold greater. Jahandar thought, "It is a great foolishness to leave a beautiful woman when she is desiring us." He said, "Only when you go in person can you show some presentations, blueprints, prototypes and construction sites. You can't do that over the phone. I won't send you there without a reason."

"Whatever you say is right, Father. When do I have to leave?"

"This afternoon. I already booked your flight ticket."

"You booked for Munaqqaa and me, right?" Jahandar again scolded inside his mind. He thought, "Why should one, who is going to eat in a restaurant, carry a stove, kerosene, cooking vessels and cereals?" He said, "No, you're going alone. Please don't think that I'm speaking negatively. Your wife is full-term now. It is not safe for her to travel in a flight. It is just one week. You alone go and come." Finally, he accepted without feeling like accepting it. After a short while, he thought, "At this time, what might Izzati be seeing, hearing and thinking?" Suddenly, a vision appeared before Jahandar, and he could see what Izzati could see. Izzati was taking a bath, imagining all the ways in which Shah-Alam would touch her body and enjoy himself. She was removing the soap lather from her body using the hand shower. First, she cleaned her breasts. Jahandar thought, "Such big breasts. My son is very lucky." Then she cleaned her waist. Jahandar thought, "A waist should be like this. It seems like she does more exercise." Then, for a long time, she cleaned her genital region. It seemed like she found it pleasurable to splash water on that region. Jahandar thought, "Is such an amount of water required for that spot? Maybe she is using water, as she didn't get anything else. Wow! It is perfectly shaped. She even kept the spot free from hair – clean-shaven." He was quite disappointed since she closed her eyes after a short while. Throughout the time, she imagined that she was being highly enjoyed by Shah-Alam in her mind. Then she cleaned her thighs. Jahandar thought, "Maybe she does squat exercise more. Thighs

look stout." After bathing, she dried her body with a towel. Even then, Jahandar didn't stop the illusion. She went in front of a full-length mirror, saw her beauty in the mirror, checked whether she was looking enjoyable and questioned herself whether she would be liked by Shah-Alam. All her thoughts could be heard by Jahandar. Thinking whether Shah-Alam would admire her breasts, she saw them in the mirror, lifting them slightly and pressing them together gently. Jahandar thought, "Does she carry such a lust towards my son?" Jahandar had seen only women who gave sexual pleasure for money and women who carried more respect towards him simply because he was their husband, but that was the first time he saw a woman who carried such lust towards a man. He thought, "When a woman with such a perfect figure, mainly with big breasts, is crazy about a man, the man will never get any greater pleasure than enjoying her body. Like my son got this one; if I get one, I'll be happier. Let me think if I can fulfil that desire using the magical necklace." Just by looking at the vision, Jahandar's body got warmed up terribly. Although he had sex with many prostitutes, he had never savoured looking at a woman's body without her awareness. It was a new experience for him.

Shah-Alam went to Agra. Shah-Alam gradually started thinking about becoming the next CEO. Nurani thought of spreading a rumour that Shah-Alam had an affair with Izzati. She expected that when the word spread, every employee would deride him. Now and then, Nurani watched the illusion. Jahandar also watched. Nurani watched it to check whether Izzati was wearing the necklace, but Jahandar watched it to watch Izzati. Although it was difficult to understand a woman's mind, the necklace had helped him to understand it. He found out that a woman yearns for a man twice as much as a man yearns for a woman. He realised that even when a man had a lesser amount of lustful yearning towards a woman, he would express it more, and although lustful yearning runs within a woman like a flood, she would pretend as though she had none. Nurani would contact Izzati over the phone now and then and would ask her to keep the necklace hidden from outside view. She would also tell Izzati that Shah-Alam carries lust towards her and that he also desires the CEO post in a way that Izzati would believe firmly. Nurani would call Izzati only at the times when Jahandar

was engaged in some other work. Nurani thought that Jahandar shouldn't hear her telling Izzati that Shah-Alam was desiring the CEO post, using the illusion. She believed that even if Jahandar happened to hear when Izzati thinks about it, his lustful delight wouldn't allow him to recognise them properly. While she spoke recently with Izzati, she told her, "Your Shah-Alam is coming there at high speed to meet you. Hold him tightly. Fulfil all of your desires. For the next one week, he is the one who is going to lead you. You're going to report your progress to him. He'll check whether you're submissive to him. Although he desires the CEO post, his current focus is on you. He argued with his father for a long time that he wanted to mentor you and somehow got his consent. Any mahout can calm an enraged elephant, but a man smitten by lust can't be calmed by anyone other than the woman he desires, right? To meet you immediately, he is coming towards you by flight today itself. Like an extremely famished cow grazing the grass, he is going to touch and enjoy your body. Don't speak anything about the CEO post to him; then he'll start thinking about it. Even he himself speaks about it, divert his mind with your sweet words. He is coming there to enjoy a week-long honeymoon without marrying you. In this one week, make love to him in such a way that he will even forget about himself." Izzati was overwhelmed with desire as she heard Nurani's words. Nurani ended the call. Knowing Izzati would fondle her body lustfully, Nurani asked Jahandar to see what Izzati was doing that time. Izzati felt elated. Her nipples erected. She immediately went to the bathroom and thought of Shah-Alam, squeezing her breasts and stroking the lips of her vulva. Jahandar didn't miss watching it. He thought, "Wow!!!... What a lust! What a lust! Do I not change into Shah-Alam for some days?" Nurani asked Shah-Alam's assistant to book a hotel room for Shah-Alam near the place where Izzati was staying. There was a reason why Nurani asked Jahandar to check what Izzati was doing. Malicious people like Nurani, to hide their malicious intentions and to project themselves as great people, would pinpoint someone who was making mistakes or someone like Izzati who was involved in an activity worth mockery.

The following day, Shah-Alam called Izzati to a meeting room to discuss the construction processes and her job roles. Within a few

minutes of his call, she came to the meeting room. She was wearing a fitted, black, tailored blazer. It was a single-breasted type blazer which had notched lapels and only one closure. Inside the blazer, she was wearing a white button-up shirt with a collared neckline. She didn't fasten some buttons at the top of the shirt. The shirt's colour sharply contrasted with the blazer. She was wearing a black mini pencil skirt, which ended mid-thigh, and it matched the blazer. The blazer and the skirt gave a suit-like look. She was wearing sheer black stockings, which gave an elegant look to her legs. Further, she was wearing black high-heeled shoes. She had long, free hair. She had used a deep, glossy red shade of lipstick, and it had a classic, bold and crimson hue. To describe it in simple terms, her lips looked like a glittering cherry fruit. Although she wore a professional outfit, her appearance was highly captivating. Importantly, her face was highly alluring. She stood, requesting the entry. Shah-Alam's heart began throbbing the instant he saw her like an object coated with petrol, igniting suddenly and violently as soon as it came into contact with fire. The blood, which was circulating like a calm river within his body, began to circulate like a violent flood. He was overwhelmed with the feeling that he should lay her over the table, hold her two hands with his, and taste her cherry-fruit lips. He needed a few seconds to restrain all his emotions. Then he asked her to enter. To remove the lustful feelings, he breathed deeply many times. He asked her to sit in a chair. Then he took a marker and went near the board. She was sitting cross-legged, perhaps due to the fact that she was wearing a mini skirt. Her posture was as though she were trying to conceal some of her body parts, which intensified Shah-Alam's lust greatly. Even if those body parts were revealed, his lust wouldn't intensify that much. He wrote more things than necessary on the board. He, who would use abbreviations at other times, used words in full form. He avoided looking at her as much as possible. He spoke about many things while writing on the board. She thought of going behind him and embracing him. Both were feeling lustful towards each other. She liked the sexual tension very much. Meanwhile, Shah-Alam kept trying to remove his inappropriate thoughts. He thought that he didn't feel that way when he interviewed her, and wondered why he was feeling that way at that time. His state was like an iron trying to act against the fierce magnetic field. He

mentioned the word 'sex' instead of mentioning 'six'. Although his words stumbled, he didn't stumble. She thought that Shah-Alam was hesitating to approach her, thinking she wouldn't say 'yes' when he asked her out. She thought of an idea. She deliberately asked him many silly questions. Nevertheless, he answered her seriously as though he didn't understand her intent. Then, pointing out a thing which he had written on the board, she asked him a long question in a seductive voice to make him look at her for a long time. Shah-Alam tried to look only at her eyes. But his eyes also stumbled. From the crown of her head to her feet, he looked at every spot alternately. Many thoughts were running in Shah-Alam's mind, "Hold her hand and pull her towards you. Embrace her. Caress her lips with your tongue. Taste the nipples on her breasts. Keep it between two fingers and squash it mildly. Rub her erect nipple in such a way that each of your five fingers will rub on it alternately. Shower a rain of kisses on her waist. Tightly grip her lower hip with your hand. Definitely, she would've shaved her pubic area. Brush your lips on top of her vulva. There is a chance that her pubic hair may have regrown in a very small amount. Rub your cheeks up and down on her pubic area and let those tiny thorn-like hairs scratch your skin. Bite her thighs. Insert your penis into her vaginal opening and thrust into it like hitting a pestle into a mortar. Take her to the bed immediately." She could clearly see Shah-Alam being tormented by lustful thoughts. She unfastened the single closure of her blazer. Then she took off the blazer. She removed it to make him savour the beauty of her body well. Her tight-fitting, lustrous white shirt emphasised the contours of her large breasts well. Shah-Alam's mind said, "Have sex with her... have sex with her... have sex with her... have sex with her... have sex with her... have sex with her..." Suddenly, he remembered his love goddess's face for a second. Then all his lustful thoughts vanished. He answered her long question. Then he avoided looking at her as much as possible. Since she longed terribly to attain him, she kept asking many questions to make him break the barrier he put up for containing his emotions and to let his emotions flow out like opening a dam's gate during a flood. Lustful thoughts came to his mind again and again. Like frightening and driving away an animal using a fire torch, he drove away the lustful thoughts with the remembrance of his love goddess's face. Even when a man gets sexual pleasure from

many millions of immoral women, it won't equal even the millionth part of the affection shown by a divine woman.

In the evening, Shah-Alam was leaving the company to reach his hotel room. At that time, Izzati obstructed his path and said, "I'm going to drop you." He was completely mesmerised by her smell, lips and the uncovered top portion of her breasts. Although his desire kept tormenting him, he kept repeating in his mind that it was wrong. To restrain his emotions, he would keep his eyes closed or look in some other direction. Although he said that he would go in his vehicle, she didn't allow him. She told him that she had bought a new car and wished to take him first. Shah-Alam told her, "Generally, people will wish to take their family members in their new car. Why do you wish to take me?" She told him that her family members would arrive in Agra only after a week. She insisted on him by telling him that she wished to take him. Shah-Alam finally agreed to it. They went to the parking area. They went near her new vehicle. Shah-Alam didn't like her car much. He only felt like looking at her graceful body. Nevertheless, he kept looking at her car instead of looking at her as though he were admiring her car. He said whatever he felt like saying – it was a good model, good colour and a great choice. She thought, "I'll see how long you obstinately refuse to touch me. You didn't even touch me, as though you were touching me unintentionally. I think you're still hesitating to touch me. Just watch what happens after you get into the vehicle." As though watching a movie in a theatre, Jahandar and Nurani were watching them. Nurani had a different purpose, and Jahandar had a different purpose to watch it. Jahandar thought, "No doubt. My son is hesitating. Why don't you bother me instead of my son? We can travel in your vehicle for a long distance. Wherever you wish, we can go there. You can do anything to me that you wish. Izzati... Izzati... Izzati... Izzati..." Nurani could understand what thoughts were running in Jahandar's mind even though he was not wearing the necklace. Izzati gave the car key to Shah-Alam and spoke with a double meaning, "Only you should drive."

"It's only right when you drive your new vehicle. You drive." Jahandar scolded Shah-Alam in his mind, "She's not referring to the car but to herself, who looks like a luxury car. Moreover, it may not

be a new one; many would've driven it. There is no wrong when you also drive it once." She insisted many times that he should only drive it. He acquiesced to avoid speaking with her and to escape from her. Jahandar thought, "Finally, he agreed. A woman mustn't be made to plead this much. What's there if he fulfils her desire?" Both got into the car. The way of operating each vehicle would be different. Shah-Alam was looking at the dashboard and thinking about how to start. She spoke indirectly in a seductive voice that would attract his attention towards her, "Why do you hesitate so much to start?" Jahandar thought, "A woman can't ask more directly than this." Shah-Alam said, "I don't know where the start button is." Jahandar thought, "You should've been in fifth gear by now. My son didn't understand that a human lifespan is very short." The start button was behind the steering wheel. Thinking that she should use this chance well, Izzati slightly rose from her seat and went near Shah-Alam, and as though she were finding it difficult to search for the start button, she ensured her lips were very close to Shah-Alam's lips. She expected that Shah-Alam would lose his control and join his lips with hers. Shah-Alam kept his eyes closed tightly. Even though his eyes were closed, her highly captivating coloured lips tortured his mind. Thinking that even if he stayed a second longer, anything wrong would happen, he opened the door and stepped out. She too stepped out and asked him what had happened. He spoke in an angry voice, "I'll go in my vehicle," and left her. He thought about why he was being affected by such lustful thoughts whenever he saw her. Jahandar scolded him in his mind, "Fool. Should he not use the chance when he receives it?" Izzati thought, "Had I acted impetuously? This necklace is working well... Although he was filled with such lust, why is he refusing to express it to me? What is he going to achieve by being so true to his wife? Is he going to live a love life that will be praised by the entire world? Even if that may be the case, what if someone praises us or condemns us after we die? I'll catch you tomorrow." Jahandar thought, "Cutie pie! Your thinking is very right. You're my kind." Many thoughts ran through Shah-Alam's mind, "Why did you let slip such a chance? Her lips came close to you; you could've gracefully captured them with your lips; why didn't you? Her smell is still refusing to leave our nose; why did you leave her? Did you notice her big breasts? Not all women are gifted with such breasts – large

and also perfectly shaped ones. She is gifted with such breasts. Why did you leave without clasping them? She is still in the parking lot. Go back to her. Run to her. Apologise to her, telling her that you did it thinking about some other thing, and get back into her car. Put her in the bed and enjoy her to your heart's content." Shah-Alam found it difficult to remove those thoughts which were occurring in his mind. He saw Munaqqaa's photo, which he had kept in his wallet. He gave a pressing kiss on the photo. A drop of tear came out of his eyes. Then those lustful thoughts vanished. Even if a thousand such magical necklaces join together, they can't defeat the power of true love, right? He got inside his car and headed to his room. Jahandar was highly disappointed. He asked Nurani why the necklace's power didn't work. Nurani said, "A person believes completely that the sun rises in the east. But even when it is a rainy season, and the sky is found with more dark clouds, a person won't be one hundred per cent certain that it will rain. He'll only believe that there is a high chance of rain. The firmer the belief of Izzati, the more chance that our expectation might happen."

That night, Izzati couldn't sleep even a bit. She rubbed her body here and there with her hands. She turned from one side to the other in the bed. For the time being, she had only a pillow nearby. She kept the pillow between her legs. At midnight, Jahandar wished to know Izzati's thoughts. Izzati thought, "My Shah-Alam... Come to me. Touch me. Press my breasts. Lie over me. Embrace me tightly. Join your lips with mine. Insert your penis, which is as strong as an iron bar, into me." Jahandar thought, "My son is making her yearn like this. Oh, precious pearl! You don't want my son. He doesn't know how to enjoy his life. Come to me instead."

Six days passed. Izzati couldn't change Shah-Alam's mind even a bit. It wasn't necessary for Nurani to unite Shah-Alam with Izzati. Nurani's intention was to make Shah-Alam desire the CEO post and fight with his father for it. If at all, Shah-Alam gets involved in a lustful affair with Izzati, she could dissolve in the sea of lust and give the CEO post to Shahkam. The necklace would be required until Shah-Alam goes down the wrong path in life. A person would hesitate to commit a vice – drinking, going to prostitutes, etc, only for the first time. Nurani thought, "Izzati carries an intense lust

towards Shah-Alam, and out of such lust, she believes whatever was told to her. It is difficult to find another woman like her to do this work. Whenever Shah-Alam is sent to Agra, we should keep Shahkam in Shah-Alam's place. If Shah-Alam comes to know about it, there is a high chance that he will fight with his father. In his disappointment, he may even become a slave to alcohol intoxication and women's pleasure. Then I can easily eradicate him. I should make some arrangements to keep Shah-Alam and Izzati close, as though I'm helping Izzati. He may lose his self-control at some point. I'll make my daughter live like a queen, like me." Nurani made a phone call to Izzati. Nurani asked her, "Izzati, have you enjoyed yourself with your hero?"

"He has more desire towards me, but something is stopping him. Maybe he is thinking that he shouldn't betray his wife. Maybe he is feeling guilty."

"Nothing like that. He came on his own accord to meet you. He was angered over his father, thinking that his father was deliberately making Shahkam attend all the important meetings in his absence and preparing him for the CEO post. His father's intention is to make Shahkam the next CEO. Once he reached Agra, he came to know that Shahkam was made to attend an important meeting, so he called his father over the phone and spoke angrily about why he was doing such things. Leave all that; I'm telling you many things unnecessarily. Understand, the CEO post is the problem." Nurani somehow added what Izzati had to believe. Nurani spoke further, "You yourself say that he is desiring you, is it not? Guilt feelings or the CEO post will limit the desire only up to a certain point. We can't build a barrier for tsunamis. Likewise, when a person gets overwhelmed with an emotion, he can't control it. You and Shah-Alam are going to Mumbai for a client visit."

"Only Shah-Alam and me?"

"Yes. Only you two. It's the second honeymoon, but this time he is going to stay with you in the same room. It's all his father's arrangement."

"Please tell me about it. I can't contain my excitement."

"Listen. For Shah-Alam, it is a client visit, but for you, it is a date."

"Please say it directly." Nurani smiled and said, "You and Shah-Alam will stay in a hotel room to meet the customer in the evening. The customer is not real, but he is a man set by Shah-Alam's father. He won't come to your room as planned. He will call Shah-Alam and say that he will come the next morning. At that time, Shah-Alam may call his father to ask him what should be done next. Shah-Alam's father will ask Shah-Alam to stay in Mumbai that night and meet the client the next morning. He will tell him that the client is an important one and Shah-Alam should never miss meeting him. You and Shah-Alam will have an entire night to fulfil the desires which got settled in both of your hearts and are refusing to leave." Then Nurani ended the phone call. Nurani's words made Izzati enter the bathroom and masturbate. Jahandar watched it.

Jahandar called Shah-Alam. Jahandar told him that there was an important client visit for which he had to go to Mumbai. He didn't mention Izzati. Shah-Alam asked, "Father, why do I have to go there? Let any one of our team near Mumbai take care of the client visit. I will speak to them through a video call. Why do I have to go there for this?"

"It is better to meet them in person. They wanted to build a huge mall. If we can seal this deal, then our company will make more profit. Moreover, there is no one as talented as you are in our company. My health condition is not good; otherwise, I'll go there. I'm getting old. It'll be better if you meet them. Go and enjoy yourself well."

"Enjoy myself???"

"No... that is... what I meant was to successfully close the deal with the client."

"It seems to me that you're trying to hide something from me."

"What am I hiding? Nothing." Shah-Alam lost his patience. He said, "I know your intention."

"What are you talking about? Don't beat around the bush. Speak to me directly."

"You're trying to make Shahkam, who is very young, has no experience and doesn't even do an undergraduate course, the next

CEO. For that reason, you're often sending me here and there. When I'm away, you're making him attend the important board meetings. Why are you doing all these?" Nurani's aim was accomplished. She had successfully ignited the fight between the father and the son. She thought that she just had to ensure the fight shouldn't get extinguished thereafter and felt overjoyed. Jahandar said, "Now and then I felt like making Shahkam the next CEO, but I decided against it, thinking that it wouldn't be a good decision. I have been planning to make you the next CEO since long ago. It's Nurani's decision to include Shahkam in the board meetings. Does it mean he will be appointed as the CEO because he attended the board meetings? Absolute nonsense. Do I not know the qualities and skills required for a CEO? Above all, he is just fifteen and thirteen years younger than you. How do you expect that such a thing will happen?"

"You just said now that you felt like making him CEO now and then."

"Yes... for the past few days, he has been behaving more responsibly at the company. He is giving great suggestions. So I... felt like that but didn't entertain that thought. Didn't I say I have decided against it?" Shah-Alam couldn't trust Jahandar's words. He asked him, "Is there any board meeting after I leave for Mumbai?"

"Yes. There is one in the evening."

"Is Shahkam also attending it?"

"Yes. What is there in it?" Nurani was waiting for Jahandar to get angry. But he spoke patiently with his son. Shah-Alam said, "Do you think I can't even understand this? First, my stepmother Nurani made a proposal to me to marry her daughter as my third wife. After I refused it, she gave her daughter in marriage to Shahkam. She is instructing you to do all these things to make her daughter lead a good life like her. Not knowing the true intentions, you're following a woman's suggestions. You should be ashamed of it." Upon hearing it, Jahandar became furious. At the same moment, Nurani was overwhelmed with joy. She maintained a solemn face, without revealing her joy. Jahandar said, "How dare you speak to me like this? Listen carefully. I'm going to make only Shahkam the

CEO. I'm sending you out not just from my company but also from my home. You and your family should leave right now."

"I'll send you a legal notice for the separation of property soon." Then he left the home with his family.

Shah-Alam had some crores of money in his account. He bought a new house and went there. Nurani felt that she should grow Jahandar's anger more and eradicate Shah-Alam completely. She went to Jahandar and said, "Shah-Alam has spoken without knowing your good intention. We can reason with him. Don't make any decision in haste." She made him make a decision by telling him not to make any decision. Jahandar told Nurani that he was going to kill his son. Nurani felt boundless joy as everything was unfolding as per plan. Nevertheless, she gave a shocking reaction and said, "Are you going to kill your own son? Please stop this cruel thought. He's not just your son but mine, too. It is very normal for a child to get angry with their parents. We should see this in that way only. Please forget whatever words he spoke." By asking him to forget the words, she reminded him of the words. She spoke that way to ensure that Jahandar would never decide against his intention of killing his son. Jahandar couldn't forget Shah-Alam's words – that Jahandar was following a woman's suggestions and he should be ashamed of it. Jahandar called his third son, Parsa, and asked him to monitor Shah-Alam, but he didn't ask him to do any harm to Shah-Alam. He also asked Parsa to act according to Mahir's suggestions. Parsa agreed to it. Thinking that it was not necessary for Izzati to wear the necklace any more, Nurani made arrangements to get back the necklace and got it back.

As said by Jahandar, he made arrangements to expel Shah-Alam from his company. The human resources team, who perform the off-boarding processes, was terribly shocked when they came to know about it. After expelling Shah-Alam, Jahandar wanted to announce to all employees. He scheduled a company-wide meeting. In that meeting, he spoke, "My son, Shah-Alam, won't work in this company any more. I took this decision because of his bad conduct." Upon hearing it, everyone started to discuss it with the nearby ones. They wondered what the reason could be and what bad conduct his son did. Many discussed, "Whatever could be the reason, why does

he have to expel his own son? What would have really transpired?" and some discussed, "Shah-Alam is very talented, and he has many good qualities." Jahandar silenced everyone and said, "I can understand your bewilderment. Even the one who has committed a mistake is my blood, I'll expel him from the company immediately. According to me, this company is a sacred place. I can't bear having the ones who have committed a mistake here. He acted disrespectfully towards me, who has raised him more affectionately. He has spoken insolently." As Jahandar spoke, Nurani's joy grew. As Nurani expected, Jahandar and Shah-Alam got separated, and even Jahandar himself announced to all employees that his son was bad. She was waiting for one last thing – Jahandar's killing of Shah-Alam – to ensure Shah-Alam doesn't get any share of his father's wealth. She concealed her happiness and acted as though she were worried about the humiliation that had happened to her husband. Jahandar said, "He told me that all the decisions which I take are not taken by my own and that I'm doing whatever my wife says without even thinking whether they are right or wrong. The worst thing is that he was nice to me and my wife Nurani for many years without revealing that he had such thoughts in his mind. I really feel ashamed to call him my son. I'm not going to rejoin him in this company for any reason."

Shah-Alam, Kania, Kania's daughter, Munaqqaa and Munaqqaa's seven children lived in a separate home. Shah-Alam was deeply worried that he couldn't give a luxurious life to his wife, Munaqqaa. Munaqqaa understood it. She told him, "There is nothing greater than you in this world for me. If I can get this entire world with all its wealth by separating from you, I don't want that. It is enough for me if you stay near me." Shah-Alam kissed Munaqqaa and said, "We don't want any more children. The only duty remaining in my life is to take care of you, Kania and my eight children."

"Don't speak like that. I wish to bear another hundred children for you. Even if you refuse, I won't leave you. When I carry our child in my womb, it is like carrying you in my womb. You should always give that felicity to me."

"I got separated from my father, fighting with him. I can't make love to you when I'm in this state."

"I think someone has cast a spell on you. You don't have to fight with your father anymore. Don't send any legal notice to your father. The real victory is winning others' hearts by showing pure love. You yourself speak with your father and be on good terms with him."

"Whatever you said is right. Tomorrow morning, I will speak with my father."

"Won't you make love to me until tomorrow morning?" Shah-Alam didn't know what to say, and he stared blankly. Munaqqaa immediately joined her lips with his. Both made love.

For the past few days, Jahandar's health condition was very bad. The doctor had asked him to wear an oxygen mask and take complete rest for a few days. At that time, all the calls to Jahandar's phone were attended by Nurani. At that time only, Shah-Alam gave a phone call to Jahandar. Nurani was shocked when she saw Shah-Alam was calling Jahandar. She attended the call. She said, "Why did you do this? Only because of you, your father's health condition was very bad. You don't care for his health, right? Are you happy? What more sufferings are you planning to give your father?"

"I don't want to speak with you. Please give the phone to my father."

"Did I not tell you that your father's health condition is bad? You can tell me whatever you want to tell your father. I'll relay it to him." Shah-Alam didn't trust Nurani. He thought that she would only instigate the conflict between him and his father by doing alterations to whatever he would say. Shah-Alam could understand well that Nurani was deliberately preventing him from speaking with his father. Shah-Alam said, "Just tell my father that I called him." Nurani didn't tell Jahandar that Shah-Alam had called him, fearing whether the two, who fought with each other, would do a reconciliation.

A few weeks passed. Nurani's father, Mirsab, was on his deathbed. Jahandar and Nurani went to meet him. Jahandar told Mirsab, "If there is any way to save your life by giving my life, I'll follow that way without the slightest hesitation. I have such respect towards you." Nurani thought that she would snigger when she heard

Jahandar's words, so she diverted her mind by thinking about other things. Mirsab said, "I'm really happy that you have such affection towards me. You don't have to give your very life for me. I've already given you my life; please take good care of it." Both Jahandar and Nurani blinked, unable to understand what Mirsab said. Mirsab said, "I mentioned my affectionate daughter as my life." All three of them laughed heartily. Mirsab told Nurani, "A man can marry many women, but a woman shouldn't marry many men. For marrying Jahandar as your second husband, many would decry you. They would sully your reputation by using this one matter. People will try to find faults with the talented and those who have good growth in their lives. You must ignore them and their talks."

"I know it, Father. No harm will be caused to me by them."

"I know you've an iron heart. You're born to win." He told Jahandar, "You have to forgive me for stealing the company's money for my needs."

"I forgot it a long time ago. You don't have to speak about it now. You did it once without knowing. You're highly talented. My father, my company and I should be lucky to get an employee like you. You're the greatest employee in my company." Nurani thought that Jahandar was saying such things just to enjoy her in bed. Mirsab thought that Jahandar was staying for a long time, so he thought of asking Jahandar to leave, leaving only Nurani with him. Then he decided against asking it. Mirsab told Nurani, "You should be lucky to get a person like him as your husband. He has every good quality that his father had." For an instant, Nurani thought about how Jahandar's qualities really were. She contained her laughter. Mirsab further said, "He has provided justice for many people. You should be his better half for his entire life." Nurani assured that she would conduct herself in that way. They spoke with Mirsab for approximately two hours. Then he died. Jahandar stayed this long with Nurani's father just to get her good esteem. But Nurani was only focused on Jahandar's wealth. She even used her father's death for a performance that would cover her malicious intention. She kept her face gloomy after her father's death. Tears dropped from her eyes. Jahandar couldn't bear his beautiful queen weeping. Jahandar sat near her and placed his hand on her shoulder, and

shook it mildly. Then he consoled her, "Your father has died at the age of seventy-seven. He died peacefully without bearing any pain. Moreover, he has achieved many things in his life. He has lived a magnificent life. Then why do you worry?" What all daughters who love their fathers say when their fathers die, she spoke the same dialogue, "The person whom I like the most in the entire world is my father. Even when a relative who is not close to us dies, we can't bear it. How will we be able to bear the death of the person whom we love the most?" By speaking this dialogue, she displayed herself as though she considered her father her soul.

The next day, Jahandar scheduled a company-wide meeting. All the employees in the company gathered for the meeting. Jahandar said, "I'm going to share with you all some very sorrowful news. A highly talented employee in our company has passed away. He is very good-natured. He looked after the finance department completely. Due to his shrewdness, we were able to make many successful financial decisions. Moreover, our company has gained more profits only because of him. He has handled many challenging financial situations in a talented way. I deeply worry when I think that we have lost such a person. Let us maintain silence for two minutes for his soul to rest in peace." Everyone was silent for two minutes. Nurani thought Jahandar was doing anything he could just to enjoy her body pleasurably.

After Nurani's father's death, his will was read. According to his will, all his wealth had to be given to Nurani and nothing to Nurani's elder brother. It gave a big shock to Asaad. He thought, "Isn't my father affectionate towards me? Nurani already leads a luxurious life; why does she need this negligible wealth?" Nurani had done many things to Asaad after she married Jahandar. Compared to that, Mirsab's wealth was very little. Asaad thought that although his father hadn't written in his will, he could get his share directly from Nurani and went to her home to meet her. He told Nurani, "I didn't expect that our father would do this. He has given all his wealth to you alone out of his five children. I don't worry about the other three. Give me my share."

"You're appointed to a big post in my husband's company. You're earning more. I've done many things for you. Nevertheless, why are

you so greedy?"

"Are you speaking about greediness?" Then he stopped without letting out any more words. Nurani said, "Leave before I scold you." He thought he wouldn't get anything from her, so he returned to his home.

Asaad was dejected that he didn't get his share of wealth. He thought that he must help Shah-Alam, who was living in another home after fighting with his father, get the CEO post. He thought that when he did so, he and his daughter could lead a good life. Asaad came to know about this matter through the company-wide meeting. Immediately, he went to Shah-Alam's house. He told Shah-Alam what had happened. Shah-Alam said, "You're a talented employee in the company. You've struggled a lot for the company's growth. Importantly, you've praised your sister, Nurani, many times in the company. I don't know why your sister behaved in this way towards you. I've come out of my father's home and company. I thought of sending a legal notice to my father to get my share, but I decided against it."

"Did you plan to send him a legal notice? I thought it was just a minor disagreement between you and your father. You seemed to be more affected than me. You send the legal notice; I'll support you in that, no matter what problem you may face."

"When I send the legal notice, it will only anger my father. He may attack me as well, like blinding my brother. If you stay with me, he'll attack you as well. I'm happy that you told me that you'll help me. If I need any help, I'll ask you."

"Fine. Don't you wish to work in your father's company anymore?"

"I desired the CEO post, but not now. I know how to build my empire on my own."

"Don't speak like that. It's not easy work to build a company like the company which your grandfather, Aadil, had built. Moreover, only you have all the qualifications for the CEO post. Shahkam is just your father's concubine's son. Your father just kept Shahkam's mother with him, but he didn't marry him. Why do you have to give your place to someone like him and come out of the company? I

thought my sister was cruel to me alone, but she is cruel to my daughter as well."

"I'm not an employee anymore at that company. How can I become the CEO? My father has stopped making decisions completely. He is only listening to your sister's suggestions. Although it may seem that my father makes all the decisions, it is your sister who is behind them all. Whatever happened has happened."

"Don't lose your hope. Apologise to your father and join with him. I believe that your father will accept you again. No need for separation of wealth. You're going to rule everything. Think carefully about what I have said and make a good decision." Then Asaad left from there. Shah-Alam felt whatever his father-in-law had said was very right.

After a few days, Shah-Alam called Jahandar over the phone. If Nurani had the phone, she wouldn't have given it to Jahandar. Since it was in Jahandar's hand, he attended it. Shah-Alam spoke in a kind voice, "Father, please forgive me. It's true that I desired the CEO post, but not in a way that I should attain it anyway. For a few days, I acted like a deranged person. I feel like I've fought with you and separated from you unnecessarily. You don't have to separate the wealth for me. You don't have to appoint me as the CEO. Appoint anyone you wish. You don't even want to join me in your company. It's enough for me to rejoin with you, Father."

"Fine. I got angered over you and sent you out, but I'm still worrying about your leaving. Mahir, Parsa and my men are protecting you. I don't know whether you know it or not. Children tend to hate their parents more, but parents won't hate their children. I sent you out of my company because you shouldn't get hurt by my enemies. I announced your exit as though I hate you. I like you very much. Bring your family to my home. I'll make everything right. You're always my favourite child. As you apologised to me, you should also apologise to my wife Nurani."

"I'll do that. I'll come to your home with my family tomorrow." Jahandar told Nurani whatever Shah-Alam had spoken to him. She wondered why Shah-Alam said that he wasn't interested in the CEO post. Nevertheless, she thought that Jahandar shouldn't decide to

make Shah-Alam the next CEO out of affection towards him. She told him, "Will all his words be revoked by asking for an apology? How did you forgive him immediately after he asked for an apology? Somehow, forgive what he did, but don't forget it. I'll also forgive him for you." Nurani thought that she must be careful with Shah-Alam, although he wasn't interested in the CEO post. The following day, Shah-Alam went to Jahandar's home with his family and apologised to Jahandar and Nurani. Nurani believed that Shah-Alam was very stubborn and wouldn't give up anything easily, so she was happy for all these days that he wouldn't stop fighting with his father until his death. Since he rejoined with his father, she thought that she must do something else. At that moment, Shah-Alam said that he wasn't interested in the CEO post anymore and said that he had taken a wrong path in his life – separating from his father – out of desire for the CEO post, and so he decided against it. That gave a great wonderment to Nurani. Shah-Alam decided not to speak about Nurani's action of not informing his father about his phone call deliberately. Shah-Alam was again taken into Jahandar's company. Jahandar scheduled a company-wide meeting and announced that his son had committed a mistake unknowingly, that it was enough for the one who committed a wrong to have realised that it was wrong and that no punishment was required for them.

A female child born to Ladan. As Shahkam became a father, he was overjoyed. He asked his wife to ask him anything she wished. He said that he would fulfil her desire, whatever it may be. She said, "We three go to a separate home. I feel it is right to get separated from our parents. I feel that you, our child and I should live in a separate house. I've no desire for the luxurious life. It's enough for me if I can get your love. Will you fulfil this desire?"

"Why do you feel like this? Wait for some time; I'll bring your mother."

"Oh! No..." Before she could finish, he left the room. She thought that her mother would get angrier if she came to know what she had said and feared what her mother would tell her. After a short while, her husband brought Nurani. Nurani was found to be seething with anger. She thought her daughter was so foolish. She told her daughter, "Why do you desire that you three must go to a

separate house? Where are you going to go, leaving your parents? What problem do you both have staying here? Tell me if you want anything else; I'll make arrangements for it. After your husband takes up the CEO post, you'll be the lady of the house. There is no one worthy to take up that place other than you. You both can only be happy in this house. Such kinds of thought shouldn't come to both of you." Nurani didn't want her daughter to appear low in front of Shahkam. Although those thoughts had occurred only to her daughter, she referred to both of them while advising. At the same time, she boosted Shahkam's belief that he would become the next CEO.

After Mardhiah visited her husband's tombstone for his memorial day and while returning back home, she decided to visit Jahandar's house and remind his son about his father's memorial day. She went to Jahandar's house. At that moment, Jahandar wasn't at home. He had gone outside for important work. Mardhiah rang the doorbell. At that time, Nurani opened the door. Mardhiah was filled with hatred when she saw Nurani's face. It seemed to her eyes as though Nurani had disguised herself as a wealthy woman. The highly priced clothes and jewellery, laid with precious stones, that Nurani was wearing gave hatred to Mardhiah. She thought that she had never expected all the money that her husband earned working hard day and night would go into the hands of one who lived on a street. Nurani could understand her hatred. She welcomed her mother-in-law inside with utmost kindness and told her that her husband wasn't at home. Even though she expected that she would have to meet Nurani before coming to Jahandar's home, after seeing Nurani in person, she was filled with hatred, comparing the ordinary dresses she had worn when she worked as a caretaker in her home and the highly priced designer silk clothes that she was wearing now. She thought, "The one who worked in my home is now living like a queen in my son's home. She has lured my son only to live like this. There is no use of thinking that now. I should've done something to her when Jahandar brought her to my home." Unable to tolerate her feelings, she said, "You would never have even dreamt that you would get such a life. Your family once didn't even carry a rupee, but you're the wife of the world's richest man. You can now buy anything you wish. Definitely, you must be

the luckiest one." Nurani didn't worry even a bit upon hearing it. After seating her mother-in-law on the sofa, she herself went to the kitchen and bought a fruit juice for her. Then she enquired of her well-being. She acted in the same way that she did when she worked as a caretaker for her. If Nurani had wished, she could've easily turned Jahandar against his mother, but she didn't want to. She acted with much humility until Mardhiah left Nurani's home.

Nurani's mother, Asmara, was on her deathbed. Jahandar and Nurani went to meet her. Nurani let out some tears when she saw her mother in that state. Those tears were not produced for her mother, who was about to die; they were to display herself in front of Jahandar as though she were highly worried out of humanity, thinking about her mother's condition. Nurani feigned real affection towards her mother. She displayed herself to Jahandar as though she wanted to stay close to her mother in her last minutes. Jahandar used that chance very well. As though he were wiping her tears, which were running down her cheeks, he fondled her beautiful cheeks. He did so, as though they were in a separate room. He also waited to wipe away any more tears if she let those out. Nurani immediately took a handkerchief and wiped her eyes well. Jahandar expressed worry for Asmara's condition, thinking that if he did so, he would gain the esteem of Nurani, and because of that, she would yield well to him in bed. Jahandar said, "Mother, I'm looking at you as my mother. You've always acted so kindly towards me. To be honest, I have more affection towards you than for my mother. I should be lucky to get a mother-in-law like you." Since Asmara's health condition was very poor, she couldn't speak immediately; nevertheless, she spoke word by word, pausing often with a shaky voice. Her words were incoherent. Thinking that she shouldn't strain, Jahandar drew his ear close to her mouth. She said, "You're like my son. To be honest, I have more affection towards you than for my son. Nurani must be very lucky to have a person like you as her husband." At that moment, a very slight mocking grin ran across Nurani's lips in a way that only Jahandar could notice. Then again, she maintained the melancholy face. Like buying a thing by giving money, Jahandar often experienced distress by touching Nurani's body out of lust. Then Asmara called Nurani to bring her ear closer to her, and Nurani came close.

Nurani's face came near Jahandar's face. Jahandar displayed himself as though he were a gentleman by drawing back a little when Nurani came closer, as though he carried only worry in his heart at that moment and not lust. Although Asmara was in her last minutes, Nurani felt like laughing, looking at Jahandar. She contained it somehow. Asmara told Nurani, "You're so lucky. You got a person like Jahandar as your husband." Then, looking at Jahandar, she said, "She is now living an affluent life. It's only because she married you." At that moment, Nurani felt more anger towards her mother, but she didn't reveal it. She thought that she should somehow belittle Jahandar and fix that remark. Jahandar said, "You're speaking big words."

"I wanted to request something from you. My daughter is hot-tempered and also very stubborn. She thinks that she should somehow get what she wishes for. If she makes any mistake, you have to forgive it and be patient with her."

"Your daughter is neither hot-tempered nor stubborn. She'll always be my loving wife. I love her very much. I'll take great care of her. You don't have to worry. She is not only affectionate towards me but also to all. She is highly compassionate. She would provide free food for the needy people. She has married many poor girl children. God has given her a good life for her good nature. She'll live affluently and with good health for many more years." After hearing those words, Asmara felt happy. Asmara said, "When my husband lost his job, we searched for a job in many places in the city where we lived. We were ready to take up any kind of work. Our family situation was extremely bad then." While she was speaking so, tears gushed out of her eyes. She spoke further, "We searched for a job in many hotels, mosques, shops, and wealthy houses. Since we didn't get a job anywhere, we came out of the city itself." Jahandar was already told that Nurani's father had left his previous job because he was suspected of theft, which was actually done by some other employee, and he had left the city, fearing trouble from his previous employer. Since Jahandar's brain was completely enclosed by lust, he couldn't think about anything clearly other than Nurani's body. She had given the same reason, which she had just said, to everyone in a way that she herself truly believed it to be the truth. She gave the same reason to Jahandar now. She further said, "I was

carrying Nurani in my womb then." While she was saying so, she fondly caressed her daughter. She further said, "God showed your father to my family. Will our life be like this when we haven't asked for a lift from an Aadil's employee? Thinking that I had abandoned my daughter, I would've lived my entire life in guilt. Aadil is a great man. I really feel happy that my daughter has married the son of that great man. I never expected, even in my dream, that my daughter would get such a life." After saying that, she let out even more tears. Jahandar asked her not to cry. She said, "I'm not worried about dying. Definitely God will keep both of you in a good..." Before she could finish, she inhaled deeply. Before she could let out the breath, she let out her soul.

The eighth child was born to Munaqqaa. After finishing dinner, Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa went to their room. Munaqqaa sat in the bed. Shah-Alam was writing the diary. She called him. She winked at him like an adolescent girl winks at her beloved to express love. She looked so beautiful when she did it. She found that he liked it, so she called him again and again and winked at him with a slight smile on her lips. His lover didn't even allow him to write about that day's events. He lost his patience, rose from the chair and rushed to her. As though punishing her for not allowing him to write his diary, he pressed his lips against hers. At that moment, she felt a thing, "I don't have to do anything big for my affectionate lover. It's enough if I just wink at him." After that day, she followed that strategy.

A few months passed. A man who was working in Jahandar's home got married. His wife had him under her thumb. Little by little, she had been saying all sorts of untrue things about his mother to keep him under her control. When he was not at home, she would act arrogantly towards his mother. When he was at home, she would pretend to him that his mother was a villain to her. His mother often advised him not to listen to her words. His wife's performances were far greater than his mother's advice. So he was angered whenever his mother advised him. He would think that his mother was always torturing his pitiful wife and, worse yet, telling him lies about her. His mother worried a lot that he was not listening to her advice and thought that he sank into delusion after marrying a vile woman. One day, his mother grew angrier at him

and told him, "Don't go around doing whatever your wife says. Keep your wife under your control. Otherwise, you will suffer more. She's crying and putting on an act for you. It's all a performance. Don't believe a word of it. Act like a man." When she told him that he was not acting like a man, he became furious. As both of them were standing inside the kitchen, he found a heavy pan, took it and struck it hard on his mother's head. Screaming, "You wretched fellow!", she fell to the floor. His anger was not abated even then. He couldn't bear being told he was not a man. She was heating oil on the stove to fry papad. He carried that oil pan and poured the heated oil over her head. Already, blood was seeping out from her head. She writhed when he poured the flaming oil. Then she died after a few seconds of screaming. His anger was abated only when she died. Only then did he realise that he had made a grave mistake. His wife returned home after her work. She screamed seeing her dead mother-in-law and her husband, who sat motionless nearby. Immediately, she ran out and related the matter to neighbours. One neighbour called the police station and informed them of the matter. The police officers came to the manservant's home. They arrested him and took him along. While investigating, they came to know that he was working in Jahandar's home. They informed Jahandar of the matter as usual. Jahandar made arrangements to bring him to his house. Once he was brought to his house, Jahandar asked the manservant what had happened and how. The manservant explained what had happened. Jahandar asked the servant, "Why did you kill the one who bore you for ten months and raised you to this level? Does your recently married wife have more importance than your mother, who had given her blood as your food?" After a brief silence, the servant replied, "My mother would always scold my wife. Even she speaks badly of her when she is not at home. That is the reason for murdering her."

"Why was your mother angry over your wife? Surely there must be some reason."

"My mother would ask my wife to do all the household chores. My wife would already be tired when she returns home after ten hours of work outside. Nevertheless, she does all the work. Although she does the work, my mother would find some faults in her work. Thinking that she would receive a bad name whether she did the

work or not, she gradually stopped doing it. Then my mother started scolding her with harsh words. After that day, she returned home dreading my mother's reprimand. Then my mother asked me to behave harshly with her. When I refused to do it, she claimed that I was not acting manfully."

"So you got angered and killed your mother? You didn't think about the struggle she faced raising you at that instant, did you?" Jahandar asked his servant, "Didn't your mother ever scold you before your marriage? Hadn't she spoken anything ill of you before marriage?"

"She had scolded me many times, but I never showed anger back then."

"I am glad that you gave me an honest reply. Okay, now tell me, why did the anger that wasn't there before marriage appear after it? Has marrying a woman brought you arrogance?" The servant didn't reply to that question. Then he ordered his men to bring a large glass box big enough to place the manservant inside and four highly venomous king cobra snakes. Within a short span of time, his men brought that. He ordered his men to tie up the manservant's hands and legs and put him, along with the four snakes, inside that glass box. His men did that. After half an hour, he died foaming at the mouth.

Jahandar's health condition gradually declined. He believed that he could somehow find a doctor who would believe that he could cure Jahandar's health condition completely. Although he had seen hundreds of doctors, he saw another doctor. He spoke very earnestly to him, "Is there any way to cure my condition, doctor? I'm ready for any kind of treatment. Can my condition be cured through operation, medicines or even organ transplantation? Just ask me which organ is needed in which condition. However rare it may be, wherever it may be in this world, I'll make arrangements to bring it. I'm ready to meet any doctor in the world. I'm ready to spend any amount of money for the treatment." The doctor smiled mildly and said, "The medical field has advanced so much in recent years. Some diseases that couldn't be cured a few years ago can now be cured easily. Nevertheless, some cases can never be treated. Your condition is also like that. If you take the medicines, whatever I

prescribe, you'll surely live for another five years. Only this much can be done." Jahandar also tried various kinds of treatment – Siddha, Ayurveda, and Homeopathy – but nothing helped him. Jahandar didn't think about a thing – even if he managed to find a doctor who would believe that he could cure him, Jahandar's health would be good only until the doctor wore the magical necklace around his neck.

A few months passed. Mardhiah was on her deathbed. It was communicated to Jahandar. Taking Nurani along with him, Jahandar went to meet his mother. On entering Mardhiah's home, Nurani had old remembrances. They entered Mardhiah's room. On seeing Nurani, Mardhiah said, "Send that witch out of the house. I don't even want to look at her face."

"Why do you carry such anger towards her?..." Before Jahandar could speak anything further, Nurani stopped him and told him that she would leave. Jahandar spoke in a low voice that only she could hear, "Sorry." Jahandar seemed to be fearing whether Nurani would keep him away in bed, pointing out this reason. Nurani said, "It's okay, my sweetheart. You talk with her and come," and she left for home. She used the word 'sweetheart' to replace the word 'witch' used by Jahandar's mother in Jahandar's mind. Although she kept him under her foot, she did it as though she were doing it for his good. For that, she would ensure that Jahandar wouldn't lose his esteem for her. Then Jahandar went near his mother and sat. Her mother said, "Don't trust her anymore. Also, drive her away from your home. In these years, definitely, you would have satisfied your sexual thirst for her. You just desired her body, right? Even if she wanted some money, give her and drive her away."

"Don't speak wrongly, Mother. I love her truly. Our love is a true love."

"Okay. Shall I ask you a question?"

"Please ask."

"What is the important thing for a person in his life?"

"Obviously, it is money. Money is an important thing for a person in their life. Without money, he couldn't do anything in this world."

Mardhiah smiled mildly and said, "There is a more important thing than money. Can you guess what it is?" Jahandar thought for a few seconds; he couldn't think of any. She said, "Propriety. It is essential for a person. While constructing a building, if it is constructed without putting the basement in properly, what would happen? Anytime, it might crumble. One should always behave with propriety in one's life. Women like Nurani won't have such behaviours. She would employ many strategies and reach the top quickly, but someday she will fall." Jahandar couldn't tolerate those words. Without even thinking that his mother was on her deathbed, he replied, "Don't speak ill of her just because she did a second marriage. Has no woman done a second marriage? Do you call all those women immoral?" Only after speaking did he realise that he had spoken when his mother was in her last minutes and that he could've controlled his tongue. She said, "It's not that she married for another time, but I'm talking on the basis of why she did it and how she did it." Jahandar blinked without understanding. She asked, "Do you think that you chased after her?"

"Yes. When I looked at her for the very first time, I expressed my love to her through my eyes. I only proposed to her. I only asked her whether she would marry me." She laughed out loud. Her health condition didn't allow her to laugh. She coughed many times. She laughed even when she coughed. She composed herself with difficulty and said, "You're still childish, although you're very advanced in age. His father worked in our company, didn't he? With a pretence of meeting her father, she displayed herself in front of your eyes and cast a net over you. You, who had been ensnared that day, still didn't come out of it. Even when she was working as a caretaker in this house, I had been watching her conduct. People say the word 'temptress' - that word suits her well. She will look normal when you're not in this house. When you come to visit me, she would wear more makeup, like polishing a metal, and display her glittering beauty in front of you. It will seem like a dustbin with great outside decoration. She gradually bewitched you and made you marry her. She somehow achieved what she planned. She doesn't love you. She loves your money. Her every expression tells that. I seriously wonder why you can't understand such a glaringly obvious thing. Gradually, her real face is getting exposed. After

marrying you, she kept you and the company under her control. She kept her face, removing my husband's face from the company's logo. She did it as though she had built this company. She was such a mercenary woman. I fear that someday, that self-centred creature might mix poison in your food to get your money. Even if one is not good in a family, the entire family has to suffer. I feel that because of her, our entire family would get ruined. Be careful with her. Take care of your health. I wish that you would live for many more years." Jahandar didn't want to argue with his mother. He said, "You don't have to fear like that. Don't worry. It's been twelve years since I married her. Our family and the company have only attained growth because of her. Take rest peacefully." Mardhiah died after a few hours.

Ninth child born to Munaqqaa. Munaqqaa had a crack in her heel. She was applying ointment to it. At that time, Shah-Alam entered the room. He asked her what ointment she was applying. With a sorrowful face, she showed him the cracked heel. He thought that he must make his lover, who was sad, happy. He went near her and sat beside her. He took her heel and placed it on his lap. He looked closely at those cracks for a few seconds. He said, "It can be cured easily. There is a great ointment for this. If that is applied, it will get cured immediately." She understood what it was. Nevertheless, she asked him curiously, as though she didn't understand, "What ointment is that?"

"You should have to close your eyes; only then will the ointment work."

"What is the relation between eyes and legs?"

"You won't understand if I say it. You'll understand only if I do it." She closed her eyes, thinking her husband was going to kiss her legs. He held his lover's divine foot and gave a pressing kiss for each crack in it. She thought that she would get a kiss for all the cracks, but she didn't expect that she would get a kiss for each crack. After kissing all cracks, he again started kissing every crack. She can't wait any longer without hugging him. She lifted and turned his face towards her with her two hands and said, "I have many cracks in my lips, and I want a thousand kisses for each crack."

Mahir's revenge

One day, Jahandar and Nurani went for a picnic. They took Asaad along with them. Since Jahandar's health condition was bad, he assigned the responsibility of commanding his men to Asaad. Jahandar and Nurani were in swimsuits and were happily enjoying the bath in the sea. Generally, humans would lose their beauty as they age. But Nurani's beauty sharply contrasted that fact. She would always do yoga, exercise, and breathing practice and follow a good diet; she maintained good health, a beautiful body figure, and glittering, smooth skin. Anyone who saw her wondered how she looked like a young woman at that age. They both played all the games which would be played on the beach. Sometimes one ran and the other chased, sometimes they played football, sometimes frisbee and sometimes a scavenger hunt. Nurani and Jahandar played such games happily for the entire day. Jahandar felt that the best medicine for the body was laughing and being happy. Then, after dinner, they lit a bonfire. They flirted for a long time. That day has become an unforgettable day for Jahandar. Jahandar didn't drink that entire day. Jahandar and Nurani were highly tired. They both entered the tent, which was set up for them. They made arrangements to leave for Delhi the following day. They decided to travel by flight. The airport was a little farther from the place where they stayed. The next morning, although it was time for their leave, Jahandar and Nurani didn't come out of the tent. Asaad didn't know what to do. He was hesitating, thinking about how to call them. Thinking he could call their phone, he called their phones. Since there was no network coverage in that spot, he couldn't call them. Asaad made a foolish decision. He commanded all of Jahandar's men to take all the things they had brought there and leave for Delhi. Jahandar's men took all things and left. Two men stayed there to take the tent, and another two stayed there to take the three to the airport. Then Jahandar came out of the tent. Asaad said, "The flight which we booked should've left by now."

"It's okay. We can go on the next flight. No problem." Then he saw that every man had left. Jahandar nervously asked Asaad, "Where

are all the men?"

"I asked them to leave as we're about to leave."

"You fool." Four cars loaded with many men came to that place. Upon seeing them, Jahandar's men took out their pistols and tried shooting them. But the men who came in the four cars had machine guns. They killed all four of Jahandar's men within the blink of an eye. They loaded Jahandar, Nurani and Asaad in their car. Nurani would usually take the necklace with her. She kept it in her handbag. Those men got their cellphones and switched them off. They masked their eyes and tied their hands at the back to prevent them from knowing where they were taken to. After travelling for three hours, they took them into a house. They removed their eye masks and hand ties.

When all the eye masks of all three were removed, they were all shocked, thinking, "Is he the one who did it?" Mahir was standing in front of them. He guffawed. He looked at Jahandar and said, "What are you looking at? You didn't expect I would do this, right? How dare you make me touch your wife's feet? From that day, I kept monitoring you – the places you're visiting and all the activities you're doing. I longed for this kind of chance for many days. I have to give a fitting punishment to you for humiliating me. I know all the details of your wealth. Transfer all your money and properties to my name. After transferring, touch my feet and leave from here alive." Asaad became furious and said, "Why should it be given to you?" Mahir and his men let out loud laughter. Mahir told Jahandar, "He is becoming angry as though I'm asking for his wealth. What're you saying, Jahandar? Do you wish to leave alive? Your men can never find this place. Only we should send you from here. Don't daydream that you can do something and escape from here." Jahandar and Nurani were silent. Mahir asked his men to fetch his laptop. They brought it. Mahir told Jahandar, "First, transfer all the money you have in your bank account to my bank account. My lawyer will arrive here within a short time. Sign wherever he asks you to. This fortune is not required for a person like you who acts according to his wife's words. Don't worry, I won't push you into the street. I'm not callous. I've worked in your company for many years; for that, I'll keep you both in my home

and look after you for the rest of your lives." Jahandar said, "I won't give even a rupee to you. I'll surely show you what happens to the one who touches me." Again, Mahir and his men let out loud laughter. Mahir said, "Your men can't find this place, no matter how many years they search. Even after bringing you into this state, you're speaking with such arrogance, aren't you? First, I'll show you who I am." He asked his men to tie the three with chains in the place where the dogs were tied. Mahir's men took all three to that room. There were six dogs in that room. There was a separate cell for each dog. There were some empty cells also. They confined each of the three in a cell. Their hands were kept tied behind their backs. They fastened a metal ring with a long chain on their necks. Mahir told Jahandar, "Until you agree to transfer your wealth, this is the condition for all three of you. You should only consume water and food by licking. You'll be allowed to use the restroom only two times a day. While using the restroom, the ties in your hands will be removed. But the metal ring will stay permanently in your neck. My men will be holding the chain while you're using the bathroom. Except Nurani, the other two are not allowed to wash their bodies. I myself will bathe Nurani, rubbing the soap on her body well." Jahandar's body was filled with anger. Mahir said, "There is no use in getting angry. I believe that you'll make a good decision soon." Then Mahir and his men left the room. Mahir was very happy. He thought, "I've confined the world's richest man in my place. I'll get all his money. After that, no one can ask me any question. I'm the king of this entire world."

Nurani thought about how to escape from that place. She resolved that she should kill Mahir and his men, who had brought her into this state. She thought that if she wore the necklace, Khulus would see the illusion and know that Mahir had kidnapped them and that he might bring Jahandar's men to Mahir's place even though Jahandar and she had ill-treated him and his wife. While thinking so, she felt there was a problem with that. She thought that Khulus could save them only if she knew in which place they were kept confined. She pondered seriously how she could find the place where they were. Nurani was tied in a cell which was in between Jahandar's and Asaad's. She asked Jahandar and Asaad to think of a way to find where they were. The three couldn't think of any idea.

They, who had been confined in the cell the previous evening, didn't take any food or drink water until this evening. In the evening, Mahir's men entered the room. Totally, there were six. Those men took the six dogs for a walk. Suddenly, she thought of an idea. She thought, "We can wear the necklace around any of the dogs' necks. While the dogs were taken for a walk, surely they would look around everywhere. Using the necklace's power, we can see what is seen by the dog. There is a chance that we can know what place this is. After knowing it, we can wear the necklace. I can keep thinking about the place in my mind. There is a chance that Khulus may send the men hearing it." They had kept the water in a bowl for each of them. It can only be sucked directly through the mouth by them. She sucked up the water, which was kept in front of her. She asked for more and drank it by sucking it. She dried her wet lips by rubbing them over her dress. There are some biscuits in the food kept for her. She knelt, grabbed three biscuits with her mouth, turned back, let them slip from her mouth and caught those biscuits in her hands. She kept those biscuits inside her pants' back pocket. After an hour, Mahir's men brought back the dogs, which had been taken for a walk, and tied each dog in a cell. After a short while, Nurani told Mahir's men that she had to pee. There was a major scuffle between Mahir's men, and they spoke alternately: "I'll only take her." "No, I'll only take her." Although Jahandar was famished and exhausted, having not eaten for a day, his heart burned with a blazing fire looking at their fight. While looking at those men who were contending with each other, expressing their lustful yearning over his wife openly in front of his eyes, his blood boiled with blistering heat. He was like a ferocious lion confined in a cage. The verbal fight turned into a physical fight. Somehow, the most potent one won the fight. Like a priest opening the door of the room where a deity's statue was placed with utmost veneration, he opened the door of the cell where Nurani was confined with utmost devotion to her beauty. Like the people standing on the side of the streets to cheerfully welcome their king who had won a war, he, after opening the cell's door, stood at the side of the cell with utmost humility, giving her space to come out freely. After she came out of the cell, she asked him to untie her hands and turned around and faced the opposite direction, showing him her hands. Like the one opening the bag of gold, which he got as treasure,

Mahir's man unfastened the tie in her hands. When his fingers touched her hands while unfastening the tie in her hands, a tingling sensation ran throughout his body. Jahandar felt like he was bitten by a thousand scorpions. Then, holding the other end of the chain attached to the metal ring fastened to her neck, he followed her as she walked forward. Nurani was tied by a real chain, whereas Mahir's man was tied by a chain of lust by Nurani. The restroom was next to the room where they were kept confined. After nearing the restroom, she told him that she needed her handbag. He asked her, "Why do you need it?" She told him that she had pads in her handbag and she needed to use them. He asked another man to bring her handbag, and he brought it. The highly potent one asked the other one to check whether there was something suspicious in her handbag. The other one checked her handbag completely and told him that there was nothing suspicious. Then Nurani asked the highly potent one to leave the chain. He told her that he wouldn't act against his boss's order. It was a long chain – approximately thirteen feet long. There would be around a five-foot distance from the toilet to the door of the restroom. She entered the restroom, filled the bucket kept inside with water, closed the door of the restroom as much as she could and placed the bucket behind the door. Then she took out the necklace from her handbag. She had a long black cloth in her handbag. She entwined the cloth around the line of the necklace in a way that all parts of the necklace were completely covered. She kept the necklace in the back pocket of her pants. She deliberately removed the ring, placed it inside the restroom and came out. When she came out, her hands were tied again. Holding the chain, he took her to her cell again. Jahandar was suffering in the way a mother animal would suffer when a predator had taken its offspring, which was raised with utmost care and protection for many days. Nurani went near the dog's cell, which was opposite to her cell. When she went near it, she acted as though she had forgotten something, turned around and told Mahir's man, "Er...I had left my ring in the restroom. I want it immediately." While she was speaking to him, she took out a biscuit from her back pocket and showed it to the dog. The dog came near the door, peeked its mouth out of the cell's door between the bars and nabbed the biscuit from her hand. Mahir's man said, "I'll ask another one to bring your ring," and while he turned around to call

another man, she immediately took out the necklace from the back pocket and put it around the dog's neck. She buried the necklace inside the collar strap to which the chain would be fastened in a manner that it would be hidden from the outside view. Other than Jahandar and Asaad, no one noticed her action. Asaad couldn't understand why his sister was doing that since he was unaware of the powers of the magical necklace. Her ring was brought. The one who was holding her chain told her that he would put it on her finger. At that moment, if he had stayed near Jahandar, Jahandar would have bitten him in a nastier way than the dogs. Nurani asked Mahir's man to place the ring on her hand. Highly disappointed, he gently placed the ring on her palm. Then he went inside her cell and fastened the other end of the chain to the C-shaped hook projected from the wall with a lock. As Jahandar saw him, Jahandar's fury intensified. Then Mahir's man went out, ushered her inside and locked the cell's door. Then, unable to bear the hunger, Jahandar and Asaad ate the food which was placed in front of them. Nurani was only focused on escaping from the place.

Within a few minutes from wearing the necklace around the dog's neck, there were many good changes around the world. Mahir was highly affected by guilt. His mind regretted, "Staying true to our employer is our only duty. We have failed to do that duty. There is no greater sin than this. Our employer is the one who should tie us, but we have tied our employer. What other work do we have other than giving our very lives to protect the life of our employer? What if our employer scolds us, beats us or makes us touch his feet? We should always be loyal to him, should we not? We've brought such a condition to the one who has provided us with food to survive. This is a big crime. Sin. There is no pardon for this crime." Not only Mahir, but also everyone who lives by earning a salary felt that way. Everyone became very loyal to their employer. Not even concerned about their lives, they worked strenuously. They dissolved all the anger which they carried towards their employer. They considered their employer a God. All employers became happy. They thought that they could increase their employees' salaries and give them large bonuses. Everyone in the world worked tirelessly. They stayed true. If everyone stays true, this world will be a heaven. The world had become a heaven. Mahir couldn't sleep

that entire night. The very next morning, Mahir came to the room where the three had been confined and asked his men to untie all three. His men asked the three to come out of the cell and removed the ties from their hands and the metal rings from their necks. The three couldn't understand anything. Mahir touched Jahandar's and Nurani's feet alternately many times and said, "I'm ready to fall at your feet for any number of times. Just say that you have forgiven me. I'll be completely loyal to you until my last breath." Jahandar and Nurani understood what the matter was. Nurani wore the necklace around the dog's neck only with the intention of finding the place, but she didn't expect such a thing to happen. Since Asaad didn't know about the necklace, he couldn't understand anything. Jahandar thought of getting out of the place and killing Mahir and his men with his men. Jahandar said, "Okay, I've forgiven you. We're leaving for our home."

"No, I can't do that one thing alone. Once you reach your home, I'll be killed. For the rest of your life, you have to stay only here. I'll take care of you in a way a king will be served by his servants. You have to give me the honour of taking good care of you for the rest of your life."

"Do we have to stay here for the rest of our lives? Didn't I tell you that I had forgiven you? We have to leave immediately."

"I can't allow you to go outside or contact anyone outside; other than that, you can ask me anything. Command me."

"Okay, tell us where we are."

"Please don't ask for the details of this place."

"Anyway, I'm not going to contact anyone outside, and I'm going to stay here for the rest of my life; what will happen if you say that to me?"

"I might think of sending you to your place later. Even if I send you, I'll send you in the manner in which you were brought here – masking the eyes. After that, I shouldn't face any troubles."

"Then, mask our eyes and send us; you won't get any trouble, right?"

"After sending you, I'll be forced to live by hiding."

"Even now, your condition is the same. My men would be searching for you. What would happen to you when you get caught by them?"

"If I get caught now, I'll stake the lives of you three for my life; I can then escape." Jahandar didn't know how to make him agree. Nurani winked at Jahandar secretly as a gesture to agree to Mahir. Thinking that Nurani had some other plans, he agreed to stay in the place itself. Mahir bought them many dresses. Served food with utmost respect. He arranged for many services to be done for them – a man for pressing their hands, a man for pressing their legs. He appointed maids to do service to Nurani. Jahandar's anger got alleviated slightly.

Until that day, Jahandar hadn't seen such loyal and truthful employees who were ready to do whatever he asked without even thinking for a second. Jahandar even felt that place to be heaven. He thought about why he hadn't thought of wearing the necklace around a dog's neck in all these years. Then Jahandar asked the servants to step away and spoke to Nurani in a gentle voice, "What's your plan?"

"I'm going to use my brother."

"How?" She said her plan to him. While they were speaking, Mahir's men were taking the dogs for bathing. Upon seeing it, the heartbeats of Jahandar and Nurani were like a big drum being beaten hard repeatedly without pause. They didn't think about that. Definitely, the necklace would be found around the dog's neck while bathing it. Thinking that the chance of seeing the necklace was very low while the dog was being walked, she wore the necklace around the dog's neck. Pointing out the dog to which she wore the necklace, she asked Mahir's men to leave it with her for some time. Mahir's men left that dog with her and commanded it to act kindly. Nurani acted as though she found the dog to be more adorable. Mahir's men took the other five dogs alone to take a bath. Jahandar and Nurani thought that they had very little time, and they had to do something within it. Nurani asked Jahandar to speak to her brother, and she went to the next room. She asked for a paper and a pen from Mahir's man, who was inside that room.

Nurani came back to the place where Jahandar and Asaad were sitting. Nurani removed the necklace without the notice of Mahir's men. Then she asked Mahir's men to take the dog for bathing.

Nurani went to the bathroom. Nurani thought of only one way to escape from Mahir. But it couldn't be done easily, and there was a high chance to fail. Above all, she had only one chance. Even if a small mistake happens, she won't be able to do it for another time. Her plan was to tell something to her brother in a way that he would believe it completely. But it was a difficult task to tell a lie to someone and make him believe it completely. Nurani prepared a story, including some minute details, in a way that Asaad would believe it immediately. She thought, "We can say that a spy has followed us to this place at the time we were kidnapped and found this place. We can say that the spy has written on a paper what he wanted to inform us of and gave the paper to a cook who is working in this house. We can say that the cook gave the paper to me while serving the food. We shouldn't speak about the main matter straight away. We should pretend as though we are speaking about something else and say the thing which he has to believe in between without stressing that thing. Then there is a high chance that he might believe it. We can say that it was written on the paper that a big army of men is being prepared by Jahandar's friends, and they will rescue us three within a week, killing Mahir and all of his men. It will be more believable when we say some approximate number of days instead of an exact number. I have to write the content in the paper with different handwriting. There is a high chance that he will believe a thing when he also sees it instead of just hearing it. If he sees the paper, surely his belief will increase. While we are speaking with him, we should act as though we're speaking without the notice of Mahir's men. I should maintain my facial expression as though the victory were immediate and Mahir were a fool who didn't know Jahandar's real strength. I should use the words accordingly and speak with a fitting voice modulation." She wrote the content with diminutive letters in a way that one couldn't discern it properly, even when looking closely. She rolled the paper as tightly as possible. Then she rehearsed what she wanted to say in front of a mirror many times. She checked whether her look and facial expressions were perfect. While seeing her

speech in the mirror, she asked herself whether Asaad would believe her when she spoke that to him. She would've at least rehearsed it a hundred times. She rehearsed many times because she shouldn't forget anything. She checked well whether her facial expression and what she was speaking were matching. She made many alterations. She also thought of what to reply when Asaad asked her any doubt or any question in a way that he would believe. She thought of all the possible questions that he might ask and prepared a reply for all those questions. After practising many times and becoming confident that she wouldn't make any mistakes even by accident, she went to Asaad, told him that she wanted to say something to him in private and took him to another room. First, she spoke about the cook. When he started to listen to her with complete attention, she showed him the rolled paper, looked around once as though she were checking for the presence of any of Mahir's men in the room, unrolled the paper and showed its content. She spoke in a way that suggested they would be rescued anytime soon. Further, she said she already knew about that army and that they were not an ordinary army. Upon hearing it, Asaad felt overjoyed. From his joyous reaction, Nurani found that he had believed whatever was told to him. Upon knowing it, Nurani felt happy. Nurani wore the cloth-wrapped necklace around Asaad's neck. She told him that the necklace was only suitable for his neck. Once the necklace was removed from the dog's neck, the world returned to a hellish state. Mahir also changed. He thought about why he had released them and treated them with utmost respect. He scolded himself. He came to the place where they had been kept confined and asked his men to confine them in the cell again. Again, they were kept inside the cell. Within a week, a highly skilled and ruthless assassin group arrived there. They killed Mahir and his men. All three were freed, and they returned home.

Jahandar lost his ...

Due to excessive drinking, Jahandar had lost his manhood. He couldn't accept the fact that he couldn't achieve an erection. He went to a beautiful prostitute. Although the prostitute skilfully tried to arouse him, he couldn't achieve an erection or feel any sex drive. They used a good perfume in the room, played romantic music, and set the lowest temperature in the air conditioner and kept the room very cool. She skilfully stroked his penis. She asked him to lie, got on top of him, pressed her breasts together using her two hands, and rubbed the edge of her breasts against his body, from the top of his chest to the lower region of his waist. Like ancient people who rubbed two stones to ignite a fire, she rubbed her breasts against his body and tried to ignite his lust. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't ignite the fire of lust. He left her with a failure. The prostitute became guilty because she had received money without doing her service fully. He even took some Viagra tablets, but it didn't help. Finally, he went to a doctor. The doctor told him that due to excessive drinking, he had developed a condition called erectile dysfunction. He asked the doctor whether it could be cured. The doctor told him that his health condition was very poor and he had lost the chance of curing it. Nurani had also gone along with him to meet the doctor. Jahandar saw her and thought that he didn't enjoy her body satisfactorily even once. She could understand what he was thinking. Nurani couldn't contain her laughter, and she let out loud laughter. Jahandar hadn't even enjoyed Nurani for the past thirteen years to the extent she was enjoyed by Shehyar in one single night – their wedding night. He couldn't bear her mockery. A few days passed. Nurani didn't know how to handle Jahandar further, who had lost his manhood. The screen which was hiding her malicious intention was removed. Jahandar understood in what ways Nurani had used him and how she played with his emotions. Gradually, his mind became clear. Enjoying pleasure is like climbing a mountain. The more we enjoy the pleasure, the higher we reach. At times when we don't get the pleasure, like falling from that height to the ground, we feel pain, distress and yearning in our minds. We will feel an intense urge to reach that height again. We'll

be ready to remove whatever obstacle we face and ready to pay whatever money we can to reach the height. There is also another thing. A pleasure that already helped us to reach that height won't help us again. We'll get bored with it. We search for greater pleasure. We somehow do many things and reach higher, and again fall from there. Then we take even greater effort and reach higher, and again fall from there. We'll get stuck in that cycle. We always get immersed in activities that give us pleasure. People call this a 'vicious cycle'. People call the pain that one will suffer after falling from a height 'depression'. Jahandar thought about all this in his mind. He thought that when one remains on the ground always without climbing the mountain, one will suffer no pain.

Jahandar's health condition had become very bad. Even he couldn't go to the restroom. Nurani didn't care much about Jahandar. She arranged for a nurse to take care of him. The nurse did everything – cleaning his excrement, bathing him, feeding him food, etc. Now and then, Nurani would meet Jahandar, speak with him for five minutes, ask the nurse to take care of him well and leave him. Sometimes, she didn't even visit him once a day. In his last days, he only had the nurse to have some conversations. He thought that it would be good if his first wife, Shahlalai, stayed near him. He longed for her affection. Jahandar thought, "Some years ago, I lived like a king. You behaved with more respect towards me. Even when I was not true to you, you didn't tell me even a single lie. You've even fasted many times for my good health. Maybe because of your prayers, I've lived these many years, although I drank excessively. You're a goddess. However much I scold you, get angry with you, or even beat you, you've never failed to respect me even once. How many times I would've bawled at you, I would've thrown the vessel with cooked food, and I would've satisfied my sexual urge in bed, thinking only about my satisfaction, even at the times you were weeping. You have never stopped me when I'm beating you. Above all of the torture which I inflicted on you every day, I finally even killed you. To punish all those, God has made me marry Nurani, who is a venomous snake that has poison throughout its body and is disguised as a human being. When my mind was fuddled, the venomous snake pretended to be superior to me and bit me many times. I've made a very big mistake. Instead of eating the ambrosia

which I had in my hand, I chose to eat poison. If you were alive, you wouldn't have let me alone even for a single minute. All services which are done by a nurse will be done by you, not as a duty but with affection and respect. Only at the end of my life do I realise what a good life is."

Khulus, Huda, Shah-Alam, Munaqqaa and Nurani were made to come to Jahandar's room. The doctor who was treating Jahandar was inside the room. The doctor told everyone that Jahandar would live only for a maximum of two days. Everyone was deeply worried. Jahandar told Khulus that he wanted to speak with him in private. Khulus alone stayed inside the room. Others left the room. Nurani left the room, wondering what Jahandar was going to speak with his son. Jahandar told Khulus, "I blinded you and confined you inside a room for so many years. Please forgive me. You've suffered more because of me. I wish to give the necklace to you." Khulus couldn't understand his father's change of mind. Jahandar said, "Hereafter, my men will only act according to your command. Only you should take up the CEO post."

"I don't desire the CEO post."

"Shah-Alam told me that he wasn't interested in that post. Only you are a suitable person for the post. You shouldn't deny this. I have made all arrangements for it. I've expelled Nurani from the company. After my death, my men will confine her inside a cell which is used for confining a dog. She is going to pass her remaining days living like a dog." Then he told him where the necklace is kept and asked him to take it. Khulus headed there to take the necklace. Seeing him going there, Nurani asked Jahandar's men to stop him. Jahandar's men didn't listen to her. Nurani understood that she had lost her authority.

The next day, Jahandar died. Everyone mourned for him. Nurani didn't even pretend to be mourning. She didn't expect that she would get such disappointment at last. Because she was born into a poor family, she had a desire to live a luxurious life since her childhood. Whenever her family got humiliated due to a shortage of money, her desire grew more. She would think that her family should be highly respected by others. The thought that the world would only respect the one who has money was firmly fixed in her

heart. To fulfil her desire and remove all the humiliations that her family had faced, she used Jahandar. Although she seemed as Jahandar's wife to others' eyes, she had never considered Jahandar as her husband, not even once. Like one would purchase a ticket for travelling in public transport, Nurani joined with Jahandar in the name of marriage to live a luxurious life. If Shahkam had become the next CEO, she would've brainwashed him like how she brainwashed Jahandar in all these years. But she didn't get that opportunity.

After the completion of Jahandar's funeral ceremony, Nurani was confined in a dog's cell. Khulus became CEO.

True love always triumphs

Two years passed. The tenth child was born to Munaqqaa. One night, as soon as Shah-Alam came inside the room, Munaqqaa asked him to take a bath and come. He called her to join him. She asked him to take the bath alone. He went to take a bath, thinking that his wife had some plan. Within a short while, he took the bath and came out. Because it had not even been two minutes since he entered the bathroom, Munaqqaa wondered. Shah-Alam wouldn't like bathing alone. She asked him to close his eyes. He closed them. He just wrapped a towel around his waist. She already had a bowl of sandalwood paste. She gently applied the cool sandal paste on his tight chest. He opened his one eye mildly and saw it. She commanded that he shouldn't open his eyes. He closed his eyes. She rubbed the paste on his chest, his flat waist and his hands. She knew that he would feel a tingling sensation when she touched some spots. To give that sensation, she deliberately rubbed the paste on those spots. She removed all her dresses and asked him to open his eyes. She told him that all the paste applied to his body needs to be applied to her body. He fulfilled her wish. Both of their bodies were entirely coated with sandal paste.

Two years passed. The eleventh child was born to Munaqqaa. Before Shah-Alam could finish his dinner, Munaqqaa finished hers and went to their room. After a short while, Shah-Alam went to their room. The lights were turned off. Munaqqaa was lying on the bed, covering her entire body with the blanket. He wondered if she wasn't feeling well. He went near her and pulled the blanket mildly. He saw her head. Keeping her eyes closed, she smiled mildly. Then pulled the blanket even more. He saw her neck and shoulders. She didn't wear any clothes. She smiled. He pulled the bedsheet completely and threw it away. Out of shyness, she covered her face with her palms. He removed her hands from her face and gave a pressing kiss on her lips. Then he removed his dress.

Two years passed. The twelfth child was born to Munaqqaa. After finishing the dinner, Shah-Alam and Munaqqaa went to their room. She felt like keeping him close to her and tying them together. She asked Shah-Alam to come near her. After he came, she told him that she wanted to tell a secret in his ear. He told her that there was no one in their room other than them and asked her why she wanted to speak so secretly. She said, "This is nighttime. It will be silent everywhere. There is a chance that someone might eavesdrop." He smiled and drew his ear near her lips. She neared him as though she was going to tell him something and bit his earlobe. Although it wasn't painful for him, he acted as though it was painful to him. Upon seeing it, she laughed like a child. Then again, she said that she wanted to tell a secret in his ear, but this time she assured him that she won't bite him. When he drew his ear near to her lips, she said, "Let both of us remove all our clothes and wrap ourselves together with a bedsheet." Then they both removed all of their clothes. He took a bedsheet. They embraced each other. He kept his face on one side of her face. He bit her earlobe very mildly, covering his teeth with his lips so that it wouldn't cause pain to her. Then he bit one corner of the bedsheet and brought the other corner at the opposite side to his behind, covering his back and brought it behind her. He did that another three times. Then he inserted the other corner inside their wrapping. Their hands were outside the wrapping. The wrapping was from their chest to their mid-thigh. They were standing near the bed, so they just leaned on the bed. She wrapped her hands and legs around him. For a few minutes, they exchanged their love with their lips. Then he pulled up the lower hem of the bedsheet well above their waist.

One year passed. The thirteenth child was born to Munaqqaa. One night, Munaqqaa was sitting on the bed sorrowfully. Shah-Alam went to her and asked her why she was sad. She said, "Nowadays, you don't seem to be much attracted to me. Have I become old? Has my beauty reduced?"

"Until my last breath, however you may appear, you'll look beautiful in my eyes. Don't think like this hereafter." He placed a pressing kiss on her forehead. He said, "We don't want any more children. I don't know whether you can carry a child hereafter. During your last delivery, the doctor told me that you have

experienced much pain. He advised me not to plan for another child. Not only that, from the day we got married, in all these eighteen years, most of the days you carried our children in your womb. I won't want to give that pain to you anymore."

"It is not a pain for me; it's the one which gives me more happiness. When I'm carrying, you show me much care. I long very much for that overwhelming affection. I want another child." She joined her lips with his.

Epilogue

Nowadays, more people suffer from depression. They didn't know how to cure it. The more pleasurable life we live, the more depression we get. If we only get involved in non-pleasurable activities, we won't get depressed. In simple terms, it's like eating more food and searching for ways to reduce our weight. Many are visiting psychologists, taking depression pills, involve in many rehabilitation therapies and at the same time they drink alcohol, eat more delicious foods, watch porn movies, often masturbate, always use social networking websites, always watch web series, short duration videos, OTT movies and many other absurd videos, always eat deep fried, fat and sugar heavy, highly processed unhealthy junk foods, won't sleep at the right time and for the right duration, and won't follow proper lifestyle – without correcting all these, they can't cure depression. No matter how hard we exercise, we can't reduce our weight without limiting our food intake.